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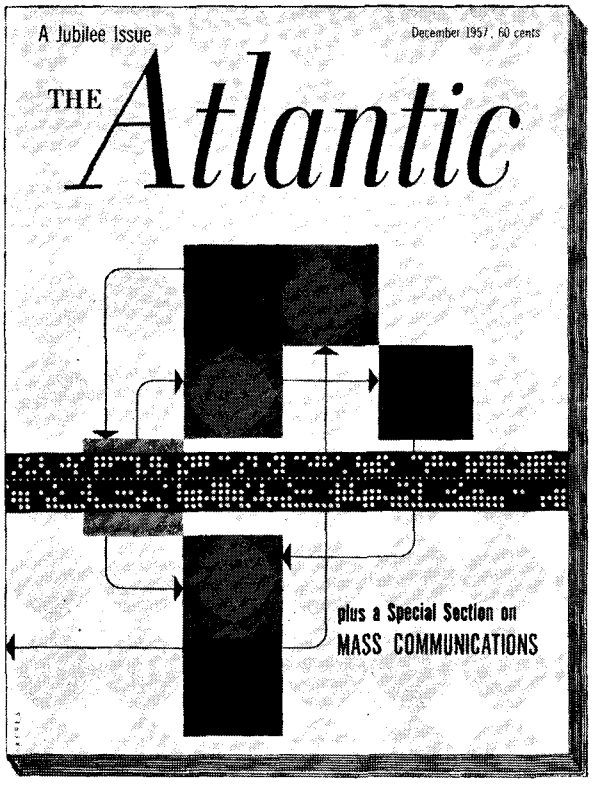

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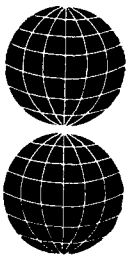
The Atlantic Report  *on the World Today*

POLAND

To a reporter returning to Poland after an absence of almost four years, the contrasts are razor-sharp. Not only has the country ceased to be a Stalinist dictatorship, but it has moved remarkably toward social democracy.

The visual changes are minor ones. There is more motor traffic in the cities, though it is insignificant when compared with the West, and many of the cars seem to be held together with string and sealing wax. Then, too, there is an architectural improvement. The many new apartment buildings are no longer all the same, monotonous pattern; there is some variety nowadays. But the real transformation is in the social, political, and economic fields.

The belief abroad that the metamorphosis in Poland occurred suddenly in October, 1956, when Wladyslaw Gomulka supplanted the Stalinists, is erroneous. Gomulka himself was freed from prison in 1954, and most of the other political prisoners were released in that year and the ensuing one. Gradual abolition of the secret police started in 1955 with liquidation of the Tenth Department, responsible for the inquisition. Next came dissolution of the whole notorious Ministry of Internal Security. Administration of prisons was transferred to the Ministry of Justice.

Political persecution in its vilest forms had passed before the 52-year-old liberal Communist, Gomulka, became first secretary of the United Workers' (Communist) Party and the most powerful figure in Poland. By then, if you heard a knock at your door at 5:30 in the morning, you knew it was the milkman and not the secret police.

With Gomulka's rise, however, the right to say what you think became official. There was and still is a distinction between freedom of the spoken word and continued shackling of the written word. Civil rights have been restored to a degree unknown anywhere else in the Communist camp, and that includes the other rebel land, Yugoslavia. In Yugoslavia the people may curse the Soviet Union to their hearts' content, but Tito and his regime are sacrosanct. In Poland there is an unwritten law against offending the Russians, but everybody is free to damn the Polish government and all its works.

What is not generally realized outside Poland is that the evolution there has gone beyond the overthrow of Stalinism. It has developed into a retreat from socialism. That is evident in the three fields of politics, the economy, and ideology.

THE PARTY CHANGES

The character of the dominant United Workers' Party is becoming less proletarian and more lower-middle class. In the past few years there has been a great churning in the party's membership. Its total stayed fairly consistent, fluctuating between 1.3 million and 1.5 million. However, since 1950 almost 600,000 have left the party, while about 350,000 recruits have joined.

In 1950, 47 per cent of the members were industrial workers; at the beginning of this year only 39.7 per cent were. The Communists from the outset failed to win a large peasant following, although nearly 60 per cent of Poland's population is rural. In 1950 peasants accounted only for 13.6 per cent of the party's composition and by this year the percentage had dropped to 12.8. Significantly, over the same years the proportion of white-collar workers and intellectuals in the party grew from 33.4 per cent to 39.5 per cent.

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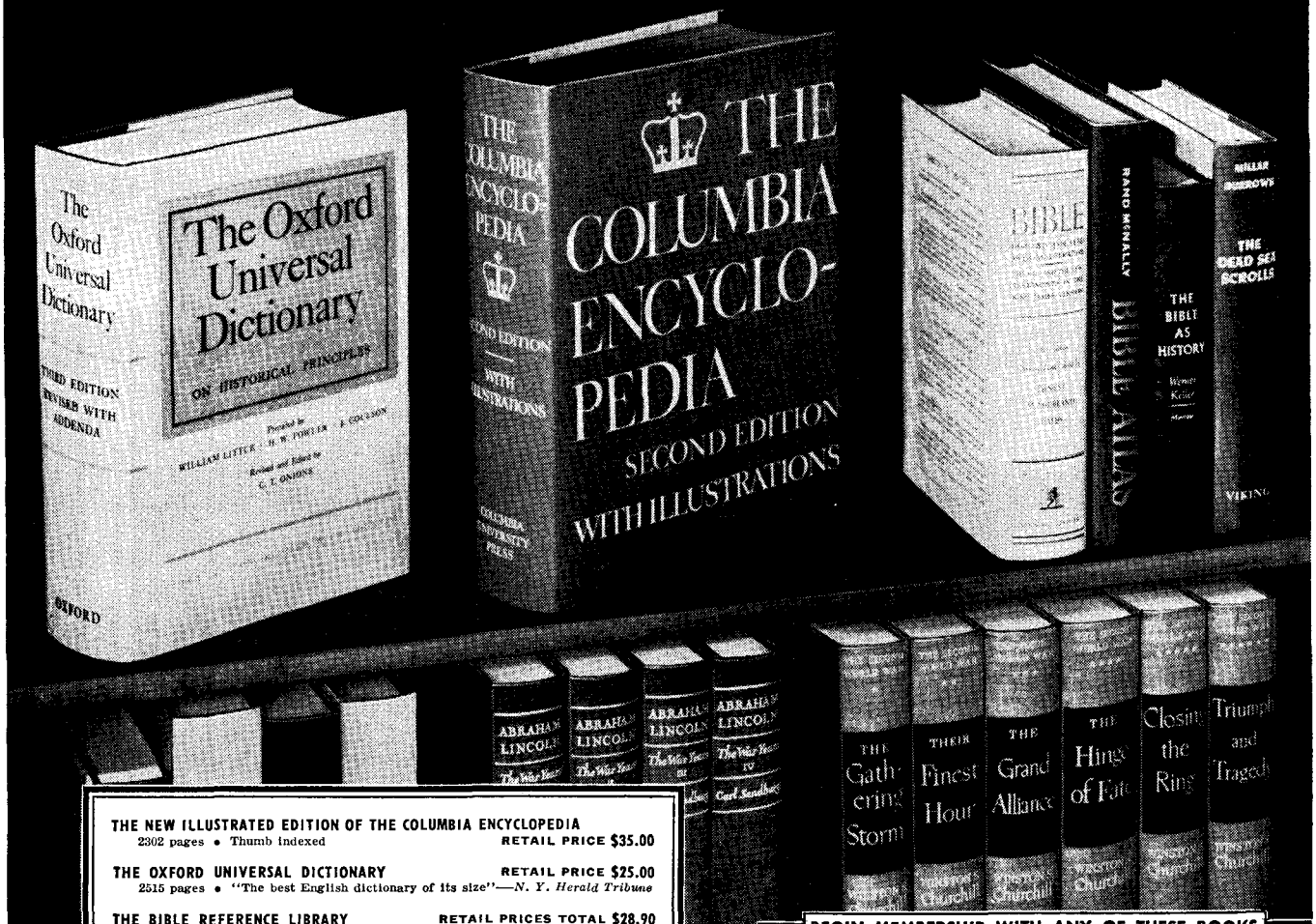

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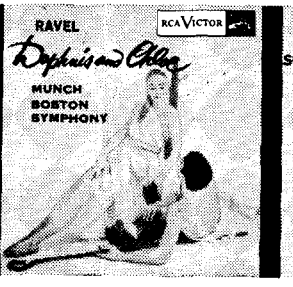

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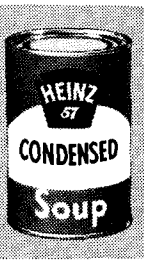

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The Atlantic Report

POLAND

The trend since Gomulka's rise has accentuated the deproletarianizing of the party. Tens of thousands of factory laborers quit the party, resentful of the regime's failure to improve their living conditions. At the same time bureaucrats have continued to stream into the party, often because possession of a card promotes their careers.

PRIVATE BUSINESS

Socialism has receded in the economy, too. Collective farms have largely disintegrated in the past year. While the government was shipping the peasants into the collectives and state farms, the socialized sector of agriculture rose to 24 per cent of all arable land. Now it has dropped to 14 per cent and is still shrinking. Of the former 10,000 collective farms, more than four fifths have evaporated. The state farms still hold almost one seventh of Poland's crop area, but in the next year or two the government will auction off about 15 per cent of this land if the farmers have the purchasing power to buy it.

The diminishing socialist sector of the economy is evident, though on a much smaller scale, in the growth of private capital investment. Retail trade in private hands now amounts to one tenth of all such business. Private enterprise has reappeared in small industry: in handicrafts, in manufacture of building materials with the private entrepreneurs manufacturing one sixth of all the bricks, and in the opening of mechanical repair shops. In the past couple of years, the number of artisan workshops in Poland has doubled.

THE STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH

In the long run the most telling retreat from socialism may prove to have been in the struggle for man's soul. For many Poles on the rebound from Stalinism and from the Hungarian tragedy, socialism lost its idealistic appeal. There was a revival of Polish nationalism, culminating in Poland's revolt against its humiliating role as a Soviet satellite. But it is the Roman Catholic Church which has been expanding its power. It remained strong even while Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski and other hierarchs were deprived of their liberty.

Last December came the biggest concession a socialist state ever made to the clergy: reintroduction of religious teaching in Polish schools. The priest is again becoming the spiritual leader in Poland. In small communities, those who fail to attend church are spurned. In many districts the church is already a stronger force than the Communist Party.

The diplomatic envoy of one European country had been looking around the Polish capital for an atheistic electrician. Even after twelve years of Red rule, he couldn't find one. His legation had moved into a new building. Above the entrance was a small lantern with a crucifix perched on it. The diplomat decided that a cross was out of place. He is a good Catholic and represents a Catholic-led government. "I believe in separation of the church and state," he said. "So I instructed the architect to have the cross removed."

Three days later the architect reported failure. He had approached three electricians. Two refused. They believed removal of the crucifix would be sacrilege. The third agreed to do the job only on condition that the diplomat allow him to transfer the cross to another part of the building. The episode could hardly have illustrated more vividly Communism's failure to shake the grip of Catholicism in Poland.

By contrast, the position of Jews in Poland has continued to deteriorate. One might have assumed that the Nazi massacre of 3 million Polish Jews would generate a more humane attitude, but anti-Semitism is rampant. Of the 70,000 Jews in the country when Gomulka came to the helm, more than 20,000 have emigrated to Israel. Gomulka's wife is Jewish; so is the wife of Edward Ochab, Gomulka's predecessor as party chief and, as the present minister of agriculture and Politbureau member, also a powerful Communist. Hatred of the Jew in Poland has roots reaching back to the Middle Ages. The role of two top Jewish Reds, Jakub Berman and Hilary Minc, respectively blamed for the Red terror and for the nation's wretched economic condition, kindled the ancient spark of hatred.

INDUSTRIALIZING IS NOT ENOUGH

The people are paying dearly for their country's mismanagement. In an important respect the Polish experience should teach a lesson to the forty-seven underdeveloped states belonging to the United Nations. Their ideal is industrialization. Their dream is to advance from a primitive agrarian society into the technological age. But industrializing is not enough; economic development must be balanced. The major imbalances which the Poles must remedy are:

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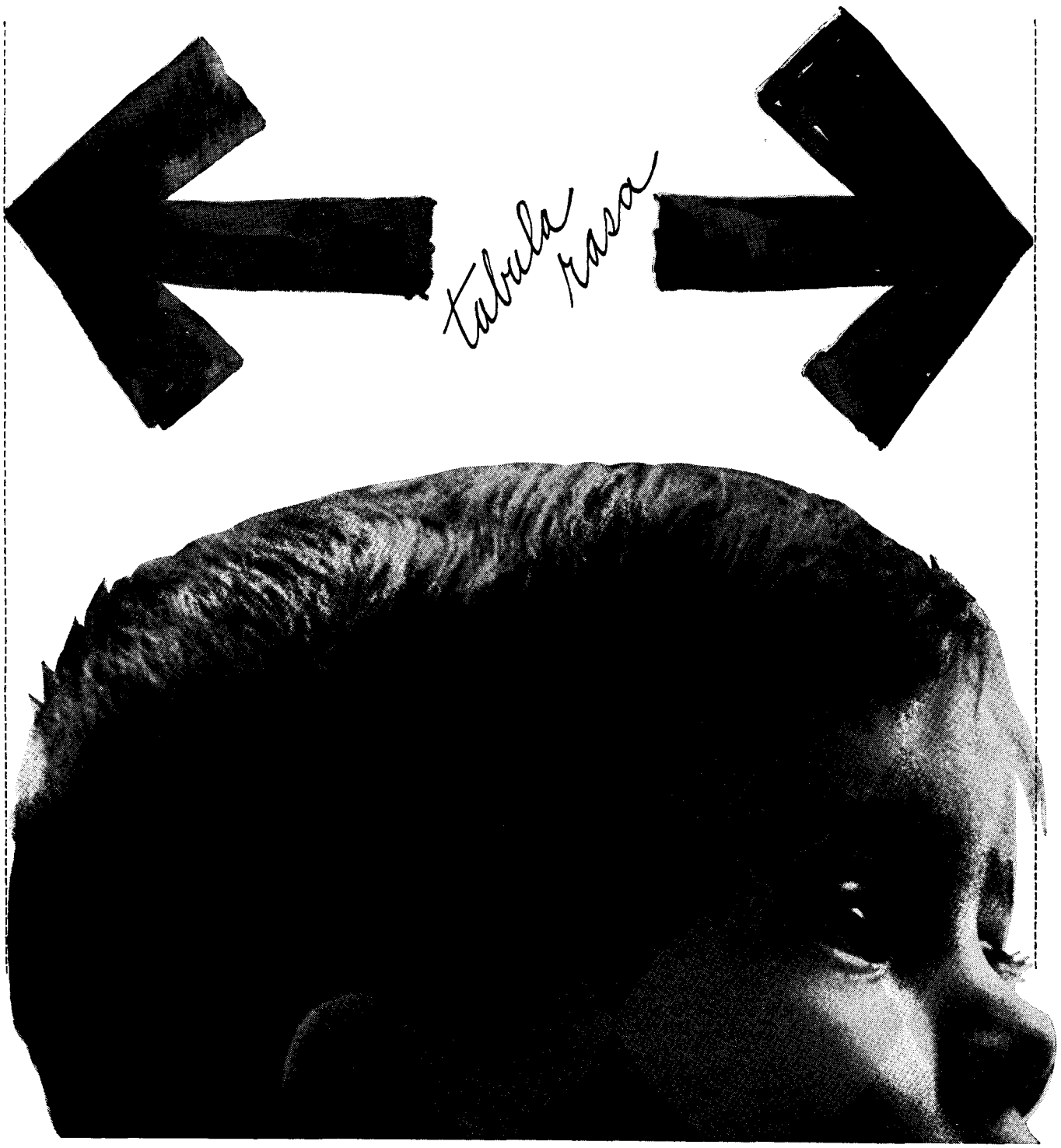

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POLAND

1. A swift enlargement of Polish industry while an antiquated farming marks time.

2. Swollen heavy industry, contrasted with dismally inadequate manufacture of consumer goods.

3. Neglect of Polish export industries and of foreign markets, with the result that Poland lacks the foreign currency with which to buy essential raw materials, grain, and machinery — especially to modernize mines and agriculture.

4. Lack of skilled labor.

5. Population shift. Three million Poles streamed from farms and villages into the industrial towns, but there has been neither money nor time to build homes for them, to grow the food to feed them, or to supply the consumers' goods they crave.

Disproportion between the growing industry and lack of means to feed it raw materials has been disastrous. Rising per capita consumption aggravates the dislocation. For instance, between the two world wars Poland's maximum cotton imports were about 75,000 tons a year for a 34 million population. New Poland is importing 105,000 tons annually for 28 million inhabitants.

LOW PRODUCTIVITY

Besides the foregoing imbalances, the Polish economy is suffering from acute diseases like absenteeism and alcoholism. The Poles know that excessive drinking is just another symptom of poor labor morale which, in turn, is the product of economic misery. Absenteeism in the first six months of this year, compared with the corresponding period last year, doubled in the mines and power plants and tripled in the machine and light industries. Productivity is low, partly because the pay incentive is lacking, but Gomulka has ordered a wage freeze until output rises.

Coal, which *in value* accounts for almost half of all Polish exports, is a major source of trouble. In 1955 the Poles sold abroad 24.5 million metric tons of coal; in 1956, 19.5 million; this year it will be under 15 million. They have tried unsuccessfully to offset this loss of revenue by increasing their exports of ham, bacon, sugar, eggs, seeds, strawberries, and mushrooms. They are endeavoring to market abroad more rolling stock and locomotives.

The wage system has distorted production. Industrial workers are so underpaid that it usually takes an entire month's wages to buy a man's suit of poor quality and two and a half months' pay for a woman's good dress. Workers get more if their factory fulfills the state production plan. Then they win bonuses amounting to 40 per cent or 50 per cent of their wages, and even more if they surpass the target.

Workers and managers in a metal plant will concentrate output on heavy articles, because this enables them to exceed their tonnage goal and clinch their bonus. But the heavy products are little needed, and the market does without more essential metal goods. Similarly, because of the bulk, the manufacturers of children's clothes in state factories turn out a surplus of overcoats. Again, they get their bonus, but children are short of other garments.

The Polish economy has almost no raw material stockpiles. Factories occasionally suspend production for this reason; personnel is deprived of bonuses and morale suffers. If the Soviets halt their supply of iron ore and cotton, Poland will be in a desperate mess. If the West refuses liberal credits for food and materials, it will keep Poland economically at Russia's mercy.

Gomulka is racing against time. He must bring economic betterment before his prestige and popularity run out. The stakes are high. If the new men and policies prove that in a socialist state liberalism is more rewarding than totalitarianism, it could change the whole course of world Communism.

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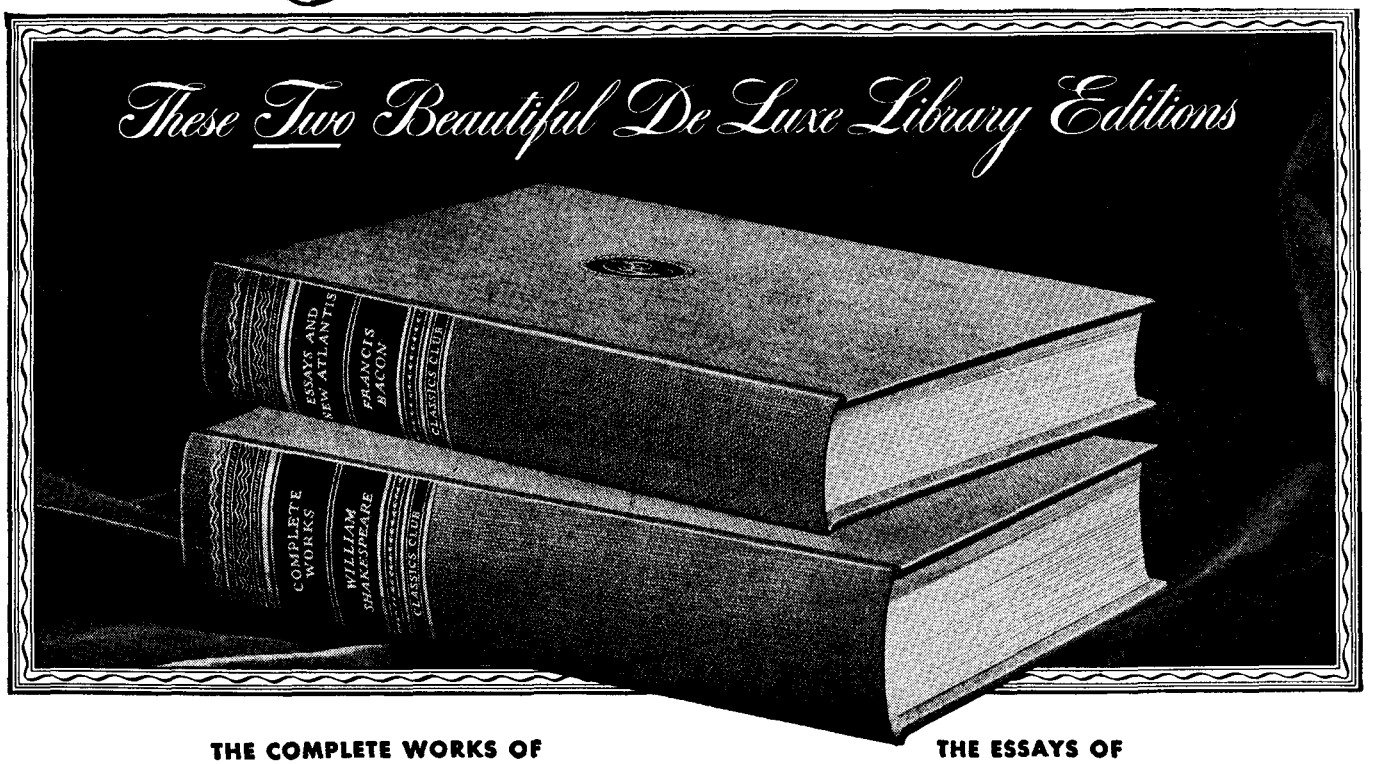

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BETWEEN President Harry Truman's famous election upset of November, 1948, and the John Diefenbaker upset in the Canadian general election last June, there was one profound difference. President Truman knew he was going to win. Nobody was more surprised at the Conservative victory over the supposedly invincible Liberal regime than the Conservative leader himself.

Perhaps the word "victory" is too strong to describe accurately the Canadian election result. The Conservatives did not emerge with anything resembling a working majority in the House of Commons. They gained 60 seats to bring their Commons membership to 111; the Liberals lost 65 seats to drop from 170 to 105; the Canadian Cooperative Federal Party with 25 and the Social Credit Party with 19 both made small gains. To govern at all, the Conservatives must have at least the passive support of some other group.

Yet if lexicographers argue over the use of the word "victory," none will dispute that it was a Liberal disaster. Not only was the Liberal Party decimated outside the Province of Quebec, but many of its biggest names were on the list of losers. Heading that group was Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, minister of trade and commerce, who supposedly had the safest seat in Canada. With him were Walter Harris, minister of finance; Stuart Garson, minister of justice; Ralph Campney, minister of defense; Robert Winters, minister of public works. In all, seven cabinet ministers lost their places in the public life of Canada.

Any American who had been watching Canada for the last couple of years would have concluded that the Conservative Party win reflected a rabid and rising tide of anti-Americanism in Canada. He would have been only partly right. Not since the days of the Canadian Pacific Railway promotion eighty years ago has "American" been such a widely used smear word. In the use of it, none was more enthusiastic than Mr. Diefenbaker and the Conservative Party. It is important, however, to emphasize this point: the word was used more as a club with which to assault the Liberal government than to express positive antagonism toward the United States.

PARTY DIFFERENCES

Since the war, the difference between the Liberal Party and the Conservative Party in Canada has been focused on two matters of policy. The first was the development of natural resources and the second was in the direction of trade. The Liberals worked diligently to create the sort of economic climate in Canada which would attract capital from the rest of the world to accelerate the development of its resources. Not only would such a capital influx create jobs for Canadians, it would enable Canada to bring in millions of immigrants with which to give the country a population base for an industrial economy.

A balanced budget, steady reduction in the national debt, and rapid growth were all necessary ingredients of Liberal policy. So were enthusiastic drumbeating for GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) and the expansion of multilateral trade. The Conservative Party found little wrong with the general statement of Liberal aims. It found everything wrong with their application.

Liberal policy encouraged immigrants from everywhere except from the United Kingdom. Capital flowed in, but it came in an almost uncontrollable flood from the United States.

In season and out, the Conservatives preached more trade with Britain and less with the United States. Why? Because the United States persisted in restricting imports from Canada. It put quotas on Canadian cattle, duties on Canadian wheat, zinc, and copper. It wanted Canadian gas but spurned Canadian oil. It wanted Canadian iron ore but rejected Canadian steel products.

In the past decade, American industry has been much more aware of the opportunities in Canada, particularly in resources development, than the Canadians. Some extractive industries have been granted tax concessions by Washington beyond

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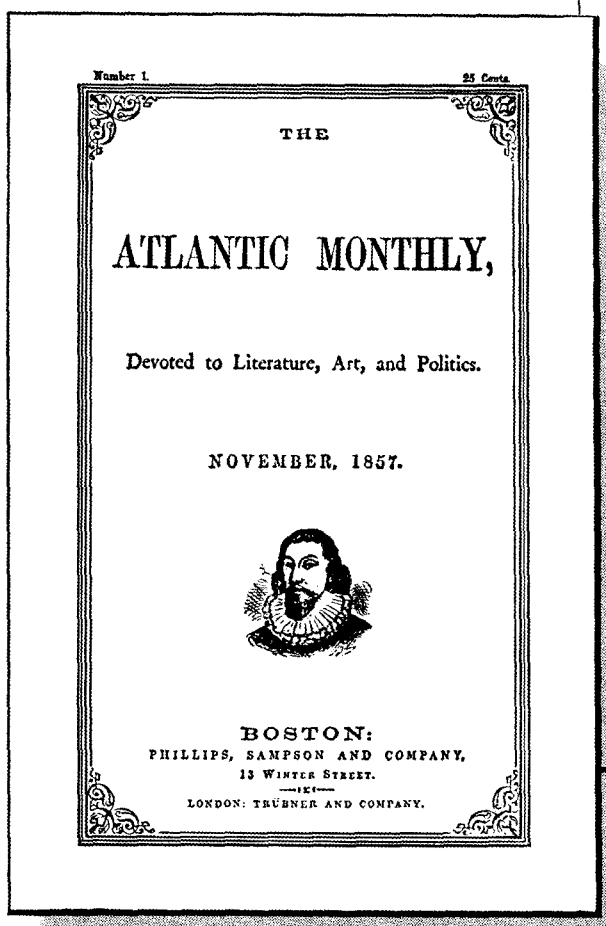

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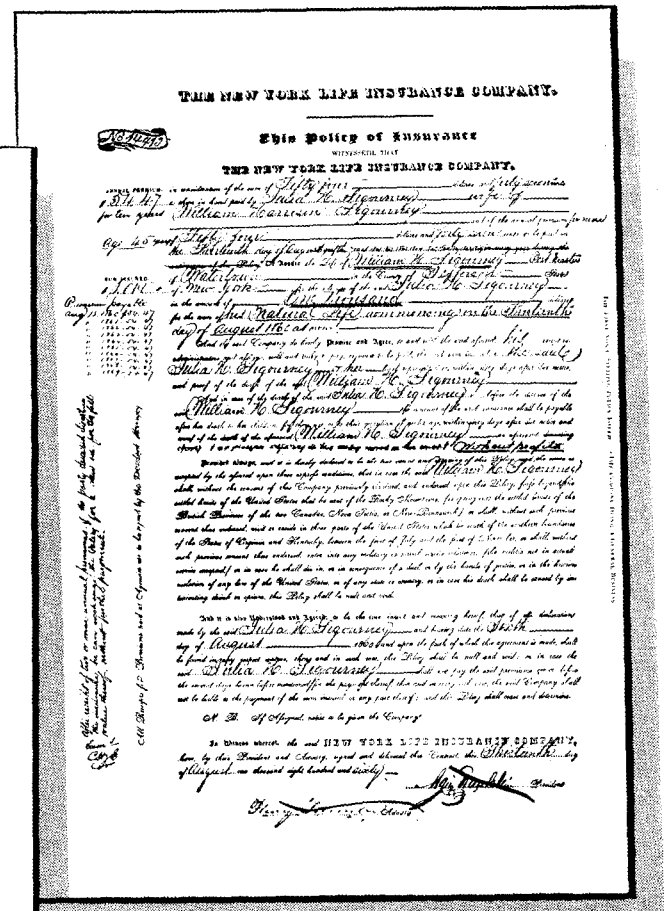

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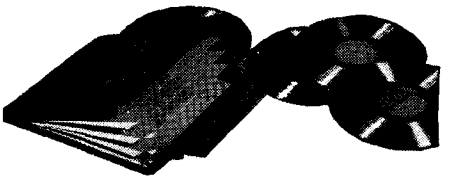

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The Atlantic Report

CANADA

anything Canadians enjoyed. The phrase "American 10-cent dollars" came into usage almost a decade ago in connection with American purchase of vast Canadian oil and gas reservations. The Conservatives have said that Canadian resources should be owned, developed, and controlled by Canadians, and on this policy they fought with vigor.

CANADA'S ANTI-AMERICANISM

In recent months, several bitter debates in the House of Commons had anti-American overtones. Worst was the debate over the Trans-Canada pipeline. This was a $400 million Clint Murchison promotion to move Alberta gas to Ontario and Quebec through a 2600-mile, 34-inch pipeline. The Texans sold the Liberal government on the feasibility of the line, then defaulted on promises to proceed with it.

Eventually, to get it going, the Canadian government joined with the Ontario government to build a 600-mile northern Ontario link, and finally had to advance $80 million to enable the Americans to build it. The proposal set off such a storm of opposition in the House of Commons that closure was invoked to end the debate.

With the excitement over Trans-Canada scarcely abated, the British-French invasion of Suez split Canada neatly down the middle. When the Liberal government sent Lester Pearson to New York with a plan to get the United Nations into the act, it won overwhelming approval in isolationist Quebec Province and disapproval in English-speaking Canada, where there was a great deal of support for the British-French position and sympathy for Israel. The Conservatives again had an "American" issue with which to attack the Liberals for deserting the British in the Suez crisis and "being chore boys for Washington."

These developments came at a time when the United States was embarking on a giveaway program to get rid of its wheat surplus. Canada, with 600 million bushels of wheat backed up all over its West, was faced with loss of cash customers to U.S. free wheat. Here again was a problem in which the word "American" loomed large. For Canada, American surplus disposal policies are seen as long-range disasters. Not only do the immediate gifts of wheat cut out cash sales of Canadian wheat; the customers are tied to buying future wheat needs from the United States.

With the Canadian national income at its all-time high, and with most Canadians riding the crest of a boom, it is doubtful if such issues really cut very deep. Rather, they created a feeling of mild disenchantment with the Liberal government.

LIBERAL BLUNDERS

A disgruntled young Liberal said after the election: "The election result is a repudiation of the cult of the gross national product." His reference was to the fact that, since the war, no other country has paid so much attention to the advice of professional economists as Canada has. Nothing has beguiled Canadian economists like the gross national product. Upon its projected rise and fall depended the level of corporation taxes, the norm of social services, the fiscal thinking of finance ministers.

This rigid adherence to sometimes doctrinaire economic rules made political trouble for the government. The same tight-money policy that put the Canadian dollar at 5 per cent premium over the U.S. dollar created pockets of business stagnation. The house-building boom became, overnight, a depression for building trades and all the businessmen who supply them.

The farmers were antagonized by government refusal to grant loans of farm-stored grain. The old-age pensioners were irked by a niggardly increase of $6 a month in their pensions. The steel industry was irritated by the way in which a tariff board report recommending a mild steel tariff was suppressed. All this was done in the name of con-

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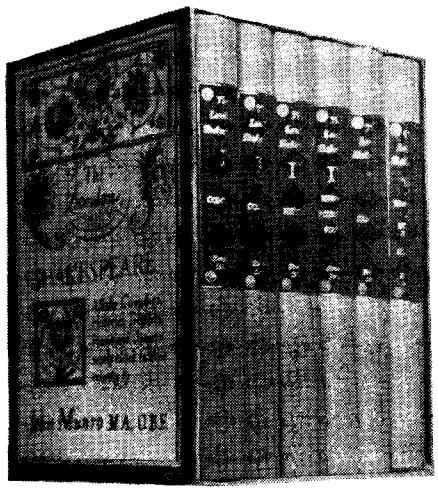

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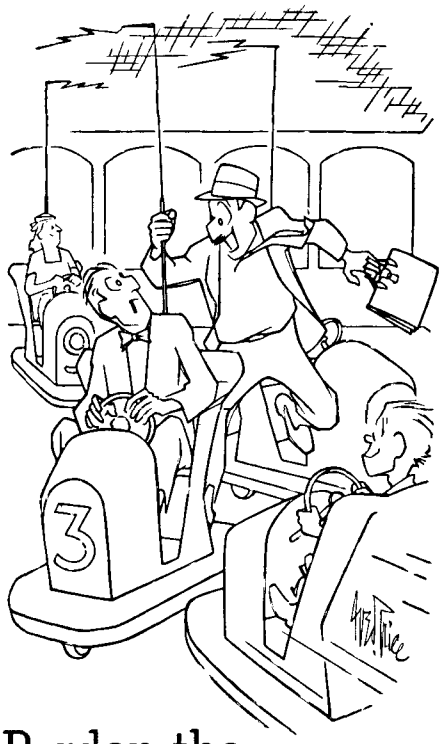

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CANADA

trolling inflation and was politically embarrassing to the Liberals.

Certainly there was an undercurrent of domestic discontent in the country. Yet normally it alone was something that the Liberal Party might have ridden out. This time, however, the Liberals had grown overconfident and slothful. The party organization had been allowed to starve to death in Manitoba and to get into inept hands in Saskatchewan and Quebec. Operating on the principle that the electors would never vote against prosperity, the Liberals raised no issues, sent the prime minister on a baby-kissing tour of the country, and took re-election for granted.

DIEFENBAKER'S TRIUMPH

As the campaign proceeded, it was apparent that the Conservative Party was making some headway, though everybody underestimated the effectiveness of John Diefenbaker. A Saskatchewan lawyer, Mr. Diefenbaker had made several tries for the Conservative leadership and failed. The main opposition to him in the party came from Quebec Conservatives who took a dim view of his strong agitation in Parliament for a Canadian Bill of Rights.

Mr. Diefenbaker, nevertheless, succeeded to the Conservative leadership last winter when he was elected to replace the ailing George Drew. He gained the solid backing of politically potent Premier Leslie Frost of Ontario. With Frost's organization working there, Diefenbaker went on a nonstop barnstorming tour across Canada and back. An imposing figure personally, though with a rather bombastic oratorical style, he hammered hard at Liberal coziness with the United States, played the "Canada First" theme in every speech, and was particularly critical of Liberal taxation policy and resources management.

Diefenbaker's best gimmick was a series of one-minute television spots which got the public interested in him. That led to increased crowds at his meetings. He actually outdrew Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, and where he made his greatest appeal — in Ontario and in the Maritimes — the Conservatives made their greatest gains. The election proved to be a great personal triumph for John Diefenbaker.

Unfortunately, he led a very weak slate of candidates into the election. That has been reflected in the difficulty he had in finding enough able men in his group of 110 to fill the available cabinet posts. But to the Canadian people, Diefenbaker made sense in a quiet sort of way. They had grown a little weary of the Liberal world-savers, more than a little bored with Liberal preoccupation with the United Nations, and dissatisfied with the seeming lack of vigor with which Ottawa rebuked Washington for wheat giveaways and the like.

As John Diefenbaker takes hold of the reins of government, he enjoys the same sort of good will that was Dwight Eisenhower's during his first term. Domestically there will be an easing of the hard-money policy. Canadian tax laws will be overhauled and taxes mildly reduced. There will be small increases in social security benefits.

"CANADA FIRST"

Eventually, when the new government can work out a formula, positive measures will be taken to reduce Canadian dependence upon trade with the United States. Soon after the election, Diefenbaker said he hoped to divert 10 per cent of Canada's imports from the United States to Commonwealth countries. In England, the reaction was that $160 million in additional annual exports would substantially worsen the United Kingdom's own inflationary problem. With the Commonwealth countries operating with full economies, there is some question of their being able to supply more of the sort of imports Canada can use.

The easiest way to cut American imports, of course, is by customs duties. Higher protection for basic industries like steel might be one

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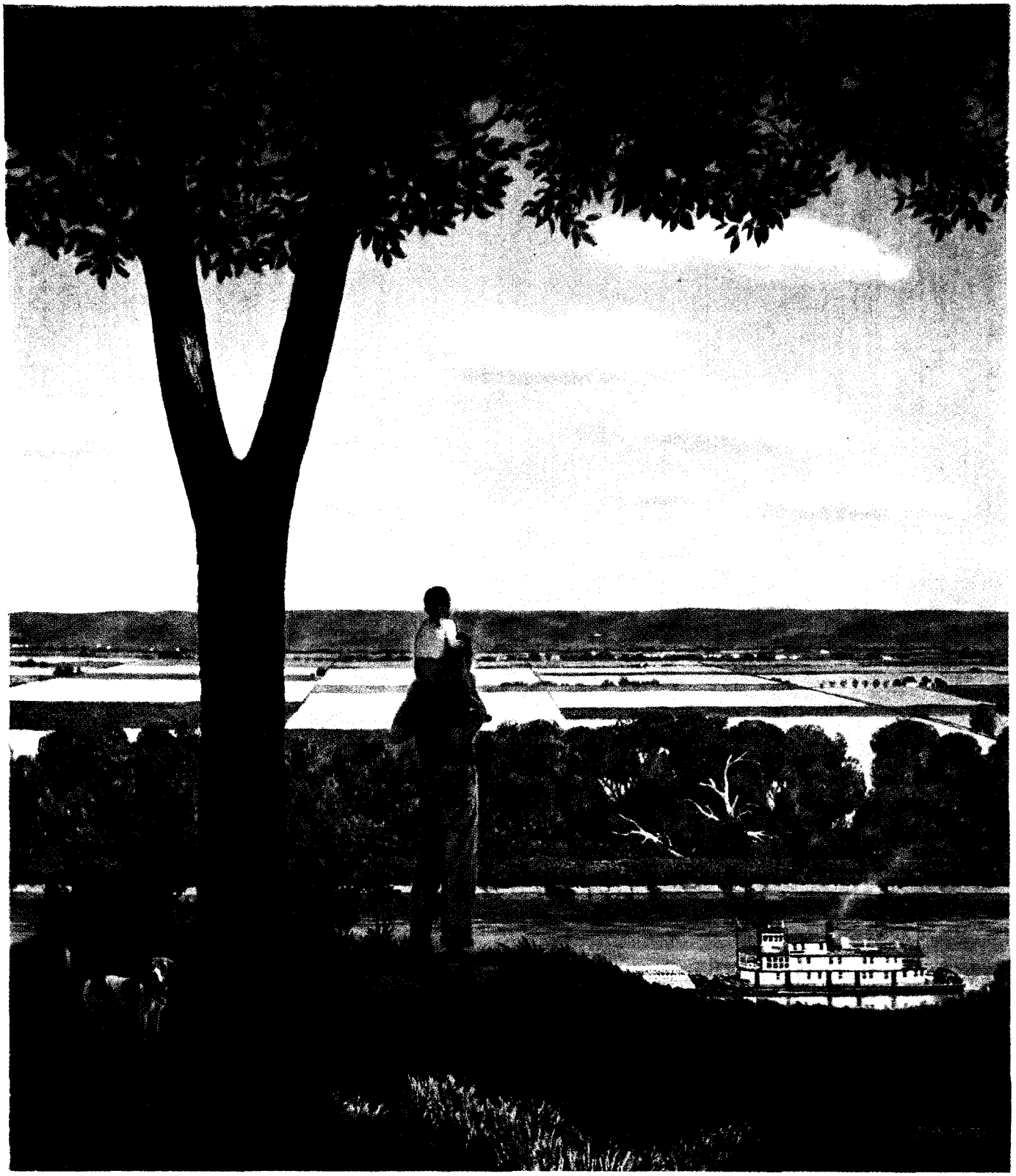

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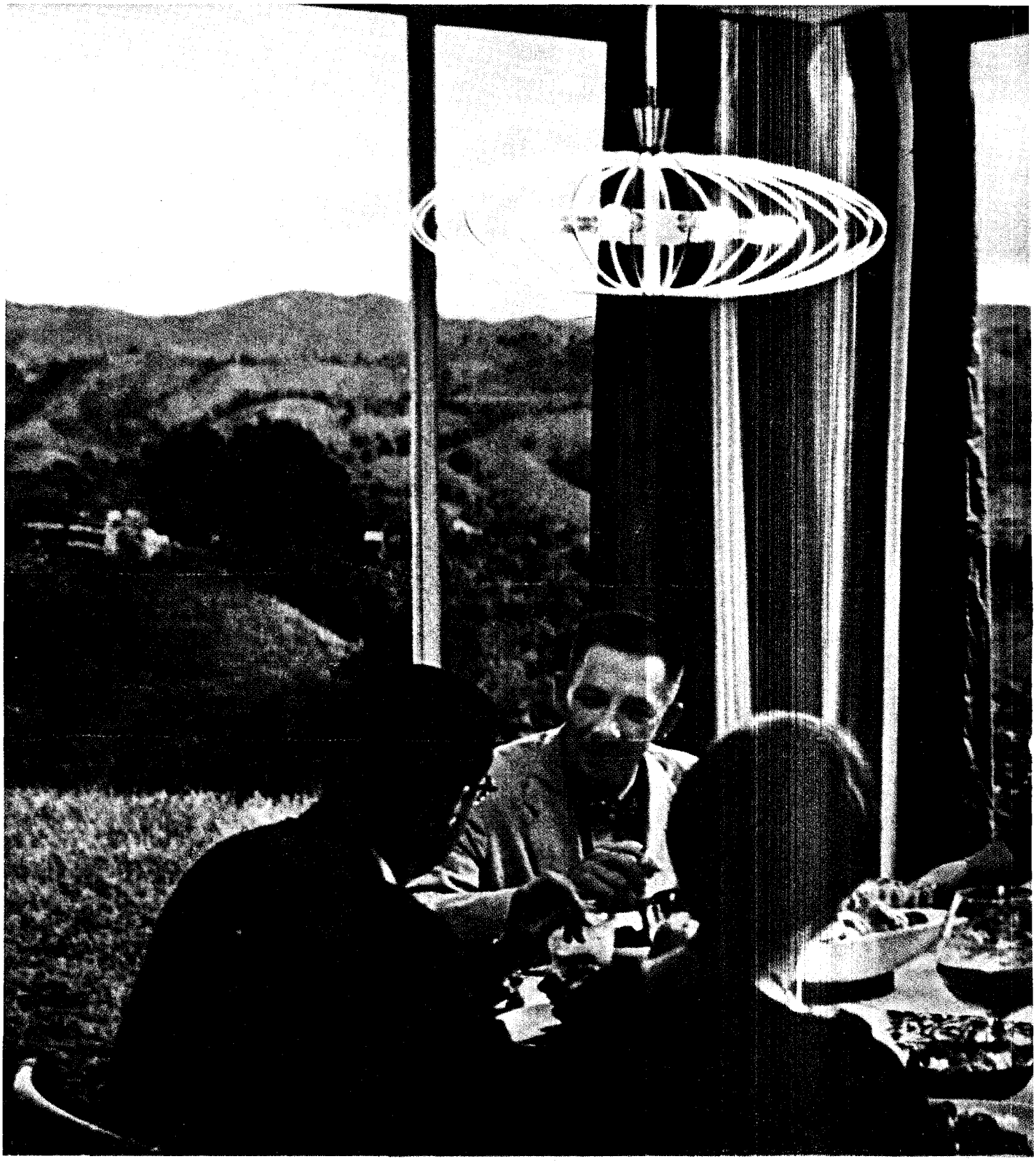

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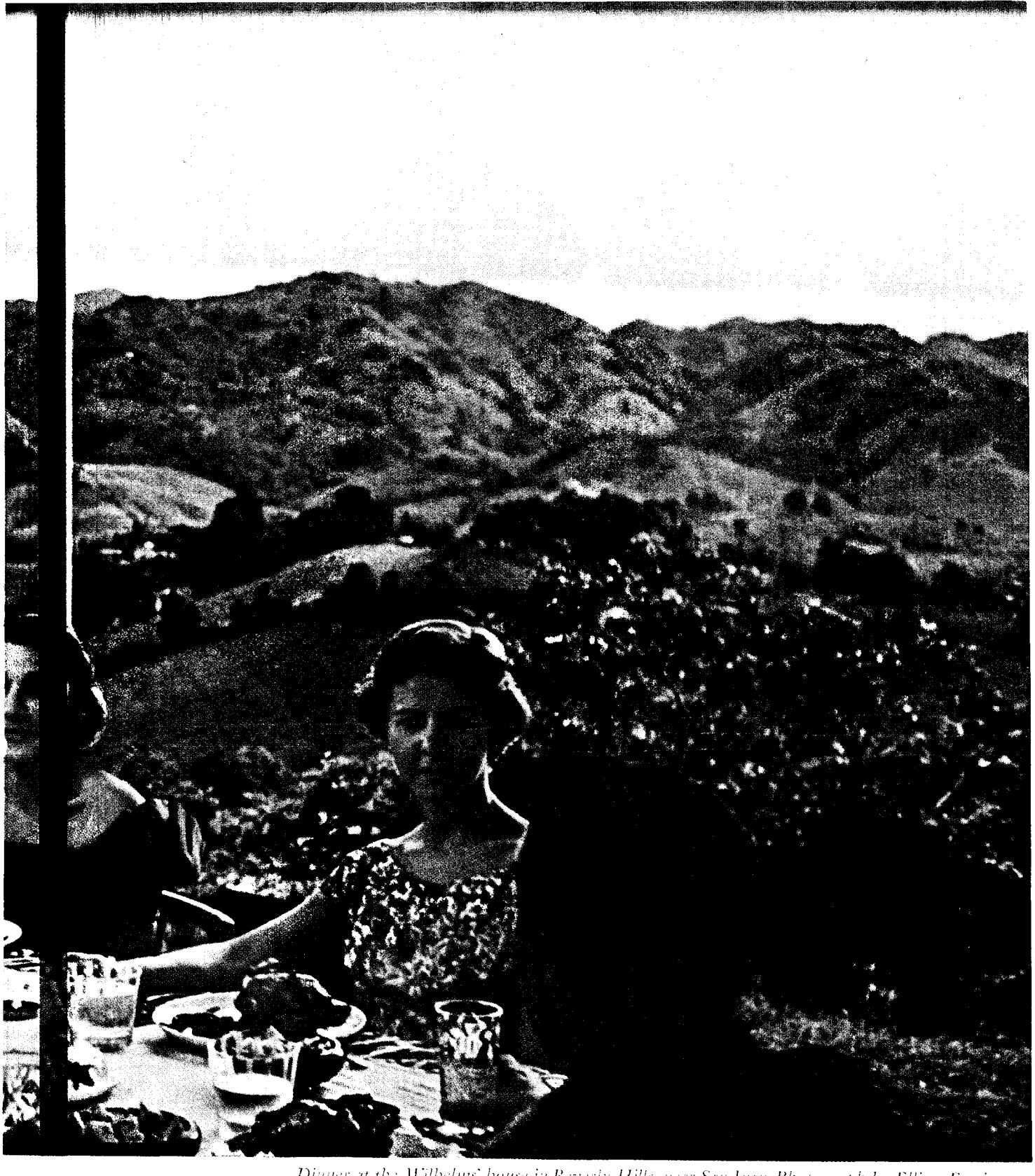

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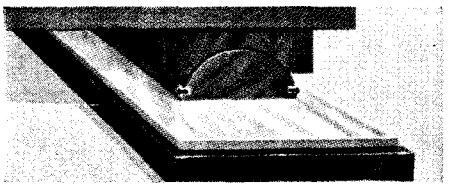

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THE PROBLEM: A bridge roadway is in continuous motion. The sun's heat makes it expand. When the temperature drops, it shrinks. The movement is small and slow, but an important factor in bridge design. For economical construction, the 8000-foot-long western approach to the main span of the New York State Thruway Authority Tappan Zee Bridge, for example, is divided into 50-foot sections. One end of each section is fixed; the other slides freely on bearing plates.

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CANADA

method of reducing the flow. Or it might even be possible to slow the shipment of iron ore to the United States to force increased purchases of semi-processed Canadian steel.

But while Conservatives talk about the Commonwealth, their real concern is at home. Their goal is to encourage Canadians to become the owners of Canadian industry and Canadian resources. To reach that goal the new government must do three things: first, create a desire in Canadians to own their own industries and resources; second, adopt tax measures which will encourage a full flow of Canadian capital into Canadian industry and resources; third, acquaint American owners of Canadian branches with the aims and desires of Canada and enlist the coöperation of the Americans in achieving them.

The Conservatives will certainly try to devise measures to force American companies partially to Canadianize their northern branches. The process would involve making room for Canadian equity capital and places for Canadians on boards of directors. This may come as a shock to many American companies who treat their Canadian operations as branches of American regional offices.

On basic world issues, there will be no change in Canadian attitudes. In matters of mutual defense, Washington need have no fear of losing Canadian coöperation. But Washington will learn that the days of easy relationships, of taking things for granted north of the border, have gone — for a while at least. If Ottawa is forced to go along with American ideas, its reluctance will be made known. Certainly when American domestic policies are harmful to Canada, the protests from the Conservative government will be more shrill and more sustained than ever before.

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The Atlantic Report ISRAEL

THE people of Israel approach the tenth anniversary of their independence in a mood of outward confidence but of deep inner unease. Against great odds, they have succeeded in establishing a workable state. Yet, by now, many Israelis realize that independence was only the first of their problems.

The country still faces a perplexing international situation. It had gained the bitter hostility of the Soviet Union and of its satellites; the Afro-Asian bloc is suspicious; the British were always unfriendly, even in the interlude when Egypt was a common enemy; and Arab hatred shows no sign whatever of abatement. Among the nations of the world, Israel can count on friendship only from the French and on an abstract sympathy from the United States.

Yet for the moment foreign affairs do not absorb popular attention. The Sinai campaign revealed Arab impotence and introduced a period of comparative security in the relations of Israel with its neighbors. In any case, the Eisenhower Doctrine has taken the initiative out of the hands of the little state. Henceforward, Israelis realize, the crucial decisions will be those of the great powers; their own role will be a subsidiary one. The changes of regime in Jordan and Syria during the summer illustrated Israel's passive role; although it was vitally concerned in those events, it abstained from taking any action.

Yet the relaxation of international tensions has revealed other serious problems long neglected while all attention was focused on the borders. After Suez it became clear that there remained unanswered some fundamental questions as to the kind of state Israel was to be.

EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY

The founders of the state were moved by a vision, shaped by the progressive social ideals of Central and Eastern Europe at the beginning of the century. They were nationalists. But their nationalism was not parochial. In coming to Palestine they had no intention of creating another small Levantine state that would serve the interests only of its inhabitants. Rather, they were cosmopolitan, optimistic, and dedicated to social justice.

They conceived of their state as an experiment which would have meaning for the people of all the world. On the soil of their ancestors they wished to put into practice the ideals of justice and brotherhood they had inherited from their ancient tradition. Israel was to be a center of democratic life and was to help spread Western civilization throughout the Near East and the world.

From this point of view, the isolation of Israel is spiritually as well as diplomatically disquieting. Who will be influenced by what occurs there? Some politicians are still inclined to argue that the Arabs would be much better off if they lived in peace with Israel. But no one believes this to be an imminent possibility. There are efforts to build economic and cultural relations with Burma and Ghana. But these are a long remove from the aspirations of the founders.

BLURRED VISIONS

Internally the nearly ten difficult years have blurred early hopeful visions. Israel began with the handicap of a land poor in resources and made poorer by centuries of heedless exploitation. The settlement was therefore always dependent upon foreign aid. In the past five years reparations from Western Germany have supplemented the assistance from overseas Jews. This degree of dependence is irksome to a proud people who aim at self-sufficiency. Even assuming that help from Jewish communities abroad can continue indefinitely, the reparations run out in five more years. By that time the state must support itself.

To do so without sacrifice of the standard of living requires a radical rise in productivity. Yet it is difficult to attain that objective without sacrificing cherished social ideals.

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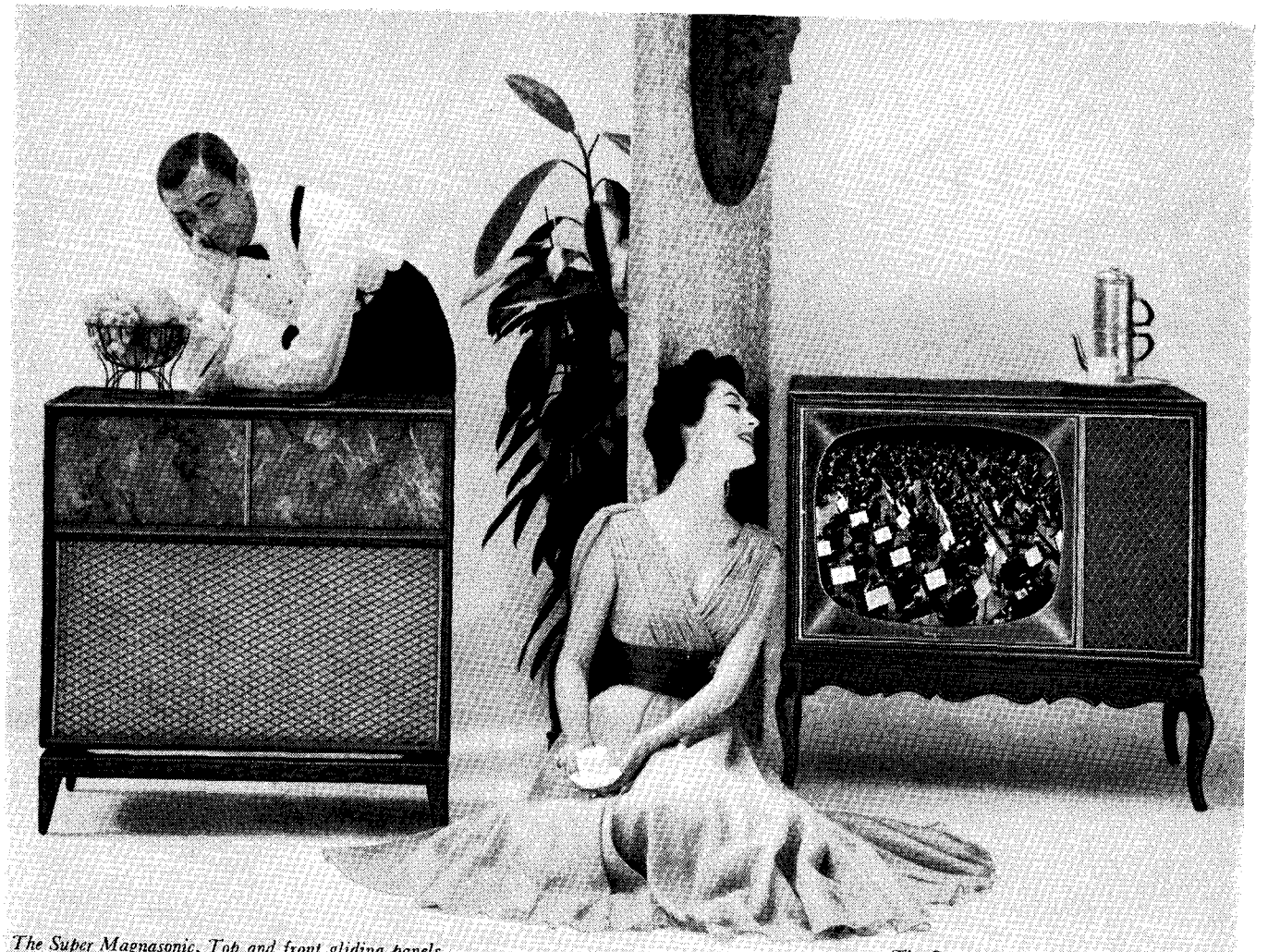

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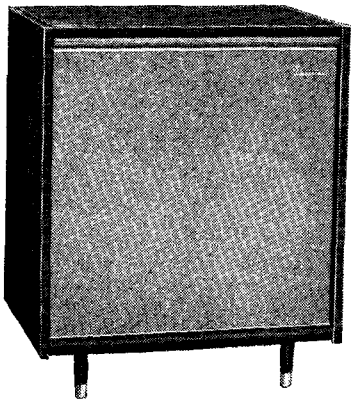

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The Atlantic Report

ISRAEL

A great strike this summer in the Ata textile factory, the largest industrial enterprise in the country, illustrated the dilemma. Israeli workers are organized in the Histadrut, a comprehensive union which is related to Mapai, the labor party in control of the government. The conditions of employment are therefore most favorable. But those conditions discourage investment, without which the economy will not expand.

The Ata strike, which involved the right of management to fire laborers in the interest of efficiency, dragged on for three months before the Mapai members of the union's executive board decided to press for a settlement favorable to the employers. In this issue the government was compelled to make a desirable social end give way to the need for a greater productivity.

The same contrast between realities and ideals has marked the development of communal settlements. One of the great achievements of early Zionist action was the collective or *kibbutz*, which went forth to redeem the wilderness. The mystique of pioneering embraced the ideals of communal action, of work on the soil, and of redemption of the desert.

THE PULL OF THE CITIES

Yet, while the *kibbutz* remained appealing as an ideal, in practice it never attracted more than a tiny minority of the population. The great cities of Tel Aviv, Haifa, and Jerusalem grew faster than the frontier settlements. Of the total population of almost 2 million, only 80,000 people live in *kibbutzim*.

Ten years ago, the Negev, the great desert area reaching southward from the Judean hills, challenged the nation's capacity for communal action. David Ben-Gurion gave up his premiership to live in a settlement in the hope that his example would call forth the emulation of others. The results have been disappointing. Israeli youth have not been drawn to the *kibbutzim*. Instead it has been necessary to channel newly arrived immigrants there, and in the process the character of the settlements has changed. They have lost much of their communal and agrarian nature.

Kiryat Gath is representative of the new type — a complex of villages in which 15,000 people live, most of them employees in factories rather than tillers of the soil. Furthermore, in these barely completed villages a variety of independent small traders and artisans have already made their disconcerting appearances. These folk are simply carrying on the activities familiar to them in Poland or Egypt, activities stigmatized by the Zionists of the past as unproductive.

THE CULTURAL IMPASSE

The old Zionists are equally puzzled by the development of the new state's culture. They themselves were secularists and progressives; and they thought of independence as the means of fulfilling the desire for learning and for artistic expression frustrated in Russia and Poland.

Here too they were trapped. In Mea Shearim, in the heart of Jerusalem, where the obscurantist sects are in control, the walls bear placards denouncing the indecency of women's short-sleeved dresses. What have these survivals of a medieval past in common with the bare-legged and bare-armed young men and women who toil in the settlements or march in the army?

Ironically, the exigencies of politics since independence have made the secular-minded labor government dependent upon the support of a bloc of religious parties that insists upon a rigid orthodoxy buttressed by the state. The result has been an anachronistic entanglement of church and state in a manner that few Israelis anticipated or desired.

While the Christian and Muslim communities are recognized and tolerated, there is no effective right of dissent for Jews. The government

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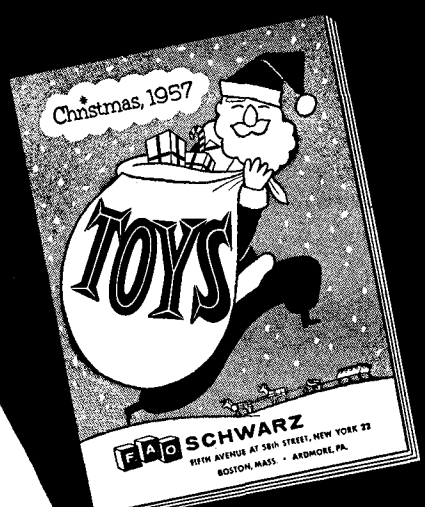

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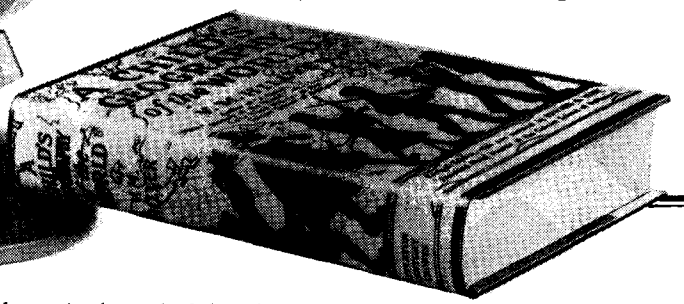

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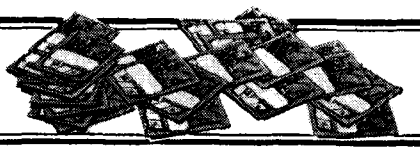

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ISRAEL

has followed Turkish precedent in giving the religious authorities jurisdiction over marriage, divorce, and family law; and it finds itself in the uncomfortable position of denying the workers the ability to enjoy their one day of rest. The wealthy man can drive to the beach in his own car on Saturday. But an inflexible Sabbatarianism closes down all public transport.

The outbreak of violence in Tel Aviv in August over the question of the precise hour at which buses could resume service illustrated one phase of a general cultural impasse. But the total dimensions are much wider. There is still a determined struggle against great odds to build up the cultural resources of the community. But other needs for manpower make the task difficult. Fewer than 7000 students are now enrolled in the nation's colleges and universities; the high costs limit the access to secondary education to the relatively well to do or the exceptionally brilliant. It is quite possible that the next generation may be less literate, less cultivated, and more parochial than its predecessors.

IMMIGRANTS WANTED

There is a wistful disposition to look to continued immigration for relief from these problems. Ten years ago, when the state was established, the leaders anticipated a great "ingathering of the exiles" that would populate Israel with millions of educated, skilled Jews from the United States and from Western Europe. Since then, the new state has absorbed more than a million immigrants. But the results have nevertheless been disappointing. Only a handful have come from Western Europe or the United States.

Some 40 per cent were displaced persons from Eastern Europe, while 53 per cent were natives of Africa and Asia. In other words, almost all were refugees compelled to come because of misfortune rather than idealists who moved of their own accord. Often lacking the skills and experience necessary for life on the land, these immigrants proved difficult to absorb; and it cost more than $10,000 to settle each new family.

Nevertheless, there was regret in Israel as the number of immigrants fell after 1949, and there was relief as the flow resumed once more last year. The state proceeds on the assumption that immigration will continue and will increase. The basic nationality law of the country gives a constitutional right of entry to every Jew in the world; and most people hope that the population of Israel will soon double. Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, for instance, has recently announced that he expects the immigration of most of the 3 million Jews of the Soviet Union in the near future.

Anti-Semitic pressures that induced the Polish government to permit some emigration this year have encouraged those hopes. The more realistic planners assume that some 100,000 newcomers will arrive annually for the next few years. That will entail a cost of about $150 million yearly, and it will create enormous problems of settlement and adjustment. How this feat will be accomplished remains vague. But the faith that it will be accomplished is crystal clear.

These dilemmas nurture widespread speculation as to the nature of the state. Long-established nations do not have to wonder about their own reason for being. Israelis do; their whole ideology has for a long time been based on the assumption that Jews could live securely and creatively only in their own country. They labor now under a driving compulsion to justify that assumption.

The Israelis are not frightened by realities or put off by the charge of utopianism. David Ben-Gurion recently made this position eloquently clear. It was visionary to think of establishing a Jewish state in the desert, of turning tradespeople into farmers, of reviving an ancient language. But it had to be done. Israelis see no obvious answers to the questions they face. But they are confident that answers can be found.

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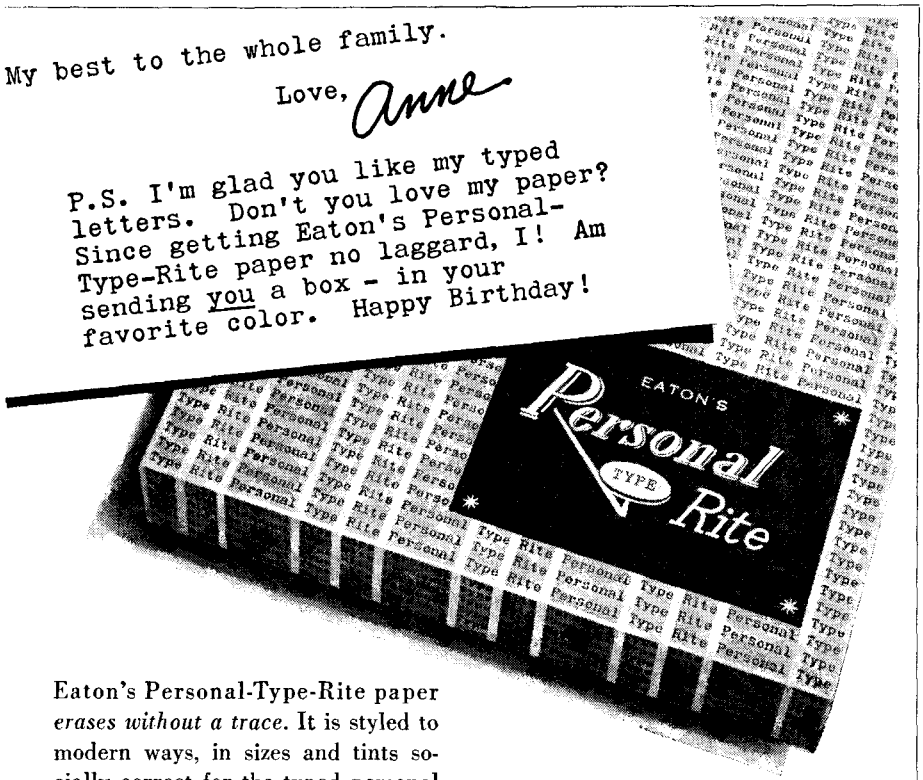

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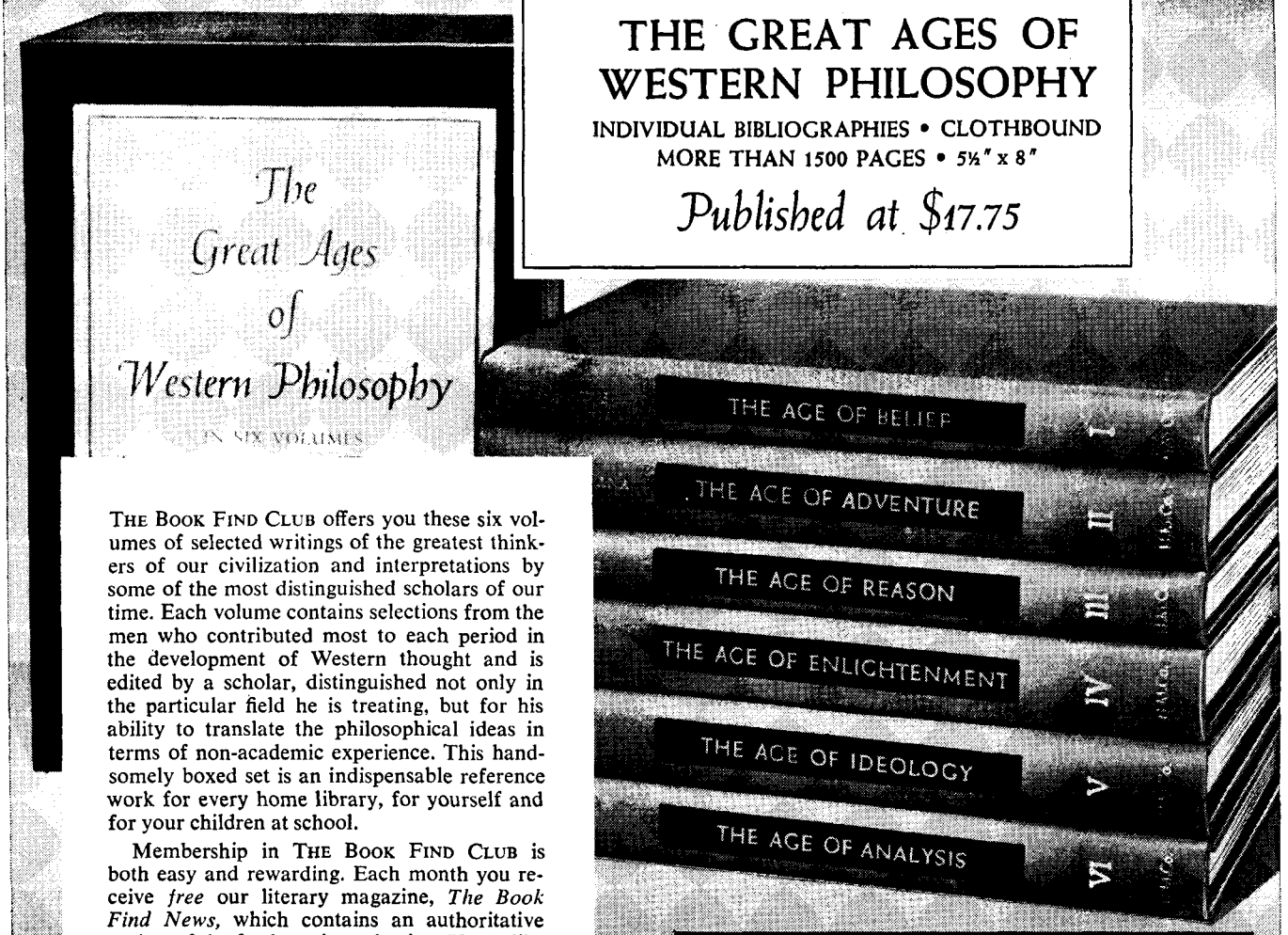

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The Atlantic Report THE GREAT LAKES

A WAVE of prosperity seems to be rolling up to boom proportions in the basin of the five Great Lakes. Evidence of the boom can be seen most distinctly in the outskirts of the cities. Acres of parking lots have sprung up on factory sites which a few months earlier were pastureland. New furnaces along its fringes have made Chicago the steel capital of the world, toppling Pittsburgh out of first place. Around Cleveland, at a 30-mile radius from its center, three $100 million plants have just been completed, one for each of the major automobile companies.

A suburban shopping center built on wasteland 20 miles from Detroit is doing $90 million worth of business a year, a respectable volume for the downtown of a city of 300,000. Near Duluth the success of an experimental plant processing taconite, or low-grade iron ore, has guaranteed new life for the Mesabi Range.

In the Great Lakes states of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, during the four most recent years covered by the Census Bureau, 1951 to 1954, $10.5 billion were invested in productive facilities. This sum was exactly one third of the total capital investment in manufacturing during the period in the entire United States.

The new boom psychology has hit residents of the entire basin so suddenly that they aren't even sure how to react to their own state of mind. They are used to a solid sort of prosperity based on an unexciting combination of factories and farms. A genuine, rip-roaring boom is something that Great Lakers haven't enjoyed since the Erie Canal opened up the territory more than a century ago.

Now, as their hopes for the future rise, they're becoming cocky. From Buffalo to Duluth luncheon speakers and writers of letters-to-the-editor are casually using such phrases as "inland empire," "our Great Lakes pot of gold," and "the approaching revolution in our way of life." The head of the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry predicted that his home town was on the way to becoming the greatest city the world has ever known, probably within twenty-five years.

Whence comes this sudden bullish spirit? The biggest single influence is the prospect of the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. The thought of full-scale ocean freighters from faraway places pulling into their harbors has had an intoxicating effect on the citizens of Ashtabula, Conneaut, Sheboygan, Muskegon, and Ontonagon.

Actually, the seaway is only one factor piled on top of all the rest of the determinants of economic geography. The water in the lakes looks more and more valuable in a nation whose thirst increases yearly. The central position of the lakes puts most of their cities within an overnight train or truck ride from the nation's major markets. The growth of Canada, both as a market and as a source of raw materials, gives the lakes an even more strategic location. Aside from the seaway, the lakes themselves remain a 1200-mile waterway for the cheap transportation of the basic needs of industry — ore from their one extremity and coal from near their other. A stable and skilled pool of labor and a political scene dominated by moderates complete the rosy highlights of the picture.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

Great Lakes boosters like to believe that when the 27-foot-deep St. Lawrence canals open in 1959, all the good things of the world will land on their lake fronts. The chief fallacy here is the idea that the seaway is something completely new. It will be merely an improvement over the present system of canals bypassing the rapids above Montreal. Small ocean-going ships with a draught of no more than 14 feet have been able to voyage into the Great Lakes for nearly a quarter of a century.

The change in 1959 will be that ships of 25-foot draught and 400-foot length will be able to make the trip. The larger ships will certainly operate more economically, faster, and with more regular service than the pocket-sized tramps now appear-

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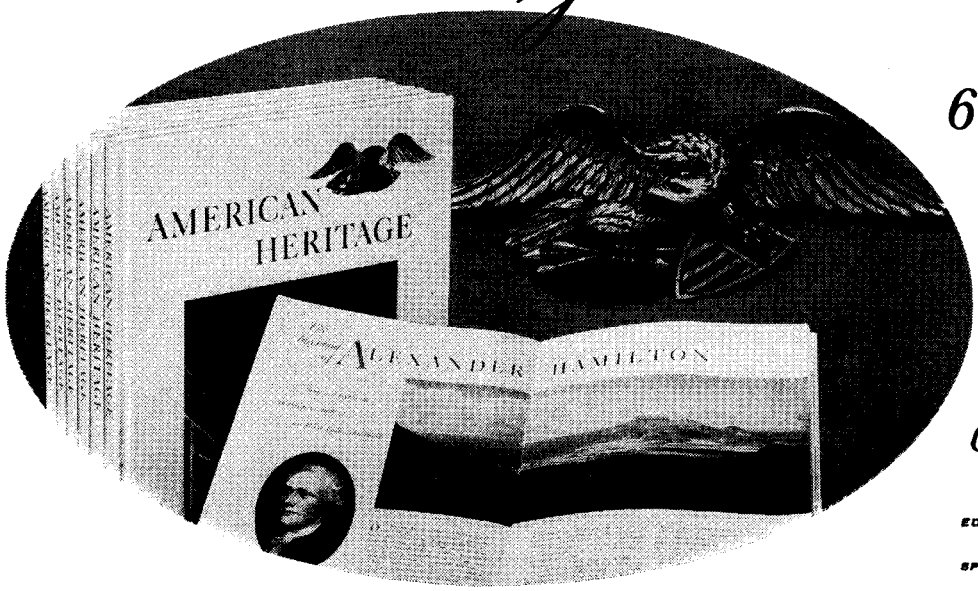

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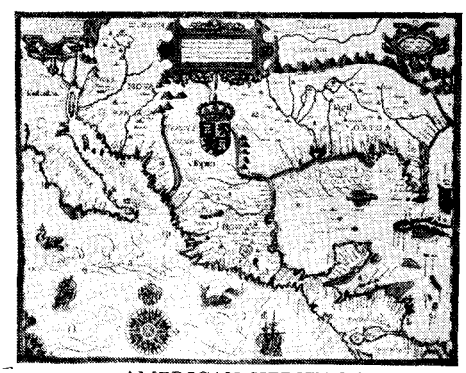

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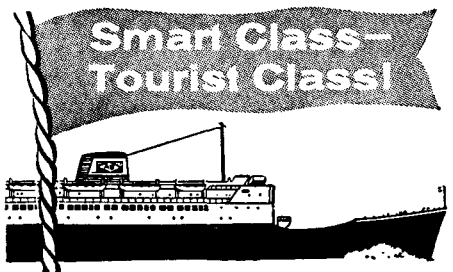

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THE GREAT LAKES

ing irregularly in Great Lakes harbors. The present cost of shipping to Europe by small boat runs 10 to 25 per cent less than the combination rate by rail to East Coast ports and from there by ship. Technical experts estimate that the larger boats will double those savings.

On finished, packaged goods, this is a significant but not a revolutionary amount. The real importance of the seaway is its potentiality for carrying bulk cargoes between the sea and the lakes. Iron ore from Labrador and Newfoundland, shipped via the seaway, will insure the positions of Chicago, Gary, Cleveland, and Lorain as the most economical spots in the world for the manufacture of steel. Traveling in the other direction, grain from both the Canadian and the American wheatlands will be able to compete more successfully on world markets. The opening of all the lake shores to direct shipments of bauxite, paper pulp, sugar, coffee, crude rubber, and bulk chemicals will make the region attractive to industries looking for a place to settle and interested chiefly in domestic markets.

BOTTLENECKS

Three factors limit the immediate potentialities of the new channel. One is the limited capacity of the old Welland Canal, which bypasses Niagara Falls between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. At most it can handle 46 million tons a year. About half that amount is now passing through it. The seaway won't have to generate much new shipping to cause immense traffic jams in the Welland locks. So far the Canadian government, their owner, has made no move to increase their capacity.

Second is the bottleneck in the "connecting channels" — the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, the St. Clair River, the Straits of Mackinac, and the St. Marys River. The existing 21-foot depth of the upbound channel bars the way of the largest ocean ships into Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and Lake Superior. The Army engineers are planning a $150 million deepening project, but it won't be done until at least 1962. Meanwhile Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Duluth will get comparatively little profit from the seaway.

Third is the question of tolls. The building of the seaway is proving more expensive than the estimates, perhaps by as much as 50 per cent. The Atlantic Coast cities are banding together to influence Congress to set seaway tolls high enough to amortize these building costs. The Great Lakes lobby is already fighting to establish a low level of tolls, which would leave the government in the position of subsidizing the seaway. The toll level will determine for many shippers the desirability of using the new route.

THE SHADOW OF NEW YORK

Regardless of the gains in productive capacity, the Great Lakes cities haven't kept up in the fields of management and finance. Wherever two or more firms join forces for the sake of efficiency, the merged management seems to settle in Manhattan. The reason appears to be that top management no longer has to be located near the point of production. The telephone and the airplane have brought New York into the shadow of every factory smokestack in the country.

Of the American cities east of the Mississippi, only New York and Pittsburgh have managed to hold on to their positions as corporate capitals. And only Pittsburgh has had a downtown building boom comparable to New York's.

Toronto, across the international border, has enjoyed a true commercial boom which is reflected in three new downtown bank buildings and a new subway. On the American side of the lakes the downtown building activity since World War II has been almost nonexistent. Chicago has had a handful of new major office buildings. Cleveland has two under construction. Detroit has its civic center, financed by bond money and Ford donations. Aside from these, the Great Lakes cities have no

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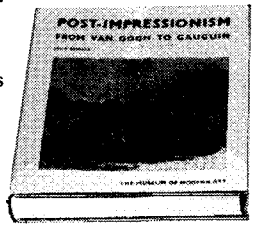

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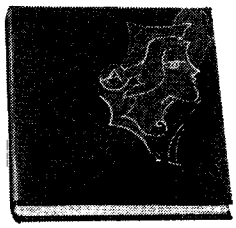

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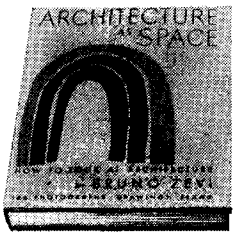

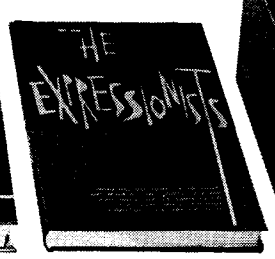

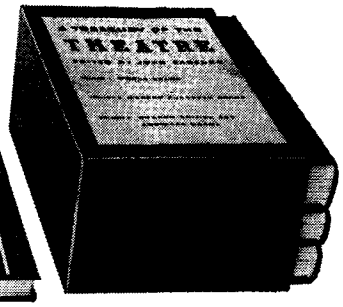

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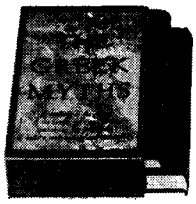

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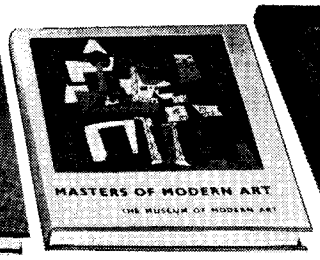

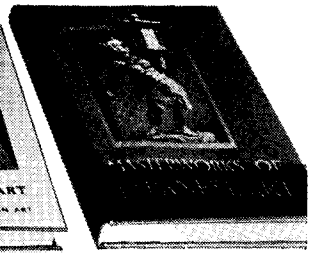

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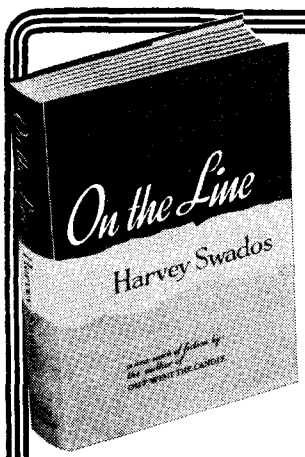

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THE RACE PROBLEM

Between 1910 and 1950, Chicago's nonwhite population grew by 10 times, Cleveland's by 19, Buffalo's and Milwaukee's by 25, and Detroit's by 64. New York's in the same period climbed by 8 times, Pittsburgh's by 5, Philadelphia's and Boston's by 4. In 1950 Philadelphia's 379,000 Negroes formed the largest percentage of any northern city population — 18 per cent. Close behind were the major Great Lakes cities: Detroit and Cleveland with 16 per cent and Chicago with 14 per cent. Nonwhite populations of New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco formed 10 per cent of the city totals; of Boston, 5 per cent.

Since 1950 the figures in the Great Lakes cities have continued to grow, and fast, but no one knows for sure just how fast. Sociologist Philip Hauser has predicted that by 1980 Chicago will be a city of 7.9 million persons, a fourth to a third of them Negroes.

Considering this growth, it is not surprising that the major race crises outside the South have occurred around the perimeter of the Great Lakes. There have been housing incidents in Detroit and Chicago, a nasty race riot in Buffalo on board a Lake Erie cruise ship, and a mayoralty election in Milwaukee in which the chief issue was whether the

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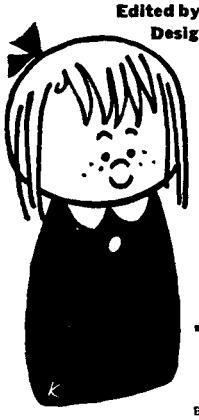

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Socialist incumbent had been encouraging southern Negroes to migrate to the city.

One pattern of Negro life is common to these cities. Partly by their own desire to cluster together, and partly by extralegal confinement, the Negroes are concentrated in ghettos. As their numbers increase by births and by immigration, they are constantly expanding the borders of these ghettos. The steady pressure is hastening the flight of white city-dwellers to the suburbs.

As the ghetto expands, the central city faces a lowering of real estate values and a loss to the tax rolls. The exodus of the more prosperous elements in the community damages the interests of downtown merchants, and this in turn threatens the city's tax income. Urban rehabilitation projects cannot keep up with the growth of the slums. In Detroit, for instance, the city bought and cleared a run-down area and then found no builders willing to bid on housing projects, even with a subsidy.

The picture is not all so gloomy. Fifteen years of steady employment have given the Negro a financial stability he has never before enjoyed. In Cleveland in 1954 the median disposable income of Negro families was $4600. This doesn't compare with the white median, including suburban families, of $7200. But it does mean that the Negro family has money to spend. Merchants are becoming aware of the Negro market, and many of them aim a share of their advertising at Negroes.

There is no quick or easy solution to this northern version of segregation and the race question. The real problems these cities face are not those of riots and strife, but of a continuing tension that they must learn to live with and to deal with. In the most difficult position today is the growing class of young, educated Negro professionals. By income and by taste, the colored doctor, lawyer, or architect, and his wife, fit into a pattern that calls for a suburban ranch-type home, with a little land around it. From this sort of living they are barred. The key to an eventual solution of the general problem may lie in their gradual breakthrough into the charmed circle of the white suburbs.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

THE ATLANTIC'S CENTENNIAL

SIR:

I have in my possession an old newspaper, the Macomb *Enterprise*, dated November 11, 1857. I am writing to you as I am sure you would be interested in the following paragraph, which appeared in the editor's column:

> We have received the first No. of a new magazine called the "Atlantic Monthly," published in Boston, Mass. A careful perusal of this magnificent work, assures us that it is unsurpassed in the literary world; among its contributors, we notice the names of some of the most eminent and talented writers on the western hemisphere. The style in which it is gotten up is new and improved. It can be obtained of all respectable booksellers in the United States.

May I congratulate you upon your one hundred years of continuous publication.

LUCILE PILLSBURY
Inglewood, Calif.

SIR:

I hope the present editors will accept the appreciation of one who thinks the level of the magazine is worthy of the best work of its predecessors in their time.

WILLIS ALLEN PARKER
Asheville, N.C.

VED MEHTA

SIR:

Thank you for publishing the remarkable Ved Mehta articles, "A Donkey in a World of Horses" and "In Search of Sight" (July and August *Atlantic*). It is impossible to read them without squaring one's shoulders to one's own burdens. The author makes a handicap seem merely an incentive. He seems to me one of the personalities who can change the world.

MRS. HELEN M. TODD
Palo Alto, Calif.

POWER OF THE ADMEN

SIR:

Vance Packard, in "The Growing Power of Admen" (September *Atlantic*), leads one to think about what is likely to be the attitude of admen, and the advertising and public relations fraternity in general, toward politicians and statesmen who advocate thrift to forestall inflationary tendencies. A parallel is to be found in the development of the industrial classes in Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the dominated lower classes were rated as subhumans by those who had their minds set on Calvinistic heavens.

The assumption of admen that other people, in a lump, average less than twelve to fourteen years of mental age, besides having ill effects on the body politic, may set in motion sociological currents that work in reverse among admen themselves!

B. N. FRYER
Santa Barbara, Calif.

SIR:

Vance Packard's article carried me back some thirty-odd years, to the time when an international group of admen took over London.

A slogan contest was sponsored. Among the contestants was the late Sir Max Beerbohm of blessed memory. His offering was acclaimed by the lay public — not so by the admen.

It was "Buy Advertised Goods and Help Pay for the Advertisements."

ROBERT W. HERRICK
Wayne, Me.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

SIR:

Thank you for your two cleverly contrasted bits about women, those of Old World Spain and of contemporary U.S.A. ("Courtship in Granada" by Gerald Brenan and "What's Wrong with the American Woman?" by Don Cortes, August *Atlantic*). Having just returned from a naval cruise to Brazil, I am happy to report that there are still some women in the world who respond femininely to quixotic flattery. To my fellow countrymen who wish to restore their masculinity I strongly recommend a vacation in Brazil.

ROBERT B. ALLEN, LT. JG, USNR
USS Maury
FPO, New York City

SIR:

The answer to the question "What's wrong with the American woman?" is that they have abandoned womanhood for the predatory existence they now lead.

One day they may realize that love is not measured with refrigerators and big cars. One day they may realize it takes more than a pretty dress and a new hairdo to be a woman.

Their only claim to femininity is the fact that they still have babies.

BENEDICT F. BAYRUNS
Camden, N. J.

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SIR:

America is a land of hen-pecked, love-starved men and unhappy women — also love-starved. The false and distorted caricatures of life seen on the movie and television screens can claim a large measure of the credit for the present plight of our neurotic population.

When women give up the vote and learn to respect, honor, and serve men who are truly men, the women will be a lot happier.

WILLARD R. MOODY
Riverdale, Md.

SIR:

Unlike Don Cortes, I think the trouble with American women wasn't caused by milk, but by orange juice. But whichever, it was prescribed for boys as well as girls, remember. Boys have been so universally spoiled through the centuries that they won't take anything they don't like, and so refused the overdoses.

So the American woman's problem isn't dietary. Looking at the spoiled brats boys are, girls have finally unconsciously become so disgusted (they don't *want* to feel that way) that they say, "I can do anything you can and do it better."

H. ROTH
Bronxville, N. Y.

MADISON LETTERS

SIR:

The University of Chicago and the University of Virginia are sponsoring the publication of a new and complete edition of the papers of James Madison. The editors will appreciate information about the location of letters by or to James Madison or his wife, especially letters in private possession or among uncalendared manuscripts in the collections of public or private institutions. Please address: The Papers of James Madison, 1126 East 59th Street, Chicago 37, Illinois.

LEONARD D. WHITE
Chicago, Ill.

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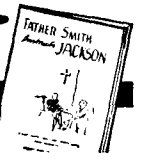

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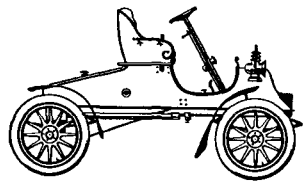
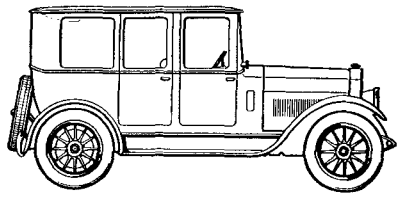
55 YEARS ON THE AMERICAN ROAD

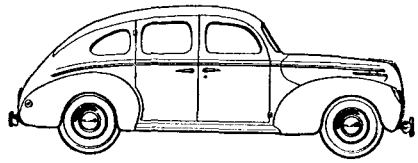
WE'RE PROUD TO BE AMERICA'S MOST EXPERIENCED CAR-MAKER. THIS YEAR, OUR NEWEST CAR IS BORN —THE EDSEL. HERE ARE THE BIRTH DATES OF THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS



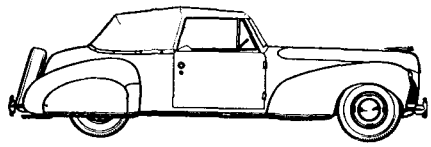
1903 THE FIRST FORD



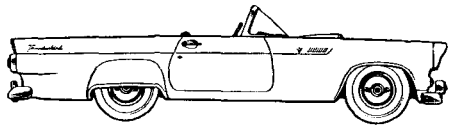
1920 THE FIRST LINCOLN



1939 THE FIRST MERCURY

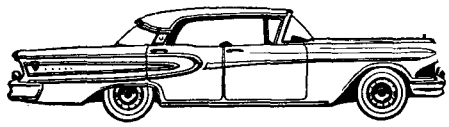


1940 THE FIRST CONTINENTAL



1955 THE FIRST THUNDERBIRD

AND NOW THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS



THE FIRST **EDSEL**

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan

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THE ATLANTIC

THE ATLANTIC HERITAGE

BY THE EDITOR

WITH this issue the *Atlantic* embarks upon its second century of continuous publication. Few magazines have attained such an age here or abroad, and there will be fewer still in the future as the competition for the reader's time becomes more ruthless. We have behind us a record of 1200 issues containing *in toto* well over 100 million words. To anyone reviewing this large body of writing, it will be seen that the *Atlantic* has been a discoverer and a champion of new authors; since our resources were limited, we *had* to find new people of promise. It has endeavored to be a liberal and unorthodox exponent of American ideas, and, although its roots were grounded in New England, its concern from the first has been for the Union. The fact that today we have more readers in California than in any other state is evidence that our readership has outgrown the Northeast.

Perhaps in part our longevity is attributable to a refreshment in leadership, for we have changed editors more frequently than any other magazine in our field; whenever the circulation began to sag, a younger mind was brought in. Of the nine editors, six were New Englanders: James Russell Lowell, James T. Fields, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Horace Scudder, Bliss Perry, and Ellery Sedgwick. William Dean Howells, the third in succession, came from what was then the West — Columbus, Ohio; Walter Hines Page was a native of North Carolina; and the present incumbent was born in New Jersey. Each of them before assuming office had been grounded in the *Atlantic's* policy; each knew that in the words of our founders he would be expected "to concentrate the efforts of the best writers upon literature and politics, under the light of the highest morals." Pause over those Victorian words for a moment. In the modern idiom they mean that the magazine can be divided evenly between matters of history, economics, and politics on the one hand, and belles lettres on the other. And those words also recognize that the more thoughtful element in the *Atlantic's* audience is its permanent and valuable core.

The aims of the magazine were clearly defined in the first issue. It was to be primarily an American undertaking. "The publishers wish to say," so runs the prospectus, "that while native writers will receive the most solid encouragement, and will be mainly relied on to fill the pages of the *Atlantic*, they will not hesitate to draw from the foreign sources at their command, as occasion may require, relying rather on the competency of an author to treat a particular subject, than on any other claim whatever." In this way they hoped to make their periodical "welcome wherever the English tongue is spoken or read." We have from the first relied upon "the competency" of our authors; we have not tried to water down what they wrote but have given them the latitude to express conflicting and at times highly controversial opinions, for we still believe, as did our founders, that the free competition of ideas has made this country what it is.

"In Politics," so runs our charter, "the *Atlantic* will be the organ of no party or clique, but will honestly endeavor to be the exponent of what its conductors believe to be the American idea. . . . It will not rank itself with any sect of anties, but with that body of men which is in favor of Freedom, National Progress, and Honor, whether public or private." To the founders the Union was sacred, and ever since the Reconstruction we have held to the pledge that the magazine would be nonpartisan. At the time of national elections, as tempers have risen, we have had to resist the pressure of well-meaning friends who would have us become a Republican or a Democratic organ.

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Our refusal to do so has sometimes cost us readers and advertising, but we believe that it has increased our sense of responsibility and our value.

In this Centennial issue we have held to our traditional aims. Instead of reprinting some of the famous pieces from our past, we found it a fresher incentive to bring together an exceptional selection of the more distinguished writers of our time, the men and women whose poems, stories, essays, and articles taken together would best represent the aspirations, the amenities, and the apprehensions of the Western world at this turn in history. This would be a magazine which, were it found in a cornerstone opened in 2007 A.D., would tell our grandchildren what we were like.

It was with thoughts such as these that we began our preparation. The challenge of slavery was the issue which weighed most heavily on the conscience of Mr. Lowell and our charter contributors in 1857. Today that same issue in a new and threatening form, the slavery enforced by Communism, presses hard upon the nerves. How far is the Kremlin prepared to go in its quest for empire, and what are its designs on Western Europe? For the answer to those questions on which may turn the peace of the world, we called on an English authority, Edward Crankshaw.

For the salt and savor of New England, it was natural that we should invite Robert Frost, our foremost poet; Samuel Eliot Morison, our ranking historian; and John P. Marquand, who knows how to light up the New England character.

The most original journalist of our time was Harold Ross, the founding editor of the *New Yorker*, and we were fortunate in persuading James Thurber to tell of their years together.

For our short stories we began with Ernest Hemingway. The *Atlantic* was the first to publish him in this country, and we were delighted when we learned that he was writing again for our Anniversary. From Denmark came a new Gothic tale from Isak Dinesen; and from a young writer, Brian Moore, in Montreal, as unknown as Hemingway was in the 1920s, came a narrative that is gay and touching.

In the professions it was the top men we sought for: in the analysis of the self, Dr. Jung; in higher education, Dr. Conant, freshly returned from Germany; in the classics, Sir Richard Livingstone; in economics, Sumner H. Slichter; in the ministry, Reinhold Niebuhr; and in art, Bernard Berenson — and the not-to-be-forgotten Sir Max Beerbohm.

So the issue grew, and as it was building we realized we had outgrown our old format, and we asked Gyorgy Kepes, professor of visual design at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to design a new one. The *Atlantic* is not an illustrated magazine, but Mr. Kepes believed that our text could be made much more inviting, and that by the use of symbols or characterization our title pages could convey at a glance the nature of what was to come. We think he has provided for the *Atlantic* an open sesame.

In 1857 the printed word was unopposed. Books and magazines were a necessity for the thoughtful, and reading aloud was an evening pastime. At the end of its first year the *Atlantic* numbered 15,000 regular readers; today that number is rising a quarter of a million; it has doubled since 1944, and this despite the competition with radio, television, the picture book, and — a new and demanding rival — the long-playing record. Since *Atlantic* readers have the habit of passing on their copies to other members of the family and friends, we are now reaching an audience of a million or more, people to whom the printed word is still the most powerful medium for imparting the truth and for penetrating to the heart. Over the years, nine editors in succession from their vantage point in Boston have maintained a policy and developed a readership vital in American letters. We are confident that those who come after us in our second century will do no less.

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EDWARD CRANKSHAW

What is the Kremlin's present design for the Russian Empire and to what extent does it differ from the designs of the Czars? For an answer to this question, perhaps the most ominous in international affairs, we turn to EDWARD CRANKSHAW, *widely read and widely respected here and in Britain as an authority on Russia.*

THE concept of imperialism is now so debased that it is almost impossible to discuss it with detachment. This is a pity; imperialism is a useful word, and no other can take its place. It should also be an evolving word, not a term of abuse.

It was designed to express a fact of life: the domination, in the international sphere, of the weak by the strong. This is an enduring fact, and it is much better acknowledged than denied. In the days of the Roman Empire, imperialism stood for the ordering of barbarian tribes by a strong, centralized, highly developed state; for the imposition of the rule of law and the bringing of material progress to dark and backward areas. In the heyday of the British Empire it meant much the same thing. Never in the history of the world has an empire-building course been started and sustained for reasons of altruism; the original motive has always been self-interest.

Self-interest may be diluted, or even transformed, by other motives. But few intelligent Americans, I imagine, would deny that the driving force behind the foreign aid programs of successive United States Administrations, which constitute the most advanced and complex form of imperialism the world has ever seen, was, and

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remains, self-interest (the response to the threat of Russia), although altruistic motives work to modify and transform the naked self-interest.

Since the days of the Roman Empire, the imperialist dynamic has manifested itself in three broad categories, which overlap: the strategic, the economic, and the missionary. The first is concerned with military security, and sometimes with military glory; the second with mercantile expansion; the third with the salvation of souls and the imposition of what is regarded as a better way of life on what are believed to be inferior cultures. The combinations and variations are infinite and constantly changing. Further, at any given moment in its history, an individual power will exhibit great variations in its own imperialism. The differences of approach on the part of the British to the many parts of their own empire have been wide and sharp. Again, American imperialism shows different faces in different places; the America of the Marshall Plan is identical with the America exploiting, through great business corporations, the backward areas of Latin America. The ways in which dominion can be achieved are also varied and overlapping: through straightforward military occupation, to money lending, to the rule of priests. These categories may also be divided; economic domination, for example, can range from helping foreign peoples to help themselves, so that they may grow into sturdy allies, to subsidizing foreign potentates to keep them on their thrones in face of popular revolt.

To understand Russian imperialism we have to try very hard to put ourselves in the position of the Russians and look at the world through their eyes. The process which brought American dominion to the Pacific coast and beyond was little different from the process which brought Russian dominion to Baku and Vladivostok. Both these processes were similar to the process which took the British to the ends of the earth — the only vital difference being that England, as an island, had to expand across the oceans. Americans were themselves aware of this not so very long ago far more clearly than they are today; it is worth noting that in the nineteenth century, right up to the early days of the twentieth century, American expansionism was taken for granted as a strong and beneficent natural force, and that distinguished Americans regarded Russia as their natural rival.

The first beginnings of what became the Monroe Doctrine may be traced to a speech of Secretary of State John Quincy Adams in 1823: "There can, perhaps, be no better time for saying, frankly and explicitly, to the Russian Government that the future peace of the world, and the interest of Russia herself, cannot be promoted by Russian settlements on any part of the American continent."

Russia, on her side, was disturbed by the American westward drift. In 1860 the Russian ambassador reported: "They have taken California, Oregon, and sooner or later they will get Alaska. It is inevitable. It cannot be prevented; and it would be better to yield with good grace and cede the territory." In 1866 this was done, and we have a glimpse into the state of a large section of American opinion through a leading article in the New York *Herald*. Referring to Russia and America as "the young giants" of a new world, the writer said: "The young giants are engaged in the same work — that of expansion and progression . . . the colossi having neither territorial nor maritime jealousies to excite the one against the other. The interests of both demand that they should go hand in hand in their march to empire."

But, of course, they did not. Soon there was a new conflict, this time in China. "Eastern Asia," wrote Brooks Adams in 1899, "now appears, without much doubt, to be the only district likely soon to be able to absorb any great manufactures. . . . Whether we like it or not, we are forced to compete for the seat of international exchanges, or, in other words, for the seat of empire."

I have no idea to what extent the heady delights, and the apprehensions, of this early American expansionism are remembered in the United States today. But I know very well that they are remembered in Moscow. "Russia and America may remain good friends until, each having made the circuit of half the globe in opposite directions, they shall meet and greet each other in the regions where civilization first began" (that is, China). These words, written by Secretary of State Seward in 1861, are better remembered in Moscow than the following, from William Woodville Rockhill (1911): "I cannot too emphatically reiterate my conclusion that the sympathetic coöperation of Russia is of supreme importance . . . she can never withdraw from participation in Far Eastern affairs or maintain an attitude of indifference toward them."

When did Russian imperialism begin? It is hard to draw rational lines between the consolidation of a number of principalities into a centralized state, the expansion of the newborn state into contiguous territory for reasons of military security, and the planned or accidental extension of that enlarged and strengthened state to include subject peoples as various as the Eskimos of Yakutia, the nomads of Kazakhstan, the mountaineers of Georgia. But for all practical purposes we are concerned here not with the birth of nations, but with the deliberate attempt to carve empires out of a finite world and to secure markets and bases

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at the expense of other would-be empire builders. Russia did not embark seriously upon this last course until the nineteenth century. Then, however, she brought to her activities the ingrained habits of a thousand years.

The Czarist Empire was a classic example of the strategic empire. The young Muscovite state had to expand or die. Westward expansion was difficult, in face of highly organized Christian peoples (Lithuanians, Poles, Swedes, Germans). The only objective worth a serious struggle against heavy opposition was an outlet into the Baltic, for which Czar after Czar accordingly strove. Expansion eastward, on the other hand, was easy once the power of the Tartar horde had finally been broken by Ivan IV in 1583. And so Russia entered upon her long course of almost unconscious expansion along the line of least resistance — first East, then South. There was nothing to tell her where to stop — nothing until the Pacific coast was reached. And, indeed, it was not safe for her to stop until she had filled up, however thinly, the immense spaces of Eurasia which, sooner or later, would all too easily and willingly have been filled by others. By the time the Pacific was reached, the habit of expansion was so ingrained that it was the most natural thing in the world to cross the Bering Straits into the no man's land of Alaska.

In a century when the modern empire builders were getting into their stride and beginning to carve up Africa, seize bases in the Pacific, and compete for trade in Southeast Asia and Latin America, Russia followed her traditional line: when in doubt, move forward; when you are stopped, try to flow round; when opposition is violent and strong, draw in your horns. The British were in India; the Turkish Empire, with its centuries-old dominion over the Middle East and the lower Danube basin, was breaking up. Poland had been partitioned for the third time among a newly self-conscious Russia, an octopus-like Austria, and the comparatively new state of Prussia with its inordinate ambitions.

In the drive to the East (the Pacific) and the South (the Black Sea) Russia had largely depended on the private initiative of Muscovy traders and Cossack adventurers — just as Britain had once depended on her exploring merchant adventurers and pirate-admirals. But now there were tougher nuts to crack. Having secured her natural Eastern frontier and a warm-water port in the South, Odessa (which could still be effectively blockaded by any power controlling Constantinople), Russia sold Alaska to America and concentrated on a southerly and southwesterly drive, having for its object an approach to India and a secure outlet, through the Straits, into the Mediterranean. At the same time, she had her eye on China and Japan — but more as potential threats to her own sparsely inhabited hinterland than anything else. In the same letter of 1860 in which he advised St. Petersburg to give up Alaska gracefully to the United States, the Russian ambassador to Washington also wrote: "Russia, too, has a manifest destiny on the Amur, and further South, even in Korea."

Until now the driving power had been almost exclusively strategic. Even the need for an outlet into the Baltic and a warm-water port on the Black Sea had been more strategic than economic; that is to say, the Russian Czars needed secure and regular communications with such allies as they might acquire in the outer world and for the free import of the sinews of war. Even the preoccupation with Constantinople was at first entirely strategic. It is possible to discuss without end Russia's real intentions in the matter of the Eastern Question. Did she think of the Straits as a sally port for her own warships, embarked on further conquests? Or were they, rather, seen as a danger point, narrows which could be blocked by enemies to strangle her Odessa trade or to bring invading armies (as in fact happened in the Crimean War) to the vulnerable Black Sea coast?

And what about India, a profound interest in which accounted for Russia's conquest, brutal and highly organized (no longer an affair of merchant adventurers), of Turkestan? The mad Czar Paul at one time concocted a crackbrained plot to invade India in conjunction with the French, a plot which involved a monstrous portage from the Black Sea to the Caspian. Subsequent Czars kept the British in a constant state of alarm for the safety of Afghanistan, the Northwest frontier, and Punjab. But it is very much to be questioned whether any Russian Czar ever seriously contemplated a formal conquest of India — just as it is to be questioned whether Stalin ever seriously contemplated the conquest of Western Europe. Rather, their own pathological obsession with security (a state of mind readily explained by the vast frontier to be defended and the vulnerability of a hinterland lacking natural lines of defense), together with their inborn and developing technique of the war of nerves (predating Communism by centuries and perhaps springing from their own experiences of Tartar methods), aimed at weakening the concentration, resolution, and unity of real or potential enemies, came before any clear-cut imperial ambitions.

For centuries, Russia was separated from the main current of Western culture by her life struggle against the invading Tartars and by the great

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schism in the Church. While Europe was glorying in the Renaissance, Russia — in Russian eyes — was sacrificing herself as the shield for Europe. The Russians sought consolidation in their isolation by making a virtue of their enforced backwardness. "You may have all sorts of things that we have not got" was the cry ringing down the ages, "but what about your soul? We have preserved our soul. We have suffered and starved and been jeered at. But we have kept our integrity, while you have sold yours — for what? One day Russia will arise to save the world you have betrayed. And then you will see!"

After the fall of Constantinople, Muscovy began to regard herself as the third Rome. The Russians might be materially backward, but spiritually they were a chosen race, and one day they would emerge from their forest gloom and astound the world by their example.

For a long time this brooding impulse was turned inward. But with the defeat of Napoleon and the entry of Russia into the arena as a major power, it began to be turned outward. At the Congress of Vienna, Alexander saw himself as the leading spirit of a guild of Christian monarchs, whose God-given task it was to organize Europe and quell the blind, devouring force of revolution. Russian thinkers began to elaborate the concept of a Russia, backward for so long but with her vital forces husbanded, bringing to a corrupt and bankrupt world a pristine spiritual impulse.

Thus, Russia's historical aspirations toward Constantinople were reinforced by a vision of Russian expansion into the Balkans and rationalized by the proclaimed intention of the Czar to extend his protection to the Christians on the Danube basin and elsewhere still living under Moslem rule. The drive into Southeastern Europe was now in full swing. Its original impulse, strategic and economic, was transformed by a powerful mixture of pure messianic zeal and a new imperial spirit of pan-Russianism to match the jingoism of the times. It was in this spirit, too, that the Russians set about the ruthless subjugation of the Caucasian and Transcaucasian peoples and the lands of what is known now as Soviet Central Asia — populated by numerous peoples who no more resembled the Great Russians of Muscovy than the Hindus and Zulus resembled the British. Here, then, alien peoples were subdued by bloody and sustained assault by organized imperial forces and afterwards run, on colonial lines, from St. Petersburg.

When war broke out in 1914, the Russian Empire, a solid land-mass, extended from Vladivostok to Warsaw, from Petsamo and Murmansk to the frontiers of India and Persia, from the Baltic to the Amur River. But when, three years later, the Bolsheviks made their *Putsch* against the new government set up after the March Revolution, Lenin denounced the whole concept of Empire and was for the moment ready to concede the independence of all its component parts. But only for the moment. The exigencies of civil war and Western and Japanese intervention made it necessary to carry the Bolshevik revolution to the uttermost possible limits. Soon the supranational Bolsheviks found themselves fighting to retain the conquests of the detested Czars; and there could be no thought of autonomy until the Whites had been driven out and the Reds were in control.

It should be remembered that in the early years of the revolution Lenin still had the idea of a genuine federation of equal peoples, not an empire, in which Bolshevik Russia would be linked amicably, fraternally, and equally with a Bolshevik Ukraine, a Bolshevik Georgia, and above all a Bolshevik Germany. For during the critical years he was expecting — more, he was blindly counting on — successful revolutions elsewhere in Europe, especially in Germany, without which, he was convinced, Bolshevism could never survive in Russia. In the end, the collapse of the revolutionary spirit in Europe and the consequent "capitalist encirclement" of the Soviet Union (the old Russian Empire shorn for the time being of its Baltic and Polish possessions) drove the Russians under Stalin to turn inward once again and to glory in their apartness.

Socialism for the Russians meant building up the Soviet Union in isolation, using what Western help could be obtained without strings, and forcing Russia through her industrial revolution at a breathless and calamitous pace. For a period of eighteen years, from the introduction of Lenin's New Economic Policy in 1921 to the Russo-German nonaggression pact in 1939, the Russians had their hands fully occupied with domestic matters, and, save for an abortive attempt to help the Chinese revolution, removed themselves from the arena of active imperialism — though they were quick to use force and subdue dissident peoples in Turkestan, the Caucasus, and the Ukraine, the remaining assets of the old Czarist imperialism.

In the outside world, apart from China, the only evidence of an aggressive foreign policy was the inconsequent mischief-making of the Comintern, a reversion to the old Czarist habit of trying to sow alarm and despondency with nonexistent threats. Foreign Communists were, to Stalin, as the Christians under Turkish rule had been to the later Czars. Their cause was coldly betrayed, their claims and pretensions ignored, their leaders summoned to Moscow and arrested, just as it

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suited their master in the Kremlin, who now, like any Czar, had become the leader and slave driver of a reborn Russian state, the Soviet Union. We shall never know what the mature Stalin thought about Communism in the secret corridors of his mind: all we know is that publicly he used it, with perfect cynicism, as an instrument of power — as the Czars had used Christianity; as the early traders had used beads, bright cloth, and firewater.

Then, in 1939, there came a change. The gathering weight of the Soviet Union made itself felt in the outside world. And, with war in the offing, Stalin embarked on a deliberate course of strictly limited expansion which had plainly nothing to do with world revolution, but which was concerned with the securing of definite strategic advantages.

It is not the purpose of this essay to debate the cleverness or the clumsiness of Stalin's policies. All we are concerned with here is what he actually did, and why. And what he actually did, after hesitating a good deal, was to seek an accommodation with Hitler which would postpone a German attack and at the same time secure for the Soviet Union some of the territories lost from the old Czarist Empire, with an immediate eye to making things harder for Germany when war finally came. It was to this end that in 1939 Stalin invaded and occupied a part of Poland and launched his Finnish War. It was to this end that he infiltrated and then liquidated Estonia, Lithuania, and Latvia (all parts of the old empire) in 1940. What was happening here, disguised by a smoke screen of Communist terminology, was a resurrection of the old Russian strategic imperialism of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great. It had, as I have said, a strictly limited aim: defense against a predatory Germany, pushing East.

Nobody who has read the story of the negotiations which culminated in the attack on Finland and continued throughout the course of the Winter War can doubt the fundamentally nonideological motivation of Stalin's actions. Poland was a pushover: Germany had done the hard work and would have occupied the whole of Poland but for the Soviet stipulation. The three Baltic states were in a hopeless position. But Finland, as always, was a tougher nut to crack, and the Russians knew it.

Stalin did not want the whole of Finland. He was not interested at that time in Bolshevizing the Finns. He simply wanted certain frontier changes which would give him a cushion in front of Leningrad; and he wanted to be able to close the Gulf of Finland to enemy warships by cross fire from the coasts of Finland and Estonia. He would have liked all this without war. And there is every reason to suppose that had Finland been able to agree to an exchange of territory in Karelia and the lease of Hanko on the southwest coast there would have been no war and no further attempt by Stalin to reduce the country. Finland, of course, could not meet these demands and, with wonderful heroism, took on mighty Russia single-handed.

But the Finnish War showed two things. First, that Stalin's territorial ambitions in 1939 were not unlimited, but had a strictly utilitarian purpose. Second, that once Stalin had set his mind to such a limited aim, nothing would deter him from achieving it — neither the contempt of world public opinion nor considerations of humanity. These two points were important; they showed the world what to expect now that the Soviet Union was beginning to feel her oats as a major power.

These points are still important, as we enter the period which everybody thinks he knows about: the period of Stalinist expansion which culminated in the Berlin blockade and the Korean War. I suppose it is generally taken for granted in the West that during all this period, and even earlier, Stalin was pursuing with fanatical concentration of purpose a single aim: world domination. I question whether he ever held this aim in view.

To argue this matter in detail would require an article by itself. I content myself with simply questioning the general assumption, made as a rule from ignorance of Russian history and based as a rule on meaningless analogies with Hitler. That is why I have tried to show how the Czars got their empire, the spirit behind their expansionism. And I am content to suggest that what happened in Stalinist Russia from 1939, with the conclusion of the nonaggression pact with Germany, until the death of Stalin in 1953 is much better seen as a continuation of the old Russian imperialist dynamic, complicated and reinforced by a distorted Marxism, than as a calculated bid for world dominion or world revolution.

It is generally believed that throughout the war Stalin was plotting to occupy Europe after the war. Anybody who was in Moscow during the two years after the Nazi invasion knows that this is total nonsense. From June, 1941, until, at the earliest, the Stalingrad victory in February, 1943, Stalin was wholly preoccupied in saving the Soviet Union and his own regime. Even much later, when final victory was in sight, Stalin was far more interested in keeping the anti-Nazi coalition alive than in Communist infiltration and revolution. In China he built up Chiang Kai-shek at the expense of Mao Tse-tung; in Yugoslavia he repeatedly snubbed Tito, telling him that the Great Alliance was a matter of life and death and

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that he was not going to let it be imperiled by Tito's revolutionary zeal.

Stalin also showed himself ready to negotiate with the West about dividing Eastern Europe into old-fashioned spheres of influence, a department welcomed by Churchill but frustrated by Roosevelt, who was opposed to imperialism in general — except when restricted to islands in the Pacific — and to British imperialism in particular. Even after the war, Stalin was against helping the Greek Communists, so ardently supported by Tito, and poured cold water on the aspirations of Mao Tse-tung — in both cases for reasons of state.

I am not in the least suggesting that during the last decade of Stalin's life Soviet imperialism was not a menace to the world as a whole. Clearly, it was very much a menace. But it was a strictly limited menace, and we in the West played into Stalin's hands by confusing his old-fashioned strategic and economic imperialism, colored now, as I have said, by a distorted Marxism, with an apocalyptic drive to universal revolution. It should have been clear by 1948, when Tito was outlawed, that Stalin was interested in revolution only insofar as it could be used as an instrument of Russian power. It should have been clear in 1949 that he was seriously concerned over the establishment of a Communist regime in China. But even today too many people go about wondering half fearfully whether Mao Tse-tung may one day "do a Tito" — oblivious of the fact that by his very act of seizing power in China he made himself a Tito. He achieved, that is to say, a Communist revolution in China on his own initiative and with his own arms. The only kind of "revolution" Stalin trusted was one he had made himself with his own agents working under his own detailed and strict directions.

It is time we considered the new complication — what I have called a distorted Marxism — and its effect on the traditional Russian imperialistic drive. Stalin was an adept at using, or abusing, a doctrinaire theory of history as a smoke screen to cover his imperial designs. By this means he gained control of Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, half of Austria, Albania, and for a short time Yugoslavia. He was also able to stir up trouble in Southeast Asia and elsewhere. But in the end he overreached himself, unifying and arming a disarmed and disunited West.

It was no doubt the Marxist tincture that caused him to overreach himself. No matter how much or how little Communist ideas appealed to Stalin, his mind was certainly conditioned by the Marxist-Leninist conception of history. He believed, at least until the last year of his life, that wars between the so-called capitalist powers and the so-called Communist powers were inevitable. He believed that in the end the so-called Communist powers would have things all their own way, being strengthened by every war and its consequent confusion; and he believed that all wars produced in their train revolutionary situations which must be exploited in the interest of the Soviet Union. All that happened after 1945, with Europe in chaos and Asia in revolt, must have confirmed him in these beliefs, with the results we all know.

After him came Malenkov, Khrushchev, and the rest. Malenkov, for a time, behaved like the leader of a great power, almost desperately on the defensive. But with the rise of Khrushchev we began to hear more about the spirit of Leninism, which Khrushchev invoked over the head of his dead master. Stalin was denounced for a variety of sins, but never for imperialism, which would have been in the eyes of Lenin the greatest of all his betrayals. Thus Khrushchev's Leninism has a strong smell of opportunism about it; and my own belief is that for him and his colleagues, Lenin and Leninism serve primarily as a source of authority outside themselves, an authority very necessary at home and otherwise completely lacking.

It seems to me likely that Khrushchev's mind is conditioned pretty thoroughly by what he believes to be Marxism. After all, he was brought up in revolutionary Russia, in the days when the immediate task within the Bolshevik framework was so great that it gave no active man any time to think: born leaders and organizers are not often given to philosophical speculation. It is easy for the present-day youth of Russia to start asking awkward questions; unlike the present Soviet leaders, they have never had to fight a desperate battle against odds and time in Lenin's or Stalin's shadow. I think it likely that Khrushchev takes Leninist theory for granted much as British statesmen of fifty years ago took the parliamentary system for granted, much as American statesmen of today take the American way of life for granted — that is to say, as the best possible way of doing things.

But even Khrushchev at the 20th Party Congress in February, 1956, was at pains to amend the Leninist theses of the inevitability of major wars and the inevitability of revolution through violence — a revision made, though he did not say so, in the light of a new fact of life: the H-bomb. It was a revision, moreover, of the very first importance, though its importance has not been widely recognized in the West. Stalin, while seeking to avoid major conflict for reasons of self-interest, believed war was inevitable and that

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through it Communism, or Russia, would always grow in strength. Khrushchev no longer holds this simple faith. The capitalist countries, he has declared — and this declaration has been written into an official amendment of Leninist theory or dogma — may now achieve socialism without war and by peaceful means.

But Khrushchev knows as well as Stalin knew what happens when countries achieve Communism without the help and guidance of the Soviet Union. To encourage a multiplicity of Yugoslavias is no help to Soviet imperialism. And Poland and Hungary have lately shown what happens to an overgrown and unhomogeneous empire when the pressure of police rule is relaxed — and it has to be relaxed, sooner or later, if the peoples concerned are to be good for anything.

Once again, therefore, Russian imperialism is at a dead end. It is not too much to say, I think, that it is now on the retreat. The Russians may believe that by using every device and trick to disrupt the Western powers internally and to incite colored or backward races against Western domination, a universal chaos will ensue from which they alone will profit. Certainly they are behaving as though they believed this. But their inner councils now must be muddled. For, again on the long-term view, they know they have on their own doorstep a most serious threat to meet from China. There is also Japan.

The Russian leadership are aware of these problems. And, once more, after the post-war advance into Europe, a very small area, they are concerned above all with consolidation at home. I have tried in this essay to treat Soviet imperialism as a natural and understandable phenomenon, which it is. I have tried, all too sketchily, to show that it is not an immediate threat to the outside world; long-range disruption, designed to weaken and destroy hostile coalitions, is the real menace now. And in this connection I should like to conclude with an appeal to the United States, which holds the present power balance vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. I should like to remind all Americans that even if Moscow retreated to the frontiers of the Soviet Union tomorrow, Russia would still be the greatest imperial power in the world. At a time when other imperial powers are deliberately, and largely for reasons of decency, surrendering their empires, Russia, quite apart from her dominion over Eastern Europe, which may not last, shows no sign at all of surrendering her dominion over her own colonial peoples.

The fact that in exploiting these peoples she has brought them education and machines is neither here nor there: Britain did the same before her. The Caucasus, Transcaucasia, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, and the rest are no more part of Russia than India was of Britain. The Soviet Union is an empire, not a country. And the fact should be remembered. Roosevelt forgot it and did the Western coalition in particular and the world in general great harm by this lapse. The time may come sooner than we expect when the Soviet Union, presenting herself as a satisfied and "progressive" land, will make approaches to the United States, as one anti-imperial power to another. What will America answer?

The nineteenth-century dream of the two young giants, Russia and America, coming together in amity to divide and order the world, was shared by Russians as well as Americans. There will always be Russians, under whatever regime, who will believe in the mighty destiny of their country to save the world from itself and sweep away the stale effeteness of Western European culture. There will always be Americans impatient of the endless profitless bickerings of the smaller powers and the tiny nations and eager to help the world to perfect itself in America's image. It is not inconceivable that the nineteenth-century dream might be reborn. Life would be so much simpler if America and Russia could make a firm front against China and run the rest of the world between them. There will always be Americans whose reaction to the inadequacies of smaller powers and tiny countries is to turn their backs on the whole pack of them and let them stew in their own juice. Both arrangements would suit Russia quite well, so long as she remains an unregenerate imperialist. "Russia's Imperial Design" — I wonder if she has one? But if I were a Russian statesman, imbued with an invincible belief in the peculiar merits of my own tradition; watching other empires crumble; taking no stock in newfangled ideas about self-determination; filled with a bottomless contempt for the poor dupes, calling themselves Communists, who act as my agents all over the world; perturbed most deeply by the dreadful apparition of an industrialized China, with its huge population pressing against my vulnerable and sparsely inhabited Eastern lands — if I were a Russian statesman, I should see in America the key to the future. America must either retreat into isolation, disgusted with the world, and leave free and open a large field of operations for the Soviet Union, or else, sooner or later, America must be persuaded to join with the government of Russia in a major feat of global organization. Since Russia cannot hope to conquer America, there is no other way. I wonder how many Americans think of themselves as the potential allies, one way or another, of Russian imperialism? I wonder what they will do to avoid this situation?

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Fabian Bachrach

THE YEARS WITH ROSS

BY JAMES THURBER

Celebrated for his contributions to the NEW YORKER *as writer and artist,* JAMES THURBER *is uniquely qualified to undertake this memoir of Harold W. Ross, that magazine's creator. In this, the first of a series, we are shown the early stages of the turbulent and affectionate relationship — Thurber as staff man and Ross as editor — which began in 1927 and ended with Ross's death in December, 1951.*

HAROLD ROSS died December 6, 1951, exactly one month after his fifty-ninth birthday. In November of the following year the *New Yorker* entertained the editors of *Punch* and some of its outstanding artists and writers. I was in Bermuda and missed the party, but weeks later met Rowland Emett for lunch at the Algonquin. "I'm sorry you didn't get to meet Ross," I began as we sat down. "Oh, but I did," he said. "He was all over the place. Nobody talked about anybody else."

Ross is still all over the place for many of us, vitally stalking the corridors of our lives, disturbed and disturbing, fretting, stimulating, more evident in death than the living presence of ordinary men. A photograph of him, full face, almost alive with a sense of contained restlessness, hangs on a wall outside his old office. I am sure he had just said to the photographer, "I haven't got time for this." That's what he said, impatiently, to anyone — doctor, lawyer, taxman — who interrupted, even momentarily, the stream of his dedicated energy. Unless a meeting, conference, or consultation touched somehow upon the working of his magazine, he began mentally pacing.

I first met Harold Ross in February, 1927, when his weekly was just two years old. He was thirty-four and I was thirty-two. The *New Yorker* had printed a few small pieces of mine, and a brief note from Ross had asked me to stop in and see him some day when my job as a reporter for the New York *Evening Post* chanced to take me uptown. Since I was getting only forty dollars a

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week and wanted to work for the *New Yorker*, I showed up at his office the next day. Our meeting was to become for me the first of a thousand vibrant memories of this exhilarating and exasperating man.

You caught only glimpses of Ross, even if you spent a long evening with him. He was always in mid-flight, or on the edge of his chair, alighting or about to take off. He won't sit still in anybody's mind long enough for a full-length portrait. After six years of thinking about it, I realized that to do justice to Harold Ross I must write about him the way he talked and lived — leaping from peak to peak. What follows here is a monologue montage of that first day and of half a dozen swift and similar sessions. He was standing behind his desk, scowling at a manuscript lying on it, as if it were about to lash out at him. I had caught glimpses of him at the theater and at the Algonquin and, like everybody else, was familiar with the mobile face that constantly changed expression, the carrying voice, the eloquent large-fingered hands that were never in repose but kept darting this way and that to emphasize his points or running through the thatch of hair that stood straight up until Ina Claire said she would like to take her shoes off and walk through it. That got into the gossip columns and Ross promptly had his barber flatten down the pompadour.

He wanted, first of all, to know how old I was, and when I told him it set him off on a lecture. "Men don't mature in this country, Thurber," he said. "They're children. I was editor of the *Stars and Stripes* when I was twenty-five. Most men in their twenties don't know their way around yet. I think it's the goddam system of women schoolteachers." He went to the window behind his desk and stared disconsolately down into the street, jingling coins in one of his pants pockets. I learned later that he made a point of keeping four or five dollars worth of change in this pocket because he had once got stuck in a taxi, to his vast irritation, with nothing smaller than a ten-dollar bill. The driver couldn't change it and had to park and go into a store for coins and bills, and Ross didn't have time for that.

I told him that I wanted to write, and he snarled, "Writers are a dime a dozen, Thurber. What I want is an editor. I can't find editors. Nobody grows up. Do you know English?" I said I thought I knew English, and this started him off on a subject with which I was to become intensely familiar. "Everybody thinks he knows English," he said, "but nobody does. I think it's because of the goddam women schoolteachers." He turned away from the window and glared at me as if I were on the witness stand and he were the prosecuting attorney. "I want to make a business office out of this place, like any other business office," he said. "I'm surrounded by women and children. We have no manpower or ingenuity. I never know where anybody is, and I can't find out. Nobody tells me anything. They sit out there at their desks, getting me deeper and deeper into God knows what. Nobody has any self-discipline, nobody gets anything done. Nobody knows how to delegate anything. What I need is a man who can sit at a central desk and make this place operate like a business office, keep track of things, find out where people are. I am, by God, going to keep sex out of this office — sex is an incident. You've got to hold the artists' hands. Artists never go anywhere, they don't know anybody, they're antisocial."

Ross was never conscious of his dramatic gestures, or of his natural gift of theatrical speech. At times he seemed to be on stage, and you half expected the curtain to fall on such an agonized tagline as "God, how I pity me!" Anthony Ross played him in Wolcott Gibbs's comedy *Season in the Sun*, and an old friend of his, Lee Tracy, was Ross in a short-lived play called *Metropole*, written by a former secretary of the editor. Ross sneaked in to see the Gibbs play one matinee, but he never saw the other one. I doubt if he recognized himself in the Anthony Ross part. I sometimes think he would have disowned a movie of himself, sound track and all.

He once found out that I had done an impersonation of him for a group of his friends at Dorothy Parker's apartment, and he called me into his office. "I hear you were imitating me last night, Thurber," he snarled. "I don't know what the hell there is to imitate — go ahead and show me." All this time his face was undergoing its familiar changes of expression and his fingers were flying. His flexible voice ran from a low register of growl to an upper register of what I can only call Western quacking. It was an instrument that could give special quality to such Rossisms as "Done and done!" and "You have me there!" and "Get it on paper!" and such a memorable tagline as his farewell to John McNulty on that writer's departure for Hollywood: "Well, God bless you, McNulty, goddam it."

Ross was, at first view, oddly disappointing. No one, I think, would have picked him out of a line-up as the editor of the *New Yorker*. Even in a dinner jacket he looked loosely informal, like a carelessly carried umbrella. He was meticulous to the point of obsession about the appearance of his magazine, but he gave no thought to himself. He was usually dressed in a dark suit, with a plain dark tie, as if for protective coloration. In the spring of 1927 he came to work in a black hat

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so unbecoming that his secretary, Elsie Dick, went out and bought him another one. "What became of my hat?" he demanded later. "I threw it away," said Miss Dick. "It was awful." He wore the new one without argument. Miss Dick, then in her early twenties, was a calm, quiet girl, never ruffled by Ross's moods. She was one of the few persons to whom he ever gave a photograph of himself. On it he wrote, "For Miss Dick, to whom I owe practically everything." She could spell, never sang, whistled, or hummed, knew how to fend off unwanted visitors, and had an intuitive sense of when the coast was clear so that he could go down in the elevator alone and not have to talk to anybody, and these things were practically everything.

In those early years the magazine occupied a floor in the same building as the *Saturday Review of Literature* on West 45th Street. Christopher Morley often rode in the elevator, a tweedy man, smelling of pipe tobacco and books, unmistakably a literary figure. I don't know that Ross ever met him. "I know too many people," he used to say. The editor of the *New Yorker*, wearing no mark of his trade, strove to be inconspicuous and liked to get to his office in the morning, if possible, without being recognized and greeted.

From the beginning Ross cherished his dream of a Central Desk at which an infallible omniscience would sit, a dedicated genius, out of Technology by Mysticism, effortlessly controlling and coördinating editorial personnel, contributors, office boys, cranks and other visitors, manuscripts, proofs, cartoons, captions, covers, fiction, poetry, and facts, and bringing forth each Thursday a magazine at once funny, journalistically sound, and flawless. This dehumanized figure, disguised as a man, was a goal only in the sense that the mechanical rabbit of a whippet track is a quarry. Ross's mind was always filled with dreams of precision and efficiency beyond attainment, but exciting to contemplate.

This conception of a Central Desk and its superhuman engineer was the largest of half a dozen intense preoccupations. You could see it smoldering in his eyes if you encountered him walking to work, oblivious of passers-by, his tongue edging reflectively out of the corner of his mouth, his round-shouldered torso seeming, as Lois Long once put it, to be pushing something invisible ahead of him. He had no Empire Urge, unlike Henry Luce and a dozen other founders of proliferating enterprises. He was a one-magazine, one-project man. (His financial interest in Dave Chasen's Hollywood restaurant was no more central to his ambition than his onetime investment in a paint-spraying machine — I don't know whatever became of that.) He dreamed of perfection, not of power or personal fortune. He was a visionary and a practicalist, imperfect at both, a dreamer and a hard worker, a genius and a plodder, obstinate and reasonable, cosmopolitan and provincial, wide-eyed and world-weary. There is only one word that fits him perfectly, and the word is Ross.

When I agreed to work for the *New Yorker* as a desk man, it was with deep misgivings. I felt that Ross didn't know, and wasn't much interested in finding out, anything about me. He had persuaded himself, without evidence, that I might be just the wonder man he was looking for, a mistake he had made before and was to make again in the case of other newspapermen, including James M. Cain, who was just about as miscast for the job as I was. Ross's wishful thinking was, it seems to me now, tinged with hallucination. In expecting to find, in everybody that turned up, the Ideal Executive, he came to remind me of the Charlie Chaplin of *The Gold Rush*, who, snowbound and starving with another man in a cabin teetering on the edge of a cliff, suddenly beholds his companion turning into an enormous tender spring chicken, wonderfully edible, supplied by Providence. "Done and done, Thurber," said Ross. "I'll give you $75 a week. If you write anything, goddam it, your salary will take care of it." Later that afternoon he phoned my apartment and said, "I've decided to make that $90 a week, Thurber." When my first check came through it was for $100. "I couldn't take advantage of a newspaperman," Ross explained.

By the spring of 1927 Ross's young *New Yorker* was safely past financial and other shoals that had menaced its launching, skies were clearing, the glass was rising, and everybody felt secure except the skipper of the ship. From the first day I met him till the last time I saw him, Ross was like a sleepless, apprehensive sea captain pacing the bridge, expecting any minute to run aground, collide with something nameless in a sudden fog, or find his vessel abandoned and adrift, like the *Mary Celeste*. When, at the age of thirty-two, Ross had got his magazine afloat with the aid of Raoul Fleischmann and a handful of associates, the proudest thing he had behind him was his editorship of the *Stars and Stripes* in Paris from 1917 to 1919.

As the poet is born a poet, Ross was born a newspaperman. "He could not only get it, he could write it," said his friend Herbert Asbury. Ross got it and wrote it for seven different newspapers before he was twenty-five years old, beginning as a reporter for the Salt Lake City

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Tribune when he was only fourteen. One of his assignments there was to interview the madam of a house of prostitution. Always self-conscious and usually uncomfortable in the presence of all but his closest women friends, the young reporter began by saying to the bad woman (he divided the other sex into good and bad), "How many fallen women do you have?"

Later he worked for the Marysville (California) *Appeal*, Sacramento *Union*, Panama *Star and Herald*, New Orleans *Item*, Atlanta *Journal*, and San Francisco *Call*.

The wanderer — some of his early associates called him "Hobo" — reached New York in 1919 and worked for several magazines, including *Judge* and the *American Legion Weekly*, his mind increasingly occupied with plans for a new kind of weekly to be called the *New Yorker*. It was born at last, in travail and trauma, but he always felt uneasy as the R of the F-R Publishing Company, for he had none of the instincts and equipment of the businessman except the capacity for overwork and overworry. In his new position of high responsibility he soon developed the notion, as Marc Connelly has put it, that the world was designed to wear him down. A dozen years ago I found myself almost unconsciously making a Harold Ross out of one King Clode, a rugged pessimist in a fairy tale I was writing. At one point the palace astronomer rushed into the royal presence crying, "A huge pink comet, Sire, just barely missed the earth a little while ago. It made an awful hissing sound, like hot irons stuck in water." "They aim these things at me!" said Clode. "Everything is aimed at me." In this fantasy Clode pursues a fabulously swift white deer which, when brought to bay, turns into a woman, a parable that parallels Ross's headlong quest for the wonder man who invariably turned into a human being with feet of clay, as useless to Ross as any enchanted princess.

Among the agencies in mischievous or malicious conspiracy to wear Ross down were his own business department ("They're not only what's the matter with *me*, they're what's the matter with the country"), the state and federal tax systems, women and children (all the females and males that worked for him), temperament and fallibility in writers and artists, marriages and illnesses — to both of which his staff seemed especially susceptible — printers, engravers, distributors, and the like, who seemed to aim their strikes and ill-timed holidays directly at him, and human nature in general.

HAROLD WALLACE ROSS, born in Aspen, Colorado, in 1892, in a year and decade whose cradles were filled with infants destined to darken his days and plague his nights, was in the midst of a project involving the tearing down of walls the week I started to work. When he outlined his schemes of reconstruction, it was often hard to tell where rationale left off and mystique began. (How he would hate those smart-aleck words.) He seemed to believe that certain basic problems of personnel might just possibly be solved by some fortuitous rearrangement of the offices. Time has mercifully foreshortened the months of my ordeal as executive editor, and only the highlights of what he called "practical matters" still remain. There must have been a dozen Through the Looking Glass conferences with him about those damned walls. As an efficiency expert or construction engineer, I was a little boy with an alarm clock and a hammer, and my utter incapacity in such a role would have been apparent in two hours to an unobsessed man. I took to drinking Martinis at lunch to fortify myself for the tortured afternoons of discussion.

"Why don't we put the walls on wheels?" I demanded one day. "We might get somewhere with adjustable walls."

Ross's eyes lighted gloomily, in an expression of combined hope and dismay which no other face I have known could duplicate. "The hell with it," he said. "You could hear everybody talking. You could see everybody's feet."

He and I worked seven days a week, often late into the night, for at least two months, without a day off. I began to lose weight, editing factual copy for sports departments and those dealing with new apartments, women's fashions, and men's wear.

"Gretta Palmer keeps using words like introvert and extrovert," Ross complained one day. "I'm not interested in the housing problems of neurotics. Everybody's neurotic. Life is hard, but I haven't got time for people's personal troubles. You've got to watch Woollcott and Long and Parker — they keep trying to get double meanings into their stuff to embarrass me. Question everything. We damn near printed a newsbreak about a girl falling off the roof. That's feminine hygiene, somebody told me just in time. You probably never heard the expression in Ohio."

"In Ohio," I told him, "we say the mirror cracked from side to side."

"I don't want to hear about it," he said.

He nursed an editorial phobia about what he called the functional: "bathroom and bedroom stuff." Years later he deleted from a Janet Flanner "London Letter" a forthright explanation of the long nonliquid diet imposed upon the royal family and important dignitaries during

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the coronation of George VI. He was amused by the drawing of a water plug squirting a stream at a small astonished dog, with the caption "News," but he wouldn't print it. "So-and-so can't write a story without a man in it carrying a woman to a bed," he wailed. And again, "I'll never print another O'Hara story I don't understand. I want to know what his people are doing." He was depressed for weeks after the appearance of a full-page Arno depicting a man and a girl on a road in the moonlight, the man carrying the back seat of an automobile. "Why didn't somebody tell me what it meant?" he asked. Ross had insight, perception, and a unique kind of intuition, but they were matched by a dozen blind spots and strange areas of ignorance, surprising in a virile and observant reporter who had knocked about the world and lived two years in France. There were so many different Rosses, conflicting and contradictory, that the task of drawing him in words sometimes appears impossible, for the composite of all the Rosses should produce a single unmistakable entity: the most remarkable man I have ever known and the greatest editor. "If you get him down on paper," Wolcott Gibbs once warned me, "nobody will believe it."

I MADE deliberate mistakes and let things slide as the summer wore on, hoping to be demoted to rewriting the "Talk of the Town," with time of my own in which to write "casuals." That was Ross's word for fiction and humorous pieces of all kinds. Like "Profile" and "Reporter at Large" and "Notes and Comment," the word "casual" indicated Ross's determination to give the magazine an offhand, chatty, informal quality. Nothing was to be labored or studied, arty, literary, or intellectual. Formal short stories and other "formula stuff" were under the ban. Writers were to be played down; the accent was on content, not personalities. "All writers are writer-conscious," he said a thousand times.

One day he came to me with a letter from a men's furnishing store which complained that it wasn't getting fair treatment in the "As to Men" department. "What are you going to do about that?" he growled. I swept it off my desk onto the floor. "The hell with it," I said. Ross didn't pick it up, just stared at it dolefully. "That's direct action, anyway," he said. "Maybe that's the way to handle grousing. We can't please everybody." Thus he rationalized everything I did, steadfastly refusing to perceive that he was dealing with a writer who intended to write or to be thrown out. "Thurber has honesty," he told Andy White, "admits his mistakes, never passes the buck. Only editor with common sense I've ever had."

I finally told Ross, late in the summer, that I was losing weight, my grip, and possibly my mind, and had to have a rest. He had not realized I had never taken a day off, even Saturday or Sunday. "All right, Thurber," he said, "but I think you're wearing yourself down writing pieces. Take a couple of weeks, anyway. Levick can hold things down while you're gone. I *guess*."

It was, suitably enough, a dog that brought Ross and me together out of the artificiality and stuffiness of our strained and mistaken relationship. I went to Columbus on vacation and took a Scotty with me, and she disappeared out there. It took me two days to find her, with the help of newspaper ads and the police department. When I got back to the *New Yorker*, two days late, Ross called me into his office about seven o'clock, having avoided me all day. He was in one of his worst God-how-I-pity-me moods, a state of mind often made up of monumentally magnified trivialities. I was later to see this mood develop out of his exasperation with the way Niven Busch walked, or the way Ralph Ingersoll talked, or his feeling that "White is being silent about something and I don't know what it is." It could start because there weren't enough laughs in "Talk of the Town," or because he couldn't reach Arno on the phone, or because he was suddenly afflicted by the fear that nobody around the place could "find out the facts." (Once a nerve-racked editor yelled at him, "Why don't you get Westinghouse to build you a fact-finding machine?")

This day, however, the Ossa on the Pelion of his molehill miseries was the lost and found Jeannie. Thunder was on his forehead and lightning in his voice. "I understand you've overstayed your vacation to look for a dog," he growled. "Seems to me that was the act of a sis." (His vocabulary held some quaint and unexpected words and phrases out of the past. "They were spooning," he told me irritably about some couple years later, and, "I think she's stuck on him.") The word *sis*, which I had last heard about 1908, the era of *skidoo*, was the straw that shattered my patience. Even at sixty-two my temper is precarious, but at thirty-two it had a hair trigger.

The scene that followed was brief, loud, and incoherent. I told him what to do with his goddam magazine, that I was through, and that he couldn't call me a sis while sitting down, since it was a fighting word. I offered to fight him then and there, told him he had the heart of a cast-iron lawn editor, and suggested that he call in one of his friends to help him. Ross hated scenes, physical violence or the threat of it, temper and the unruly.

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"Who would you suggest I call in?" he demanded, the thunder clearing from his brow.

"Alexander Woollcott!" I yelled, and he began laughing.

His was a wonderful, room-filling laugh when it came, and this was my first experience of it. It cooled the air like summer rain. An hour later we were having dinner together at Tony's after a couple of drinks, and that night was the beginning of our knowledge of each other underneath the office make-up, and of a lasting and deepening friendship. "I'm sorry, Thurber," he said. "I'm married to this magazine. It's all I think about. I knew a dog I liked once, a shepherd dog, when I was a boy. I don't like dogs as such, though, and I'll, by God, never run a department about dogs — or about baseball, or about lawyers." His eyes grew sad; then he gritted his teeth, always a sign that he was about to express some deep antipathy, or grievance, or regret. "I'm running a column about women's fashions," he moaned, "and I never thought I'd come to that." I told him the "On and Off the Avenue" department was sound, a word he always liked to hear, but used sparingly. It cheered him up.

It wasn't long after that fateful night that Ross banged into my office one afternoon. He paced around for a full minute without saying anything, jingling the coins in his pocket. "You've been writing," he said finally. "I don't know how in hell you found time to write. I admit I didn't want you to. I could hit a dozen writers from here with this ash tray. They're undependable, no system, no self-discipline. Dorothy Parker says you're a writer, and so does Baird Leonard." His voice rose to its level of high decision. "All right then, if you're a writer, write! Maybe you've got something to say." He gave one of his famous prolonged sighs, an agonized protesting acceptance of a fact he had been fighting.

From then on I was a completely different man from the one he had futilely struggled to make me. No longer did he tell White that I had common sense. I was a writer now, not a hand-holder of artists, but a man who needed guidance. Years later he wrote my wife a letter to which he appended this postscript: "Your husband's opinion on a practical matter of this sort would have no value." We never again discussed tearing down walls, the Central Desk, the problems of advertisers, or anything else in the realm of the practical. If a manuscript was lost, "Thurber lost it." Once he accused me of losing a typescript that later turned up in an old brief case of his own. This little fact made no difference. "If it hadn't been there," he said, "Thurber would have lost it." As I became more and more "productive," another of his fondest words, he became more and more convinced of my helplessness. "Thurber hasn't the vaguest idea what goes on around here," he would say.

I became one of the trio about whom he fretted and fussed continually — the others were Andy White and Wolcott Gibbs. His admiration of good executive editors, except in the case of William Shawn, never carried with it the deep affection he had for productive writers. His warmth was genuine, but always carefully covered over by gruffness or snarl or a semblance of deep disapproval. Once, and only once, he took White and Gibbs and me to lunch at the Algonquin, with all the fret and fuss of a mother hen trying to get her chicks across a main thoroughfare. Later, back at the office, I heard him saying to someone on the phone, "I just came from lunch with three writers who couldn't have got back to the office alone."

Our illnesses, or moods, or periods of unproductivity were a constant source of worry to him. He visited me several times when I was in a hospital undergoing a series of eye operations in 1940 and 1941. On one of these visits, just before he left he came over to the bed and snarled, "Goddam it, Thurber, I worry about you and England." England was at that time going through the German blitz. As my blindness increased, so did his concern. One noon he stopped at a table in the Algonquin lobby where I was having a single cocktail with some friends before lunch. That afternoon he told White or Gibbs, "Thurber's over at the Algonquin lacing 'em in. He's the only *drinking* blind man I know."

He wouldn't go to the theater the night *The Male Animal* opened in January, 1940, but he wouldn't go to bed, either, until he had read the reviews, which fortunately were favorable. Then he began telephoning around town until, at a quarter of two in the morning, he reached me at Bleeck's. I went to the phone. The editor of the *New Yorker* began every phone conversation by announcing "Ross," a monosyllable into which he was able to pack the sound and sign of all his worries and anxieties. His loud voice seemed to fill the receiver to overflowing. "Well, God bless you, Thurber," he said warmly, and then came the old familiar snarl: "Now, goddam it, maybe you can get something written for the magazine," and he hung up, but I can still hear him, over the years, loud and snarling, fond and comforting.

(*To be continued*)

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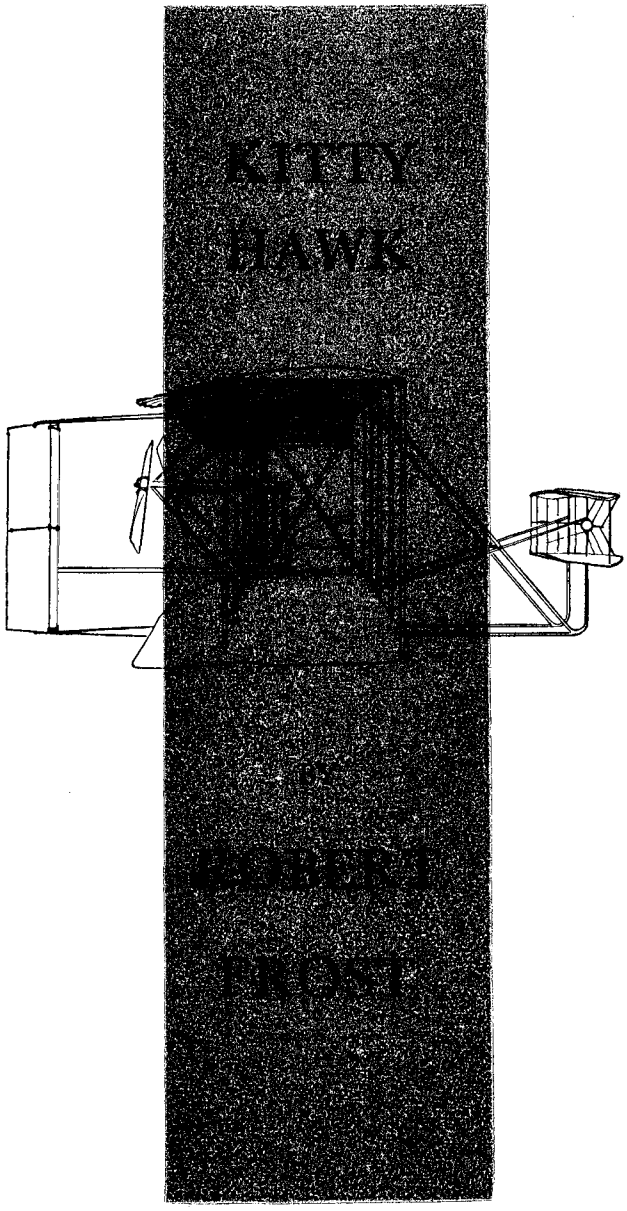

It was in 1912 that England first recognized and applauded the poetry of ROBERT FROST. *Last spring — forty-five years later — he went back for a reunion and an ovation such as England has never accorded to any other American poet.*

PART ONE

Kitty Hawk, O Kitty,
There was once a song,
Even a rather great
Emblematic ditty,
I might well have sung
When I came here young
Out and down along
Past Elizabeth City
Sixty years ago.
I was to be sure
Out of sorts with Fate,
Wandering to and fro
In the earth alone,
You might think too poor-
Spirited to care
Who I was or where
I was being blown
Down along the coast
Like a crumpled better-
Left-unwritten letter
I to waste had thrown —
Given up for dead.
Oh, but not to boast
Ever since Nag's Head
Had my heart been great,
Not to say elate,
With a need the gale
Filled me with to shout
Summary riposte

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To its dreary wail
There's no knowing what
Love is all about.
Poets know a lot.
Never did I fail
Of an answer back
To the zodiac
When in heartless chorus
Aries and Taurus
Gemini and Cancer
Mocked me for an answer.
I felt in me wing
To have up and flung
A heroic fling;
And might well have sung
The initial flight
That was to be flown
Into the sublime
Off these sands of Time
Time had seen amass
From his hourglass.
That initial flight
I can see now might
Well have been my own.
Once I told the master
Later when we met
I had been here too
As a young Alastor
When the scene was set
For the flight he flew
Long before he flew it.
Would he mind had I
Had him beaten to it?
Could he tell me why
Be original?
Why was it so very,
Very necessary
To be first of all?
How about the lie
Someone else was first?
He saw I was daffing.
He took this from me.
Still it was no laughing
Matter I could see.
He made no reply.
There *was* such a lie
Money and maneuver
Fostered overlong
Until Herbert Hoover
Raised this tower shaft
To undo the wrong.
That was why this craft
Man was first to waft
Like a kiss to God
Stayed so long abroad
In repository
And appreciation
With a foreign nation.
Of all crimes the worst
Is the theft of glory,
Even more accursed
Than to rob the grave.
'Twas a sorry story.
But we needn't rave:
All has been redressed.
And as for my jest
I might have one claim
To the Runway's fame
Had I only sung,
That was all my tongue.
I can't make it seem
More than that my theme
Might have been a dream
Of Cape Hatteras,
Or else Roanoke,
One more fond alas
For the seed of folk
Sowed in vain by Raleigh,
Raleigh of the cloak,
And some other folly.
Getting too befriended,
As so often, ended
Any melancholy
I was to have sung.
For I fell among
Some kind of committee
From Elizabeth City,
Each and every one
Loaded with a gun
And a demijohn
(Need a body ask
If it was a flask?)
Out to kill a duck
Or perhaps a swan
Over Currituck.
This was not their day
Anything to slay
Unless one another.
Being out of luck
Made them no less gay,
No, nor less polite.
They included me
Like a little brother
In their revelry
Even to the height —
All concern to take
Care my innocence
Should at all events
Tenderly be kept
For good gracious' sake.
And if they were gentle
They were sentimental.

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One drank to his mother
While another wept.
Something made it sad
For me to break loose
From the need they had
To make themselves glad
They were of no use.
Something made it sad;
Manners made it hard,
But that night I stole
Off on the unbounded
Beaches where the whole
Of the Atlantic pounded.
There I next fell in
With a lone coast guard
On midnight patrol,
Who as of a sect
Asked about my soul
And whereall I'd been.
Apropos of sin,
Did I recollect
How the wreckers wrecked
Theodosia Burr
Off this very shore?
'Twas to punish her
But her father more —
We don't know what for:
There was no confession.
Things they think she wore
Still sometimes occur
In someone's possession
Here at Kitty Hawk.
We can have no notion
Of the strange devotion
Burr had for his daughter:
He was too devoted.
So it was in talk
We prolonged the walk,
On one side the ocean
And on one a water
Of the inner sound;
And the moon was full,
As the poet said
And I aptly quoted,
That old laurel-crowned
Lord of a John Bull.
The moon's being full
And right overhead,
Small but strong and round,
By its tidal pull
Made all being full.
Here it was again
In the self-same day,
I at odds with men
Came twice on their pity,
Equally profound
For a son astray
And a daughter drowned.

Kitty Hawk, O Kitty,
Know you no dismay.
Men will get away.
And some time in some
Mood akin to pity
You would weep no less
For man's small success
Than his unsuccess.
You'd be overcome
In the deathless scene
When that common scoff,
Poor Darius Green,
And his fool machine
Finally took off.

PART TWO

When the chance went by
For my Muse to fly
From this Runway beach
As a figure of speech
In a flight of words,
Little I imagined
Men would treat the sky
To a flying pageant
Like a thousand birds.
Neither you nor I
Ever thought to fly,
Oh, but fly we did,
Literally fly.
That's because though mere
Lilliputians we're
What Catullus called
Somewhat (*aliquid*).
Mind you we are mind.
We are not the kind
To stay too confined.
After having crawled
Round the place on foot
And done yeoman's share
Of just staying put,
We arose from there,
And we scaled a plane
So the stilly air
Almost pulled our hair
Like a hurricane.

This we're certain of,
All we do and try
All we really love

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Is to signify.
Pulpiteers will censure
Our godless adventure
Since we took that fall
From the apple tree
Into what they call
The Material.
But God's own descent
Into flesh was meant
As a demonstration
That the supreme merit
Lay in risking spirit
In substantiation.
Westerners inherit
A design of living
Deeper into matter
(Not without some patter
Of the soul's misgiving).
All the science zest
To materialize
By on-penetration
Into earth and skies
(Don't forget the latter
Is but further matter),
Has been West Northwest.
If it was not wise
Tell me why the East
Seemingly has ceased
From its long stagnation
In mere meditation
And made such a fuss
To catch up with us.
Can it be to flatter
Us with emulation?

The uplifted sight
We enjoyed at night
When instead of sheep
We were counting stars,
Not to go to sleep,
But to stay awake
For good gracious' sake,
Naming stars to boot
To avoid mistake,
Jupiter and Mars,
Just like Pullman cars,
Was no vain pursuit.
Some have preached and taught
All there was to thought
Was to master Nature
By some nomenclature.
But if not a law
'Twas an end foregone
Anything we saw
And thus fastened on
With an epithet
We would see to yet —
We would want to touch
Not to mention clutch.

Someone says the Lord
Says our reaching toward
Is its own reward.
One would like to know
Where he says it though.

I don't like that much.

Let's see where we are.
What's that sulphur blur
Off there in the fog?
Go consult the log.
It's some kind of town,
But it's not New York.
We're not very far
Out from where we were.
It's still Kitty Hawk.

We'd have got as far
Even at a walk.

Don't you crash me down.
Though our kiting ships
Prove but flying chips
From the science shop
And when motors stop
They may have to drop
Short of anywhere,
Though our leap in air
Prove as vain a hop
As the hop from grass
Of a grasshopper,
Don't discount our powers;
We have made a pass
At the infinite,
Made it as it were
Rationally ours,
To the most remote
Swirl of neon-lit
Particle afloat.
Ours was to reclaim
What had long been faced
As a fact of waste
And was waste in name.

That's how we became
Though an earth so small,
Easy to asperse
For its size and worse,
Justly known to fame
As the Capital
Of the universe?

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We make no pretension
Of projecting ray
We can call our own
From this ball of stone,
None I don't reject
As too new to mention.
All we do's reflect
From our rocks, and yes,
From our brains no less.
And the better part
Is the ray we dart
From the head and heart,
The *mens animi*.

Till we came to be
There was not a trace
Of a thinking race
Anywhere in space.

We know of no world
Being whirled and whirled
Round and round the rink
Of a single sun
(So as not to sink),
Not a single one
That has thought to think.

Pilot, though at best your
Flight is but a gesture,
And your rise and swoop
But a loop the loop
Lands on someone hard
In his own back yard
From no higher heaven
Than a bolt of levin,
I don't say retard.
Keep on elevating.
But while meditating
What we can't or can,
Let's keep starring man
In the royal role.
It will not be his
Ever to create
One least germ or coal.

But let's get this straight:
There creation is.
More or less control
Of it is the whole
Business of the soul.

And this flight we wave
At the stars and moon
Means that we approve
Of things on the move,
Be they stars or moon.
Ours is to behave
Like a kitchen spoon
Of a size Titanic
To keep all things stirred
In a blend mechanic,
Saying that's the tune
That's the pretty kettle!
Matter mustn't curd
Separate and settle.
Motion is the word.

Nature's never quite
Sure she hasn't erred
In her vague design
Till on some fine night
We two come in flight
Like a king and queen
And by right divine
Waving scepter-baton
Undertake to tell her
What in being stellar
We're supposed to mean.

God of the machine,
Peregrine machine,
Some consider Satan,
Unto you the thanks
For this token flight,
Thanks to you and thanks
To the brothers Wright
Once considered cranks
Like Darius Green
In their home town, Dayton.

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After an engraving by William Blake

Internationally known as the founder of analytical psychology, DR. CARL G. JUNG *is a Swiss who took his medical degree at the University of Zurich and did graduate work at the University of Paris, 1902–1903. His books have been published in nine languages. This essay, which will be amplified in book form, was submitted through the kind offices of Dr. Carleton Smith of the National Arts Foundation.*

GOD, THE DEVIL, AND THE HUMAN SOUL

by CARL G. JUNG

FOR more than fifty years we have known, or could have known, that there is an unconscious as a counterbalance to consciousness. Medical psychology has furnished all the necessary empirical and experimental proofs of this. There is an unconscious psychic reality which demonstrably influences consciousness and its contents. All this is known, but no practical conclusions have been drawn from it. We still go on thinking and acting as before, as if we were *simplex* and not *duplex*. Accordingly we imagine ourselves to be innocuous, reasonable, and humane. We do not think of distrusting our motives or of asking ourselves how the inner man feels about the things we do in the outside world. But actually it is frivolous, superficial, and unreasonable of us, as well as psychically unhygienic, to overlook the reaction and viewpoint of the unconscious.

One can regard one's stomach or heart as unimportant and worthy of contempt, but that does not prevent overeating or overexertion from having consequences that affect the whole man. Yet we think that psychic mistakes and their consequences can be got rid of with mere words, for "psychic" means less than air to most people. All the same, nobody can deny that without the psyche there would be no world at all and still less a human world. Virtually everything depends on the human soul and its functions. It should be worthy of all the attention we can give it, especially today, when everyone admits that the weal or woe of the future will be decided neither by the attacks of wild animals nor by natural catastrophes nor by the danger of world-wide epidemics but simply by the psychic changes in man.

It needs only an almost imperceptible disturbance of equilibrium in a few of our rulers' heads to plunge the world into blood, fire, and radioactivity. The technical means necessary for this are present on both sides. And certain conscious deliberations, uncontrolled by any inner opponent, can be indulged in all too easily, as we have seen already from the example of one "leader." The consciousness of modern man still clings so much to outward objects that he makes them exclusively responsible, as if it were on them that the decision depended. That the psychic state of certain individuals could emancipate itself for once from the behavior of objects is something that is considered far too little, although irrationalities of this sort

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are observed every day and can happen to everyone.

The forlornness of consciousness in our world is due primarily to the loss of instinct, and the reason for this lies in the development of the human mind over the past aeon. The more power man had over nature the more his knowledge and skill went to his head and the deeper became his contempt for the merely natural and accidental, for that which is irrationally given — including the objective psyche, which is all that consciousness is not.

In contrast to the subjectivism of the conscious mind, the unconscious is objective, manifesting itself mainly in the form of contrary feelings, fantasies, emotions, impulses, and dreams, none of which one makes oneself but which come upon one objectively. Even today psychology is still for the most part the science of conscious contents, measured as far as possible by collective standards. The individual psyche became a mere accident, a "random" phenomenon, while the unconscious, which can only manifest itself in the real, "irrationally given" human being, was ignored altogether. This was not the result of carelessness or of lack of knowledge, but of downright resistance to the mere possibility of there being a second psychic authority besides the ego. It seems a positive menace to the ego that its monarchy could be doubted. The religious person, on the other hand, is accustomed to the thought of not being sole master in his own house. He believes that God, and not he himself, decides in the end. But how many of us would dare to let the will of God decide, and which of us would not feel embarrassed if he had to say how far the decision came from God himself?

The religious person, so far as one can judge, stands directly under the influence of the reaction from the unconscious. As a rule he calls this the operation of *conscience*. But since the same psychic background produces reactions other than moral ones, the believer is measuring his conscience by the traditional ethical standard and thus by a collective value, in which endeavor he is assiduously supported by his Church. So long as the individual can hold fast to his traditional beliefs, and the circumstances of his time do not demand stronger emphasis on individual autonomy, he can rest content with the situation. But the situation is radically altered when the worldly-minded man who is oriented to external factors and has lost his religious beliefs appears en masse, as is the case today. The believer is then forced into the defensive and must catechize himself on the foundation of his beliefs. He is no longer sustained by the tremendous suggestive power of the *consensus omnium*, and is keenly aware of the weakening of the Church and the precariousness of its dogmatic assumptions.

To counter this the Church recommends more faith, as if this gift of grace depended on man's good will and pleasure. The seat of faith, however, is not consciousness but spontaneous religious experience, which brings man's faith into immediate relation with God.

Here we must ask: Have I any religious experience and immediate relation to God, and hence that certainty which will keep me, as an individual, from dissolving in the crowd?

To this question there is a positive answer only when the individual is willing to fulfill the demands of rigorous self-examination and self-knowledge. If he follows through his intention, he will not only discover some important truths about himself, but will also have gained a psychological advantage: he will have succeeded in deeming himself worthy of serious attention and sympathetic interest. He will have set his hand to a declaration of his own human dignity and taken the first step toward the foundations of his consciousness — that is, toward the unconscious, the only accessible source of religious experience.

This is certainly not to say that what we call the unconscious is identical with God or is set up in his place. It is the medium from which the religious experience seems to flow. As to what the further cause of such an experience may be, the answer to this lies beyond the range of human knowledge. Knowledge of God is a transcendental problem.

The religious person enjoys a great advantage when it comes to answering the crucial question that hangs over our time like a threat: he has a clear idea of the way his subjective existence is grounded in his relation to "God." I put the word "God" in quotes in order to indicate that we are dealing with an anthropomorphic idea whose dynamism and symbolism are filtered through the medium of the unconscious psyche. Anyone who wants to can at least draw near the source of such experiences, no matter whether he believes in God or not. Without this approach it is only in rare cases that we witness those miraculous conversions of which Paul's Damascus experience is the prototype.

That religious experiences exist no longer needs proof. But it will always remain doubtful whether what metaphysics and theology call God and the gods is the real ground of these experiences. The question is idle, actually, and answers itself by reason of the subjectively overwhelming numinosity of the experience. Anyone who has had it is

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seized by it and therefore not in a position to indulge in fruitless metaphysical or epistemological speculations. Absolute certainty brings its own evidence and has no need of anthropomorphic proofs.

In view of the general ignorance of and bias against psychology it must be accounted a misfortune that the one experience which makes sense of individual existence should seem to have its origin in a medium that is certain to catch everybody's prejudices. Once more the doubt is heard: "What good can come out of Nazareth?" The unconscious, if not regarded outright as a sort of refuse bin underneath the conscious mind, is at any rate supposed to be of "merely animal nature." In reality, however, and by definition it is of uncertain extent and constitution, so that over- or undervaluation of it is groundless and can be dismissed as mere prejudice. At all events such judgments sound very queer in the mouths of Christians whose Lord was himself born on the straw of a stable, among the domestic animals. It would have been more to the taste of the multitude if he had got himself born in a temple. In the same way, the worldly-minded mass man looks for the numinous experience in the mass meeting, which provides an infinitely more imposing background than the individual soul. Even Church Christians share this pernicious delusion.

Psychology's insistence on the importance of unconscious processes for religious experience is extremely unpopular, no less with the Right than with the Left. For the former the deciding factor is the historical revelation that came to man from outside; to the latter this is sheer nonsense, and man has no religious function at all, except belief in the party doctrine, when suddenly the most intense faith is called for. On top of this, the various creeds assert quite different things, and each of them claims to possess the absolute truth. Yet today we live in a unitary world where distances are reckoned by hours and no longer by weeks and months. Exotic races have ceased to be peep shows in ethnological museums. They have become our neighbors, and what was yesterday the prerogative of the ethnologist is today a political, social, and psychological problem. Already the ideological spheres begin to touch, to interpenetrate, and the time may not be so far off when the question of mutual understanding in this field will become acute.

To make oneself understood is certainly impossible without far-reaching comprehension of the other's viewpoint. The insight needed for this will have repercussions on both sides. History will undoubtedly pass over those who feel it is their vocation to resist this inevitable development, however desirable and psychologically necessary it may be to cling to what is essential and good in our own tradition. Despite all the differences, the unity of mankind will assert itself irresistibly. On this card Marxist doctrine has staked its life, while the West hopes to get through with technology and economic aid. Communism has not overlooked the enormous importance of the ideological element and the universality of basic principles. The nations of the Far East share this ideological weakness with us and are just as vulnerable as we are.

The underestimation of the psychological factor is likely to take bitter revenge. It is therefore high time we caught up with ourselves in this matter. For the present this must remain a pious wish, because self-knowledge, in addition to being highly unpopular, seems to be unpleasantly idealistic, reeks of morality, and is preoccupied with the psychological shadow, which is denied whenever possible or at least not spoken of. The task that faces our age is indeed almost insuperably difficult. It makes the highest demands on our responsibility if we are not to be guilty of another *trahison des clercs*. It addresses itself to those guiding and influential personalities who have the necessary intelligence to understand the situation our world is in.

One might expect them to consult their consciences. But since it is not only a matter of intellectual understanding but of moral conclusions, there is unfortunately no cause for optimism. Nature, as we know, is not so lavish with her boons that she joins to a high intelligence the gifts of the heart also. As a rule, where one is present the other is lacking, and where one capacity is present to perfection it is generally at the cost of all the others. The discrepancy between intellect and feeling, which get in each other's way at the best of times, is a particularly painful chapter in the history of the human psyche.

There is no sense in formulating the task that our age has forced upon us as a moral demand. We can, at best, merely make the psychological world situation so clear that it can be seen even by the myopic, and give utterance to words and ideas which even the hard of hearing can hear. We may hope for men of understanding and men of good will, and must therefore not grow weary of reiterating those thoughts and insights which are needed. Finally, even the truth can spread and not only the popular lie.

With these words I should like to draw the reader's attention to the main difficulty he has to face. The horror which the dictator states have of

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late brought upon mankind is nothing less than the culmination of all those atrocities of which our ancestors made themselves guilty in the not so distant past. Quite apart from the barbarities and blood baths perpetrated by the Christian nations among themselves throughout European history, the European has also to answer for all the crimes he has committed against the dark-skinned peoples during the process of colonization. In this respect the white man carries a very heavy burden indeed. It shows us a picture of the common human shadow that could hardly be painted in blacker colors. The evil that comes to light in man and which undoubtedly dwells within him is of gigantic proportions, so that for the Church to talk of original sin and to trace it back to Adam's relatively innocent slip-up with Eve is almost a euphemism. The case is far graver and is grossly underestimated.

Since it is universally believed that man *is* merely what his consciousness knows of itself, he regards himself as harmless and so adds stupidity to iniquity. He does not deny that terrible things have happened and still go on happening, but it is always the others who do them. And when such deeds belong to the recent or remote past, they quickly and conveniently sink into the sea of forgetfulness, and that state of chronic woolly-mindedness returns which we describe as "normality."

In shocking contrast to this is the fact that nothing has finally disappeared and nothing has been made good. The evil, the guilt, the profound unease of conscience, the obscure misgiving, are there before our eyes, if only we would see. Man has done these things; I am a man who has his share of human nature; therefore I am guilty with the rest and bear unaltered and indelibly within me the capacity and the inclination to do them again at any time. Even if, juristically speaking, we were not accessories to the crime, we are always, thanks to our human nature, potential criminals. In reality we merely lacked a suitable opportunity to be drawn into the infernal melee. None of us stands outside humanity's black collective shadow. Whether the crime lies many generations back or happens today, it remains the symptom of a disposition that is always and everywhere present — and one would therefore do well to possess some "imagination in evil," for only the fool can permanently neglect the conditions of his own nature. In fact, this negligence is the best means of making him an instrument of evil. Harmlessness and naïveté are as little helpful as it would be for a cholera patient and those in his vicinity to remain unconscious of the contagiousness of the disease. On the contrary, they lead to projection of the unrecognized evil into the "other." This strengthens the opponent's position in the most effective way, because the projection carries the *fear* which we involuntarily and secretly feel for our own evil over to the other side and considerably increases the formidableness of his threat.

What is even worse, our lack of insight deprives us of the *capacity to deal with evil.* Here, of course, we come up against one of the main prejudices of the Christian tradition, and one that is a great stumbling block to our policies. We should, so we are told, eschew evil and if possible neither touch nor mention it. For evil is also the thing of ill omen, that which is tabooed and feared. This apotropaic attitude toward evil, and the apparent circumventing of it, flatter the primitive tendency in us to shut our eyes to evil and drive it over some frontier or other, like the Old Testament scapegoat, which was supposed to carry the evil into the wilderness.

But if one can no longer avoid the realization that evil, without man's ever having chosen it, is lodged in human nature itself, then it bestrides the psychological stage as the equal and opposite partner of good. This realization leads straight to a psychological dualism, already unconsciously prefigured in the political world-schism and in the even more unconscious dissociation in modern man himself. The dualism does not come from this realization; rather, we are in a split condition to begin with. It would be an insufferable thought that we had to take personal responsibility for so much guiltiness. We therefore prefer to localize the evil with individual criminals or groups of criminals, while washing our hands in innocence and ignoring the general proclivity to evil.

This sanctimoniousness cannot be kept up in the long run, because the evil, as experience shows, lies in man — unless, in accordance with the Christian view, one is willing to postulate a metaphysical principle of evil. The great advantage of this view is that it exonerates man's conscience of too heavy a responsibility and fobs it off on the Devil, in correct psychological appreciation of the fact that man is much more the victim of his psychic constitution than its inventor. Considering that the evil of our day puts everything that has ever agonized mankind in the deepest shade, one must ask oneself how it is that, for all our progress in the administration of justice, in medicine, and in technics, for all our concern for life and health, monstrous engines of destruction have been invented which could easily exterminate the human race.

No one will maintain that the atomic physicists are a pack of criminals because it is to their efforts

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that we owe that peculiar flower of human ingenuity, the hydrogen bomb. The vast amount of intellectual work that went into the development of nuclear physics was put forth by men who devoted themselves to their task with the greatest exertions and self-sacrifice and whose moral achievement could just as easily have earned them the merit of inventing something useful and beneficial to humanity. But even though the first step along the road to a momentous invention may be the outcome of a conscious decision, here as everywhere the spontaneous idea — the hunch or intuition — plays an important part. In other words, the unconscious collaborates too and often makes decisive contributions.

So it is not the conscious effort alone that is responsible for the result; somewhere or other the unconscious, with its barely discernible goals and intentions, has its finger in the pie. If it puts a weapon in your hand, it is aiming at some kind of violence. Knowledge of the truth is the foremost goal of science, and if in pursuit of the longing for light we stumble upon an immense danger, then one has the impression more of fatality than of premeditation. It is not that present-day man is capable of greater evil than the man of antiquity or the primitive. He merely has incomparably more effective means with which to realize his proclivity to evil. As his consciousness has broadened and differentiated, so his normal nature has lagged behind. That is the great problem before us today. *Reason alone does not suffice.*

In theory, it lies within the power of reason to desist from experiments of such hellish scope as nuclear fission if only because of their dangerousness. But fear of the evil which one does not see in one's own bosom, but always expects in somebody else's, checks reason every time, although one knows that the use of this weapon means the certain end of our present human world. The fear of universal destruction may spare us the worst, yet the possibility of it will nevertheless hang over us like a dark cloud so long as no bridge is found across the world-wide psychic and political split — a bridge as certain as the existence of the hydrogen bomb. If a world-wide consciousness could arise that all division and all fission is due to the splitting of opposites in the psyche, then one would really know where to attack. But if even the smallest and most personal stirrings of the individual soul — so insignificant in themselves — remain as unconscious and unrecognized as they have done hitherto, they will go on accumulating and produce mass groupings and mass movements which cannot be subjected to reasonable control or manipulated to a good end. All direct efforts to do so are no more than shadow boxing, the most infatuated by illusion being the gladiators themselves.

The deciding factor lies with the individual man, who knows no answer to his dualism. This abyss has suddenly yawned open before him with the latest events in world history, after mankind had lived for many centuries in the comfortable belief that a unitary God had created man in his own image, as a little unity. Even today people are largely unconscious of the fact that every individual is a cell in the structure of various international organisms and is therefore causally implicated in their conflicts. He knows that as an individual being he is more or less meaningless and feels himself the victim of uncontrollable forces, but on the other hand he harbors within himself a dangerous shadow and opponent who is involved as an invisible helper in the dark machinations of the political monster.

It is in the nature of political bodies always to see the evil in the opposite group, just as the individual has an ineradicable tendency to get rid of everything he does not know and does not want to know about himself by foisting it off on somebody else. Nothing has a more divisive and alienating effect upon society than this moral complacency and lack of responsibility, and nothing promotes understanding and *rapprochement* more than the mutual withdrawal of projections. This necessary corrective requires self-criticism, for one cannot just tell the other person to withdraw them. He does not recognize them for what they are, any more than one does oneself. We can recognize our prejudices and illusions only when, from a broader psychological knowledge of ourselves and others, we are prepared to doubt the absolute rightness of our assumptions and compare them carefully and conscientiously with the objective facts.

Funnily enough, "self-criticism" is an idea much in vogue in Marxist countries; but there it is subordinated to ideological considerations and must serve the state, and not truth and justice in men's dealings with one another. The mass state has no intention of promoting mutual understanding and the relationship of man to man; it strives rather for atomization, for the psychic isolation of the individual. The more unrelated individuals are, the more consolidated the state becomes, and vice versa.

There can be no doubt that in the democracies too the distance between man and man is much greater than is conducive to public welfare or beneficial to our psychic needs. True, all sorts of attempts are being made to level out glaring social contrasts by appealing to people's idealism, enthusiasm, and ethical conscience; but, characteristically, one forgets to apply the necessary self-

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criticism, to answer the question: *Who* is making the idealistic demand? Is it, perchance, someone who jumps over his own shadow in order to hurl himself avidly on an idealistic program that promises him a welcome alibi? How much respectability and apparent morality is there, cloaking with deceptive colors a very different world of darkness? One would first like to be assured that the man who talks of ideals is himself ideal, so that his words and deeds *are* more than they *seem*.

To be ideal is impossible, and remains therefore an unfulfilled postulate. Since we usually have keen noses in this respect, most of the idealisms that are preached and paraded before us sound rather hollow and only become acceptable when their opposite is openly admitted to. Without this counterweight the ideal goes beyond our human capacity, becomes incredible because of its humorlessness, and degenerates into bluff, albeit a well-meant one. Bluff is an illegitimate way of overpowering and suppressing people, and leads to no good.

Recognition of the shadow, on the other hand, leads to the modesty we need in order to acknowledge imperfection. And it is just this conscious recognition and consideration that are needed wherever a human relationship is to be established. A human relationship is not based on differentiation and perfection, for these only emphasize the differences or call forth the exact opposite; it is based rather on imperfection, on what is weak, helpless, and in need of support — the very ground and motive of dependence. The perfect has no need of the other, but weakness has, for it seeks support and does not confront its partner with anything that might force him into an inferior position and even humiliate him. This humiliation may happen only too easily where idealism plays too prominent a role.

Reflections of this kind should not be taken as superfluous sentimentalities. The question of human relationship and of the inner cohesion of our society is an urgent one in view of the atomization of the pent-up mass man, whose personal relationships are undermined by general mistrust. Wherever justice is uncertain and police-spying and terror are at work, human beings fall into isolation, which of course is the aim and purpose of the dictator state, since it is based on the greatest possible accumulation of depotentiated social units.

To counter this danger, the free society needs a bond of an affective nature, a principle of a kind like *caritas*, the Christian love of your neighbor. But it is just this love for one's fellow man that suffers most of all from the lack of understanding wrought by projection. It would therefore be very much to the interest of the free society to give some thought to the question of human relationship from the psychological point of view, for in this resides its real cohesion and consequently its strength. Where love stops, power begins, and violence, and terror.

These reflections are not intended as an appeal to idealism, but only to heighten the consciousness of the psychological situation. I do not know which is weaker: idealism or the insight of the public. I only know that it needs time to bring about psychic changes that have any prospect of enduring. Insight that dawns slowly seems to me to have more lasting effects than a fitful idealism which is unlikely to hold out for long.

WHAT our age thinks of as the "shadow" and inferior part of the psyche contains more than something merely negative. The very fact that through self-knowledge — that is, by exploring our own souls — we come upon the instincts and their world of imagery should throw some light on the powers slumbering in the psyche, of which we are seldom aware so long as all goes well. They are potentialities of the greatest dynamism, and it depends entirely on the preparedness and attitude of the conscious mind whether the irruption of these forces and the images and ideas associated with them will tend toward construction or catastrophe.

The psychologist seems to be the only person who knows from experience how precarious is the psychic preparedness of modern man, for he is the only one who sees himself compelled to seek out in man's nature those helpful forces and ideas which ever and again have enabled the individual to find the right way through darkness and danger. For this exacting work the psychologist requires all his patience; he may not rely on any traditional "oughts" and "musts," leaving the other person to make all the effort and contenting himself with the easy role of adviser and admonisher. Everyone knows the futility of preaching about things that are desirable, yet the general helplessness in this situation is so great, and the need so dire, that one prefers to repeat the old mistake instead of racking one's brains over a subjective problem. Besides, it is always a question of treating one single individual only and not ten thousand, where the trouble one takes would be worth while, though one knows well enough that nothing has happened at all unless the individual changes.

The effect on *all* individuals, which one would like to see realized, may not set in for hundreds of years, for the spiritual transformation of mankind follows the slow tread of the centuries and cannot be hurried or held up by any rational process of reflection, let alone brought to fruition

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in one generation. What does lie within our reach, however, is the change in individuals who have, or create, an opportunity to influence others of like mind in their circle of acquaintance. I do not mean by persuading or preaching — I am thinking rather of the well-known fact that anyone who has insight into his own actions, and has thus found access to the unconscious, involuntarily exercises an influence on his environment. The deepening and broadening of his consciousness produces the kind of effect which the primitives call "mana." It is an unintentional influence on the unconscious of others, a sort of unconscious prestige, and its effect lasts only so long as it is not disturbed by conscious intention.

Nor is the striving for self-knowledge altogether without prospects, since there exists a factor which, though completely disregarded, meets our expectations halfway. This is the unconscious *Zeitgeist*. It compensates the attitude of the conscious mind and anticipates changes to come. An excellent example of this is modern art: though seeming to deal with aesthetic problems, it is really performing a work of psychological education on the public by breaking down and destroying their previous aesthetic views of what is beautiful in form and meaningful in content. The pleasingness of the artistic product is replaced by chill abstractions of the most subjective nature, which brusquely slam the door on the naïve and romantic delight in the senses and their obligatory love for the object. This tells us, in plain and universal language, that the prophetic spirit of art has turned away from the old object-relationship and toward the — for the time being — dark chaos of subjectivisms.

Certainly art, so far as we can judge it, has not yet discovered in this darkness what it is that holds all men together and could give expression to their psychic wholeness. Since reflection seems to be needed for this purpose, it may be that such discoveries are reserved for other fields of endeavor. Great art till now has always derived its fruitfulness from the myth, from the unconscious process of symbolization which continues through the ages and, as the primordial manifestation of the human spirit, will continue to be the root of all creation in the future. The development of modern art with its seemingly nihilistic trend toward disintegration must be understood as the symptom and symbol of a mood of world destruction and world renewal that has set its mark on our age. This mood makes itself felt everywhere, politically, socially, and philosophically. We are living in what the Greeks called the "right time" for a metamorphosis of the gods — that is, of the fundamental principles and symbols. This peculiarity of our time, which is certainly not of our conscious choosing, is the expression of the unconscious man within us who is changing. Coming generations will have to take account of this momentous transformation if humanity is not to destroy itself through the might of its own technology and science.

As at the beginning of the Christian aeon, so again today we are faced with the problem of the moral backwardness which has not kept pace with our scientific, technical, and social developments. So much is at stake and so much depends on the psychological constitution of modern man. Is he capable of resisting the temptation to use his power for the purpose of staging a world conflagration? Is he conscious of the path he is treading, and what the conclusions are that must be drawn from the present world situation and his own psychic situation? Does he know that he is on the point of losing the life-preserving myth of the inner man which Christianity has treasured up for him? Does he realize what lies in store should this catastrophe ever befall him? Is he even capable of realizing that this would be a catastrophe at all? And finally, does the individual know that *he* is the makeweight that tips the scales?

Happiness and contentment, equability of soul and meaningfulness of life — these can be experienced only by the individual and not by a state, which on the one hand is nothing but a convention of independent individuals among themselves and, on the other, continually threatens to hypertrophy and suppress the individual. The psychiatrist is one of those who know most about the conditions of the soul's welfare upon which so infinitely much depends in the social sum. The social and political circumstances of the time are certainly of considerable significance, but their importance for the weal or woe of the individual has been boundlessly overestimated insofar as they are taken for the sole deciding factors.

In this respect all our social goals commit the error of overlooking the psychology of the person for whom they are intended, and — very often — of promoting only his illusions.

I hope, therefore, that a psychiatrist who in the course of a long life has devoted himself to the causes and consequences of psychic disorders may be permitted to express his opinion, in all the modesty enjoined upon him as an individual, about the questions raised by the world situation today. I am neither spurred on by excessive optimism nor in love with high ideals, but am merely concerned with the fate of the individual human being — that infinitesimal unit on whom a world depends, and in whom, if we read the meaning of the Christian message aright, even God seeks his goal.

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TWO TALES OF DARKNESS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

A MAN OF THE WORLD

The blind man knew the sounds of all the different machines in the saloon. I don't know how long it took him to learn the sounds of the machines but it must have taken him quite a time because he only worked one saloon at a time. He worked two towns though and he would start out of The Flats along after it was good and dark on his way up to Jessup. He'd stop by the side of the road when he heard a car coming and their lights would pick him up and either they would stop and give him a ride or they wouldn't and would go on by on the icy road. It would depend on how they were loaded and whether there were women in the car because the blind man smelled plenty strong and especially in winter. But someone would always stop for him because he was a blind man.

Everybody knew him and they called him Blindy which is a good name for a blind man in that part of the country, and the name of the saloon that he threw his trade to was The Pilot. Right next to it was another saloon, also with gambling and a dining room, that was called The Index. Both of these were the names of mountains and they were both good saloons with old-days bars and the gambling was about the same in one as in the other except you ate better in The Pilot probably, although you got a better sizzling steak at The Index. Then The Index was open all night long and got the early morning trade and from daylight until ten o'clock in the morning the drinks were on the house. They were the only saloons in Jessup and they did not have to do that kind of thing. But that was the way they were.

Blindy probably preferred The Pilot because

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A writer of power and vividness unsurpassed in our time, ERNEST HEMINGWAY *is the fifth American to have been awarded the Nobel Prize in literature. To his mastery of the short story he brings a swift and revealing dialogue, a veneration for courage, and a capacity to share and inflict suffering. These new stories show him at his characteristic best.*

the machines were right along the left-hand wall as you came in and faced the bar. This gave him better control over them than he would have had at The Index where they were scattered on account it was a bigger place with more room. On this night it was really cold outside and he came in with icicles on his mustache and small pus icicles out of both eyes and he didn't look really very good. Even his smell was froze but that wasn't for very long and he started to put out almost as soon as the door was shut. It was always hard for me to look at him but I was looking at him carefully because I knew he always rode and I didn't see how he would be frozen up so bad. Finally I asked him.

"Where you walk from, Blindy?"

"Willie Sawyer put me out of his car down below the railway bridge. There weren't no more cars come and I walked in."

"What did he put you afoot for?" somebody asked.

"Said I smelled too bad."

Someone had pulled the handle on a machine and Blindy started listening to the whirr. It came up nothing. "Any dudes playing?" he asked me.

"Can't you hear?"

"Not yet."

"No dudes, Blindy, and it's a Wednesday."

"I know what night it is. Don't start telling me what night it is."

Blindy went down the line of machines feeling in all of them to see if anything had been left in the cups by mistake. Naturally there wasn't anything, but that was the first part of his pitch. He came back to the bar where we were and Al Chaney asked him to have a drink.

"No," Blindy said. "I got to be careful on those roads."

"What you mean those roads?" somebody asked him. "You only go on one road. Between here and The Flats."

"I been on lots of roads," Blindy said. "And any time I may have to take off and go on more."

Somebody hit on a machine but it wasn't any heavy hit. Blindy moved on it just the same. It was a quarter machine and the young fellow who was playing it gave him a quarter sort of reluctantly. Blindy felt it before he put it in his pocket.

"Thank you," he said. "You'll never miss it."

The young fellow said, "Nice to know that," and put a quarter back in the machine and pulled down again.

He hit again but this time pretty good and he scooped in the quarters and gave a quarter to Blindy.

"Thanks," Blindy said. "You're doing fine."

"Tonight's my night," the young fellow who was playing said.

"Your night is my night," Blindy said and the young fellow went on playing but he wasn't doing any good any more and Blindy was so strong standing by him and he looked so awful and finally the fellow quit playing and came over to the bar. Blindy had run him out but he had no way of noticing it because the fellow didn't say anything, so Blindy just checked the machines again with his hand and stood there waiting for someone else to come in and make a play.

There wasn't any play at the wheel nor at the crap table and at the poker game there were just gamblers sitting there and cutting each other up. It was a quiet evening on a week night in town and there wasn't any excitement. The place was not making a nickel except at the bar. But at the bar it was pleasant and the place had been nice until Blindy had come in. Now everybody was figuring they might as well go next door to The Index or else cut out and go home.

"What will yours be, Tom?" Frank the bartender asked me. "This is on the house."

"I was figuring on shoving."

"Have one first then."

"The same with ditch," I said. Frank asked the young fellow, who was wearing heavy Oregon Cities and a black hat and was shaved clean and had a snow-burned face, what he would drink and the young fellow took the same. The whisky was Old Forester.

I nodded to him and raised my drink and we both sipped at the drinks. Blindy was down at the far end of the machines. I think he figured maybe no one would come in if they saw him at the door. Not that he was self-conscious.

"How did that man lose his sight?" the young fellow asked me.

"I wouldn't know," I told him.

"In a fight," Frank told him.

"Him fight?" the stranger said. He shook his head.

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"Yeah," Frank said. "He got that high voice out of the same fight. Tell him, Tom."

"I never heard of it."

"No. You wouldn't of," Frank said. "Of course not. You wasn't here, I suppose. Mister, it was a night about as cold as tonight. Maybe colder. It was a quick fight too. I didn't see the start of it. Then they come fighting out of the door of The Index. Blackie, him that's Blindy now, and this other boy Willie Sawyer, and they were slugging and kneeing and gouging and biting and I see one of Blackie's eyes hanging down on his cheek. They were fighting on the ice of the road with the snow all banked up and the light from this door and The Index door, and Hollis Sands was right behind Willie Sawyer who was gouging for the eye and Hollis kept hollering, 'Bite it off! Bite it off just like it was a grape!' Blackie was biting onto Willie Sawyer's face and he had a good holt and it give way with a jerk and then he had another good holt and they were down on the ice now and Willie Sawyer was gouging him to make him let go and then Blackie gave a yell like you've never heard. Worse than when they cut a boar."

Blindy had come up opposite us and we smelled him and turned around.

" 'Bite it off just like it was a grape,' " he said in his high-pitched voice and looked at us, moving his head up and down. "That was the left eye. He got the other one without no advice. Then he stomped me when I couldn't see. That was the bad part." He patted himself.

"I could fight good then," he said. "But he got the eye before I knew even what was happening. He got it with a lucky gouge. Well," Blindy said without any rancor, "that put a stop to my fighting days."

"Give Blackie a drink," I said to Frank.

"Blindy's the name, Tom. I earned that name. You seen me earn it. That's the same fellow who put me adrift down the road tonight. Fellow bit the eye. We ain't never made friends."

"What did you do to him?" the stranger asked.

"Oh you'll see him around," Blindy said. "You'll recognize him any time you see him. I'll let it come as a surprise."

"You don't want to see him," I told the stranger.

"You know that's one of the reasons I'd like to see sometimes," Blindy said. "I'd like to just have one good look at him."

"You know what he looks like," Frank told him. "You went up and put your hands on his face once."

"Did it again tonight too," Blindy said happily. "That's why he put me out of the car. He ain't got no sense of humor at all. I told him on a cold night like this he'd ought to bundle up so the whole inside of his face wouldn't catch cold. He didn't even think that was funny. You know that Willie Sawyer he'll never be a man of the world."

"Blackie, you have one on the house," Frank said. "I can't drive you home because I only live just down the road. But you can sleep in the back of the place."

"That's mighty good of you, Frank. Only just don't call me Blackie. I'm not Blackie any more. Blindy's my name."

"Have a drink, Blindy."

"Yes, sir," Blindy said. His hand reached out and found the glass and he raised it accurately to the three of us.

"That Willie Sawyer," he said. "Probably alone home by himself. That Willie Sawyer he don't know how to have any fun at all."

GET A SEEING-EYED DOG

"And what did we do then?" he asked her. She told him.

"That part is very strange. I can't remember that at all."

"Can you remember the safari leaving?"

"I should. But I don't. I remember the women going down the trail to the beach for the water with the pots on their heads and I remember the flock of geese the toto drove back and forth to the water. I remember how slowly they all went and they were always going down or coming up. There was a very big tide too and the flats were yellow and the channel ran by the far island. The wind blew all the time and there were no flies and no mosquitoes. There was a roof and a cement floor and the poles that held the roof up, and the wind blew through all the time. It was cool all day and lovely and cool at night."

"Do you remember when the big dhow came in and careened on the low tide?"

"Yes, I remember her and the crew coming ashore in her boats and coming up the path from the beach, and the geese were afraid of them and so were the women."

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"That was the day we caught so many fish but had to come in because it was so rough."

"I remember that."

"You're remembering well today," she said. "Don't do it too much."

"I'm sorry you didn't get to fly to Zanzibar," he said. "That upper beach from where we were was a fine place to land. You could have landed and taken off from there quite easily."

"We can always go to Zanzibar. Don't try to remember too much today. Would you like me to read to you? There's always something in the old *New Yorkers* that we missed."

"No, please don't read," he said. "Just talk. Talk about the good days."

"Do you want to hear about what it's like outside?"

"It's raining," he said. "I know that."

"It's raining a big rain," she told him. "There won't be any tourists out with this weather. The wind is very wild and we can go down and sit by the fire."

"We could anyway. I don't care about them any more. I like to hear them talk."

"Some of them are awful," she said. "But some of them are quite nice. I think it's really the nicest ones that go out to Torcello."

"That's quite true," he said. "I hadn't thought of that. There's really nothing for them to see unless they are a little bit nice."

"Can I make you a drink?" she asked. "You know how worthless a nurse I am. I wasn't trained for it and I haven't any talent. But I can make drinks."

"Let's have a drink."

"What do you want?"

"Anything," he said.

"I'll make a surprise. I'll make it downstairs."

He heard the door open and close and her feet on the stairs and he thought, I must get her to go on a trip. I must figure out some way to do it. I have to think up something practical. I've got this now for the rest of my life and I must figure out ways not to destroy her life and ruin her with it. She has been so good and she was not built to be good. I mean this sort of good. I mean good every day and dull good.

He heard her coming up the stairs and noticed the difference in her tread when she was carrying two glasses and when she had walked down barehanded. He heard the rain on the windowpane and he smelled the beech logs burning in the fireplace. As she came into the room he put his hand out for the drink a little too soon. But then he felt it tall and cold and closed his hand on it and felt her touch the glass with her own.

"It's our old drink for out here," she said. "Campari and Gordon's with ice."

"I'm certainly glad you're not a girl who would say 'on the rocks.' "

"No," she said. "I wouldn't ever say that. We've *been* on the rocks."

"On our own two feet when the chips were down and for keeps," he remembered. "Do you remember when we barred those phrases?"

"That was in the time of my lion. Wasn't he a wonderful lion? I can't wait till we see him."

"I can't either," he said.

"I'm sorry."

"Do you remember when we barred that phrase?"

"I nearly said it again."

"You know," he told her, "we're awfully lucky to have come here. I remember it so well that it is palpable. That's a new word and we'll bar it soon. But it really is wonderful. When I hear the rain I can see it on the stones and on the canal and on the lagoon, and I know the way the trees bend in every wind and how the church and the tower are in every sort of light. We couldn't have come to a better place for me. It's really perfect. We've got the good radio and a fine tape recorder and I'm going to write better than I ever could. If you take your time with the tape recorder you can get the words right. I can work slow and I can see the words when I say them. If they're wrong I hear them wrong and I can do them over and work on them until I get them right. Honey, in lots of ways we couldn't have it better."

"Oh Philip — "

"Shit," he said. "The dark is just the dark. This isn't like the real dark. I can see very well inside and now my head is better all the time and I can remember and I can make up well. You wait and see. Didn't I remember better today?"

"You remember better all the time. And you're getting strong."

"I am strong," he said. "Now if you — "

"If me what?"

"If you'd go away for a while and get a rest and a change from this."

"Don't you want me?"

"Of course I want you, darling."

"Then why do we have to talk about me going away? I know I'm not good at looking after you but I can do things other people can't do and we do love each other. You love me and you know it and we know things nobody else knows."

"We do wonderful things in the dark," he said.

"And we did wonderful things in the daytime too."

"You know I rather like the dark. In some ways it is an improvement."

"Don't lie too much," she said. "You don't have to be so bloody noble."

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"Listen to it rain," he said. "How is the tide now?"

"It's way out and the wind has driven the water even further out. You could almost walk to Burano."

"All except one place," he said. "Are there many birds?"

"Mostly gulls and terns. They are down on the flats and when they get up the wind catches them."

"Aren't there any shore birds?"

"There are a few working on the part of the flats that only comes out when we have this wind and this tide."

"Do you think it will ever be spring?"

"I don't know," she said. "It certainly doesn't act like it."

"Have you drunk all your drink?"

"Just about. Why don't you drink yours?"

"I was saving it."

"Drink it up," she said. "Wasn't it awful when you couldn't drink at all?"

"No, you see," he said. "What I was thinking about when you went downstairs was that you could go to Paris and then to London and you'd see people and could have some fun and then you'd come back and it would have to be spring by then and you could tell me all about everything."

"No," she said.

"I think it would be intelligent to do," he said. "You know this is a long sort of stupid business and we have to learn to pace ourselves. And I don't want to wear you out. You know — "

"I wish you wouldn't say 'you know' so much."

"You see? That's one of the things. I could learn to talk in a non-irritating way. You might be mad about me when you came back."

"What would you do nights?"

"Nights are easy."

"I'll bet they are. I suppose you've learned how to sleep too."

"I'm going to," he told her and drank half the drink. "That's part of The Plan. You know this is how it works. If you go away and have some fun then I have a good conscience. Then for the first time in my life with a good conscience I sleep automatically. I take a pillow which represents my good conscience and I put my arms around it and off I go to sleep. If I wake up by any odd chance I just think beautiful happy dirty thoughts. Or I make wonderful fine good resolutions. Or I remember things. You know I want you to have fun — "

"Please don't say 'you know.' "

"I'll concentrate on not saying it. It's barred but I forget and let the bars down. Anyway I don't want you just to be a seeing-eyed dog."

"I'm not and you know it. Anyway it's seeing-eye not seeing-eyed."

"I knew that," he told her. "Come and sit here, would you mind very much?"

She came and sat by him on the bed and they both heard the rain hard against the pane of the window and he tried not to feel her head and her lovely face the way a blind man feels and there was no other way that he could touch her face except that way. He held her close and kissed the top of her head. I will have to try it another day, he thought. I must not be so stupid about it. She feels so lovely and I love her so much and have done her so much damage and I must learn to take good care of her in every way I can. If I think of her and of her only, everything will be all right.

"I won't say 'you know' all the time any more," he told her. "We can start with that."

She shook her head and he could feel her tremble.

"You say it all you want," she said and kissed him.

"Please don't cry, my blessed," he said.

"I don't want you to sleep with any lousy pillow," she said.

"I won't. Not *any* lousy pillow."

Stop it, he said to himself. Stop it right now.

"Look, *tu*," he said. "We'll go down now and have lunch in our old fine place by the fire and I'll tell you what a wonderful kitten you are and what lucky kittens we are."

"We really are."

"We'll work everything out fine."

"I just don't want to be sent away."

"Nobody is ever going to send you away."

But walking down the stairs feeling each stair carefully and holding to the banister he thought, I must get her away and get her away as soon as I can without hurting her. Because I am not doing too well at this. That I can promise you. But what else can you do? Nothing, he thought. There's nothing you can do. But maybe, as you go along, you will get good at it.

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MAX BEERBOHM

HETHWAY SPEAKING

Bettmann Archive

Artist and essayist whose affectionate and mocking touch established his unique reputation in the last years of Victoria, SIR MAX BEERBOHM *in the autumn of his career was occasionally willing to reminisce. In these words he reaches back to a Bohemian London which he had enjoyed as a young wit and dandy.*

IN 1895 I, who was then a very young man, made acquaintance with a far older one, Mr. Sylvester Hethway. He lived in a beautiful old house in Cheyne Walk. He was a man of keen literary and artistic taste, and in the eighteen-sixties and seventies had been a friend of many men whose names had magic for my young ears. Of them and of their characters he was very ready to talk to me, and I would afterwards write out, as exactly in his own words as I could remember them, what he had told me.

Some weeks ago, in a cupboard, I came across a few of these old reports; and it has been thought that you might be interested in some of them.

Here, then, is Hethway speaking of Swinburne as Swinburne had been at the time when George Meredith and he lodged in the house of Dante Gabriel Rossetti further along Cheyne Row.

"Ah, Swinburne, yes. Strange little creature. He had the prettiest, funniest ways. He was wonderfully endearing. Apart from his genius, he was the most childlike of little children. One did so want no harm to come to him. And he was so anxious to be good and obedient. But he hadn't will power enough for that. He caused us all the greatest anxiety. What could be done? It wasn't that he drank much wine, but that so very little of it went to his head — and that he did always want a little. I fancy that somehow he needed it, too. It wasn't good for his body; but then, you see, his body was such an infinitesimal part of him: the rest was all spirit, and the spirit perhaps required a special diet. It was all very odd. Everything about Swinburne was odd. Meredith used to call him Algernon the Incalculable. 'It's maddening,' he would say, 'to find anyone making so much out of nothing. How does he do it? We other fellows have to go through a long process of doing and being, and then of thinking hard about what we've done and what we are. We have to go to and fro, gathering fagots for tinder; laboriously and cunningly we stack them — and then, as likely as not, they won't burn. But Swinburne can always make a blaze without a speck of fuel. There's nothing in him but inspiration. *Our* main difficulty is how to make a beginning: *his* only problem is how to leave off.'

"Another time Meredith said, 'It's all very well to say that Algernon gets his motive power from books, not from life. It's true, but it's not the

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whole truth. If all the books in the world were burned tomorrow, and nothing left of them but one charred corner of a page from an old French chronicle, Algernon would find enough in that to enable him to go on creating forever.' "

Hethway told me that Rossetti, the very sedentary Rossetti, found Meredith, with his great love of wind and weather, rather a trial. Rossetti had said one day dolefully, "He's always coming in early in the afternoon, just as I'm beginning to paint well. 'Glorious weather, Rossetti!' he cries. 'Come out for a stretch with me — do you all the good in the world!' He always seems to be going to Hendon, and he always brings out the name as though it were a name to conjure with — something sacred, irresistible; Mecca; the Promised Land. I say to him, 'Meredith, if you brought Hendon to me in your hand, I wouldn't look at it.' Or I say, 'Look here, my dear fellow: this is an easel, this is a canvas, this is a palette, and this is *me* — just getting into my stride. Go and get into yours, by all means. I don't ask you to sit down and help me paint this picture. Why should you want me to assist you in traipsing to Hendon? Once and for all, Meredith, Hendon be damned!' For a moment he has a puzzled look; then he throws back his head, laughs that great laugh of his, and swings out of the studio, banging the door behind him. I never dare ask him not to bang the door, because then he'd tell me that if I took exercise I shouldn't have nerves. And I should have to explain that I'd much rather jump an inch or two off my chair than walk ten miles or whatever the confounded distance to Hendon is."

Hethway had seen a fair amount of Thomas Carlyle. He said: "One day, when I had been traveling abroad, I went in to see him. He told me he had been painted by a young Mr. James Whistler. It was an odd conjunction. I asked him how it had come about. He said it was through Madame Venturi. I dare say you've never heard of her. She had lived for many years in Chelsea. She was a great friend of dear Mrs. Carlyle. Both these ladies had an immense esteem for Mazzini, whom Carlyle thought a poor crittur — not because Mazzini was so, but because Carlyle was so unvarying in his judgment of men. Since Mrs. Carlyle's death he had formed the habit of going often to Madame Venturi's house. He may have thought her a poor crittur, but she loved Janie's memory, and that sufficed. 'And one day,' he told me, 'there was a wee young man with a mop of black ringlets and a quizzing-glass — a sor-rt of pocket Disraeli by the looks of him, but American in his talk, of which there was much. When he was gone, Mrs. Venturi asked me what I thought of him; and I told her without cir-r-cumlocution. Said she, "But he's going to be a verra great painter, and he wants to paint *you;* and he's verra poor," she said, "and he's verra guid to his mither-r." She's a most per-rtinacious crittur, is Mrs. Venturi, and next day I found myself with her at a house alongside the river, there to see this Mr. Whistler's paintings. The Mither-r received us — a dainty-sad little auld silvery dame, gentle of speech and shy-authoritative. Presently in comes son, and we all go into his wor-rkroom, and there, propped up on a bit of wooden stand, is a picture of the Mither-r, with a frame to it. There she sat, side-face, a sad figure, all in black, lonesome and shy-authoritative, against a plain gray wall of parlor. I canna count how many sittings I gave that slow-working son. One day he said, "Finis," and showed me his handiwork. There I sat, side-face, all in black, lonesome and meditative-gentle, against a pale gray wall of parlor. Painter stood by me sharp-expectant. "Well, young man," I said at last, "ye're verra filial, verra filial indeed." ' "

Of William Morris at the time when he had founded with his friend Faulkner the famous firm of furnishers and decorators, Hethway gave me an interesting glimpse: "One morning Pringle, my butler, came up to my study and said that Mr. Faulkner and another gentleman were in the drawing room. He said, 'I told Mr. Faulkner you were not at home, sir, but the other gentleman said that then they'd come in and wait.' I asked Pringle who the other gentleman was. 'I don't know, sir,' he said. 'A seafaring gentleman, I think.' I wondered what Morris could want with me.

"As I went downstairs I heard his voice raised in great enthusiasm about something; and as I entered, the sturdy and rosy fellow rushed at me and clapped me on the shoulders. 'Splendid,' he cried, stepping back, 'grandiose, scrumptious.'

" 'What is?' I asked.

" 'Why, this,' he answered, spinning round on his heel, with his right arm extended, and radiantly facing me again.

" 'You like the room?' I asked.

" 'Like it? Why, it's the most beautiful room in London.'

"I turned to Faulkner (who was standing in the background — looking, I noticed, rather uncomfortable) and 'Well,' I said, 'this is praise indeed from Sir Hubert! I was afraid Morris wouldn't approve of my taste at all. This sofa, for instance

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— very different from that famous wooden settle of his in Red Lion Square.'

" 'Sofa?' cried Morris. 'Call that a sofa? Why it's only a — a perch for canary birds. But the *room* — golly!' and he spun ecstatically round on his heel, upsetting this time a slim Sheraton stand on which was a silver vase with a rose in it. 'Sorry,' he exclaimed, picked up the stand, replaced the vase and the rose, and — he was always extraordinarily handy — sopped the wet floor dry with his huge handkerchief; all in an instant of time. 'Sorry,' he said again, 'but it's the gimcrack's own fault, you know. And it clinches our scheme, by Jove, doesn't it?'

" 'What scheme?' I inquired.

" 'Oh, I forgot: you weren't in the room. *The* scheme. To make a clean sweep of all these folderols and really *furnish* the room. Moment I came in, I swore we'd do this *for* you — didn't I, Faulkner? We'd been round to see Gabriel Rossetti, on business. As we came away Faulkner pointed out this house to me — told me you lived here. Confess I'd quite forgotten you, old chap. Liked the look of your house, though. Thought you might want some things. Besides, pleasure to see you again. Wasn't prepared for this room though. Felt the challenge of it at once. I've got half the designs in my head already, and I'll put 'em in hand today. All you've got to do is to get your things carted off to Christie's or somewhere and pocket what they fetch. I and Faulkner and Co. will do the rest.'

"I said, 'Your idea is that I should sell all that I have and follow you?'

" 'Right — you've hit it!' he cried. 'And what's more, we'll let you have everything at 2 per cent above cost of production, by Jiminy, because we're blooming beginners and you're our friend. Hooray! I've got *all* the designs in my head now,' and he struck his forehead a violent blow with his fist. 'I see your whole blessed room for you, all clear before me. You shall have a great cedar chair *there*, in the middle, like Odin's throne; and a settle — all along *this* wall — to seat a regiment. And Ned Burne-Jones will do the stained glass for your windows — Life of La Belle Iseult; and Ford Madox Brown shall do the panels of the settle — Boyhood of Chaucer; and' — he strode up and down, brandishing his arms — 'there's a young chap named William De Morgan who'll do the tiles for the hearth; and my wife shall embroider the edges of the window curtains — you know that green serge we've got, Faulkner — glorious. And by Jove we'll —' But here he slipped and sat with a terrific crash on the parquet. 'That's just what I was going to speak about,' he continued, sitting. 'This isn't a floor, it's a sheet of ice. It won't do; we must have good honest rough oaken boards with bulrushes,' he cried, bounding to his feet, 'strewn bulrushes. And we'll have a —'

" 'One moment, Morris,' I begged. 'When you say *we*, do you mean simply yourself and Faulkner and the Company, or do you include *me?*'

" 'But of course I include you,' he said. 'Why, hang it all, the *room's* yours.'

" 'That's just what I was beginning to doubt,' I said.

"He stared hard at me, and I at him. Rather a dog-and-cat effect, I suppose. It lasted some seconds. Morris saw that I wouldn't waver. One of his great qualities was that he never wasted time. He always concentrated his energies on things that *could* be done, he never repined over things that couldn't. Here was a thing that couldn't. He looked at his watch, whistled (he always whistled whenever he looked at his watch), snatched his hat — 'Come along, Faulkner!' he cried. 'No offense, Hethway!' — and was gone.

"He was a queer fellow — a great character; quite apart. And as good as gold. But I hadn't much in common with him."

Of course Hethway's friends and acquaintances were not all members of the Rossettian and Chelsean circle. He had been privileged to know Tennyson, for instance, and had met repeatedly the very social Robert Browning. Here is a contrast he drew between those two:

"They were as unlike their own work as they were unlike each other. When I think of them I am tempted to say that a man's work is rather the needful supplement to himself than the mere outcome of it — or at any rate that the smoothness of a man's art is in inverse ratio to his own. The smoother Tennyson's verse became, the more rugged and tangled was he to look at. The more tangled and rugged Browning made his poetry, the more surely would anyone meeting him for the first time have taken him for a banker or a fashionable physician. The greater the exactions he made, as he grew older, on the intellect and the patience of his readers, the easier was it to understand what he said — and even to foretell what he *would* say — at a dinner table. And Tennyson's manners — ah, they were the very least of all adapted to courtly circles at the very time when he had finally purged his art of anything that might conceivably vex the ghost of the Prince Consort."

And here finally is the report I made of what Hethway one day had to say about Walter Pater: "He would come and see me here sometimes. He

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had a house with his sisters in Earl's Terrace — Kensington, you know. But he didn't like Kensington very much. He used to say, 'The High Street is so full of noise and stress.' He liked Cheyne Walk. I remember his standing with me at a window here in this room, one day in spring, gazing out silently. A tug passed by, towing a couple of barges. 'One might almost wish,' he said in his gentle voice, 'that the river could be exempt from traffic. It does, a little, mar your secular peace.' I laughed outright, and I think Miss Pater, who had come with him, was rather shocked by my mirth, but not so Pater; he liked to be amiably rallied, to be teased a little, by his friends. I met him somewhere a few days later, and told him that his remark had been repeated by me to the river police, and that they, being men of some culture and great admirers of his prose style, had said to me, 'When next Mr. Pater is coming to see you, sir, please let us know. We will stop the traffic.'

"For chaff of that kind he had a keen relish. I don't know whether young men read him much. I believe that at Oxford in the seventies and eighties he had quite a following and was taken very seriously as a teacher. I myself have never been able to take teachers or preachers very seriously. Of course I have often admired the genius, the force or grace, of this one and that. But their actual 'messages' are — well, they're so very characteristic of the messengers: the vain ones who want us to be just like themselves, and the modest ones who would have us be just what they are not. I have known many messengers, and all fall into one or the other of these two categories. Mr. Carlyle, with all his faults of temper, was one of the modest kind, and Mr. Ruskin — generous and usually angelic though he was — one of the vain. Mr. Carlyle, being eloquent, and a peasant, and always ailing, desiderated a race of strong silent aristocrats; and dear Mr. Ruskin despaired of a world in which not everybody admired Giotto and Turner and Miss Kate Greenaway so much as he. Great men, both of them; but great not in their messages, great in their *delivery*. Dear Matthew Arnold — Matt Arnold, as we called him — was not quite on their level, of course; but he had a great vogue, he was very much listened to in the seventies. *His* hope for the English upper and middle and lower classes was that they should all with one accord read Sophocles and Goethe. He was, I am afraid, pre-eminently one of the vain. Among the modest there was no more shining light than Walter Pater. He earnestly counseled the young to 'be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy.' And he himself could not stand Kensington High Street. He very solemnly warned the young that 'to form habits is failure in life.' I suggested to him one day that in the next edition of his book he ought to add a footnote: 'In life, however, there are worse things than failure: for example, not having one's cup of tea with a slice of thin bread and butter, at five o'clock *punctually*.' He laughed gently and said, 'That is a shrewd jest at *me*, Hethway; but not at the sincerity of my doctrine.' And of course he was quite right there. No man was more sincere in his efforts to make people as unlike himself as possible. His one lapse from constancy was when he urged them 'to burn always with a hard, gem-like flame.' To burn like that, one must shut out all drafts, as *he* did. One must burn inside a small closed lantern, as *he* did . . . as I do, I suppose, nowadays," Hethway added with a smile. "But I don't regard myself as a terrible example — nor as a good one. In fact, I've no message for the world."

And, indeed, he had none. For he existed, let me now confess, only in my imagination and in the intention I had many years ago to write a book around him — a book to be entitled *The Mirror of the Past*, a mirror which, hanging in his drawing room, gradually ceased to reflect present things and began to reflect things long past. I had made many notes for such a book; and among them were those notes of Hethway's conversation which I have just given to you. Please don't be vexed with me for having let you suppose Sylvester was a real person. I thought that he as a real person would be likelier than I as a fabricator to impress and please you.

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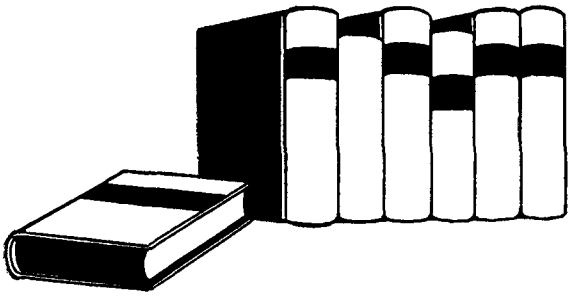
EDUCATION IN THE WESTERN WORLD



BY

JAMES B. CONANT

Before serving first as our high commissioner and then as our ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany, JAMES B. CONANT *had been at Harvard University for thirty-five years as instructor, professor, and president.*

To one interested in comparative education, it is fascinating to see how, today, many nations are struggling to solve the basic problems connected with the selection and education of future members of the professions. To a comparative educationalist, many questions about the selection and training of doctors and lawyers in different countries are questions almost without meaning. Asking whether European schools are better than schools in the United States is like asking a comparative anatomist whether a whale is a better mammal than an elephant.

The comparative anatomist is interested in examining the similarities and differences to be found in animal or plant organs which carry out the same function; he is very cautious, however, about proclaiming the virtues of a device found in one particular species over a device for a similar purpose found in another. Of course, the anatomist knows that mammals are modified only slowly by changes in environment; unlike schools or colleges, no man-made decisions will radically alter the structure of the functioning organism he is examining.

Some will argue that this vitiates my analogy; they may claim that the essence of human organizations lies in the fact that conscious acts of men and women can change them, and as history shows, overnight if need be. "But wait a moment," the student of the comparative anatomy of schools will say, "not overnight surely, except at the point of a bayonet or in our time under the shadow of armored vehicles and tanks." And such changes, he will argue, are the equivalent of pathological alterations.

History shows that, except under conditions of duress brought about by external forces, schools and colleges have developed gradually in different parts of the world in response to a variety of different conditions. They are a product of the society they serve and they also influence the future of this society. Reformers who have sought to change education have had to be content with minor alterations or else have had to devote a lifetime to their task.

It is clear that various educational devices have in the past been outmoded by social changes. The situation of Oxford and Cambridge during the first two thirds of the nineteenth century is a case in point. For two generations many leaders of public opinion argued for the need of either establishing modern universities in England or reforming the two ancient seats of learning. Eventually both courses of action were followed; the modification of Oxford and Cambridge by successive royal commissions was so radical as to constitute the equivalent of a series of drastic biological mutations. By the end of the century English universities were once again well adapted to the tasks at hand.

I should like to approach the subject of education for the professions in the mood of the comparative educationalist. I should like to examine in particular the way the future members of the professions are recruited, selected, and educated in certain European nations and the United States.

For a number of professions one phase of professional education — the final stage, so to speak — is essentially identical in all countries. There is little to be gained by noting the minor differences to be found in various nations. This is true of medicine, of engineering, and of the

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natural sciences; it is likewise true to a lesser degree of certain areas within the social sciences and the humanities. It is possible to pass judgment on the work of the medical faculty of a university, for example, almost without taking into account the traditions of the institution or its surroundings. Considering the training of a medical man only from the standpoint of professional competency, it would not be too difficult to classify all the medical schools of Europe and America into groups according to their degree of excellence. The same would apply to the training of engineers and research scientists.

It is not so much professional education as the education provided *prior* to professional studies that varies from nation to nation. This is particularly true if one directs attention to the way the future members of the professions are recruited and selected. Nowhere on the European continent will one find the equivalent of the American four-year liberal arts college. The European youth, unlike his American contemporary, passes directly from a university preparatory school to professional training.

Americans find it difficult to imagine an educational system without a college; Europeans find it hard to imagine what sort of an institution an American college can be. And the task of explaining the situation in the United States to a German, for example, is not made easier by the fact that there are over 1500 four-year colleges in our country, some part of a university, some not; their curricula and criteria for admission and graduation vary enormously; the one thing they have in common is the right to award a bachelor's degree, an academic symbol derived from the Middle Ages which has completely disappeared in German-speaking nations, though not in France.

One sometimes hears it said that the characteristic feature of American education is the proportion of our youth attending a university. So phrased, this is a completely misleading statement. What is characteristic is the very large proportion of our youth from eighteen to twenty years of age who are engaged in full-time studies; the fraction is something like a quarter to a third; in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Switzerland not more than a tenth of the youth are so engaged. Equally characteristic are the figures for school attendance at the age sixteen to seventeen; in America more than 75 per cent of those of this age are in school full-time; in European countries and Great Britain the corresponding figure is less than 20 per cent. Some Europeans have said that only a rich nation could afford to keep so many of its youth in school so long. But with the increase in automation, it is a question whether the withdrawal of a considerable fraction of youth from the labor force is a luxury. The type of training needed in the distributive industries more and more requires considerable "book learning."

At all events, when we consider the proportion of youth engaged in *professional* studies, the position of the United States is not so different from that of the rest of the world. Perhaps it is fair to compare the proportion of young men enrolled in the first year of a university in Europe or Great Britain to the proportion in the United States entering engineering, law, and medical schools and starting in the graduate schools of arts and sciences. Taking the figures for young men, the proportion in the United States seems to be something like 6 per cent; surprisingly small, many would say. But what is equally surprising is that similar figures represent the situation in all nations for which I have seen statistics. Therefore, one could say that the proportion of youth studying *professionally* in a university is about the same in the United States as in other nations. What *is* different between America and Europe is the method by which this very small percentage is selected and educated prior to engaging in professional studies.

Today, unlike the situation of a hundred years ago, the education of members of the professions (particularly natural scientists and engineers) is a concern of statesmen; public opinion has an interest in hearing the answers to such questions as the following: Are we training enough professional people? Are we including in our education for the professions a large fraction of those who have the requisite ability, or are we overlooking many with high potentialities?

In a totalitarian state these questions lead directly to a control of the entire educational process; the capable are to be sorted out and educated for the different professions according to the nation's need for these professions. This is essentially the directive of the Party Executive Committee to those in charge of schools and universities in the Soviet Zone of Germany. In a free country the political situation is, thank God, very different, not only because of the impossibility of governments ordering youth into different educational channels but because of the freedom of parents to express their desires to school authorities and, if need be, to politicians.

National concern with the number and quality of scientists and engineers is clearly a result of the last phases of the industrial revolution which started two hundred years ago. Parental concern with education as a way by which a son may

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better himself economically and socially is a consequence of the spread of that spirit of democracy of which Tocqueville wrote more than a century ago. It has taken time for the equalitarian doctrines of the French Revolution reinforced by American notions to affect European education; but there is no doubt that the problem of selecting future university students is becoming more rather than less difficult in England and a number of European states. The question of social prestige is becoming involved, as it has been involved with us in America for at least fifty years.

LET me give a few concrete examples. During the Second World War the British Parliament made certain changes in the English system of tax-supported schools. Among the objectives which the new legislation sought to achieve was the widening of opportunity for children of the less well to do; another was an elimination of the great difference in prestige that in the past had characterized one type of tax-supported school as compared to another. The traditional view of the content of a school program was, however, not modified. A long course was held to be necessary; and selection of those capable of entering those schools which provided this course was to be made at the age of eleven to twelve.

From the point of view of a parent with a low income and a talented child, the new arrangement must appear to be better than the old. But parents of medium income view the altered situation highly critically. In the past, the "grammar schools" had provided excellent roads to the universities open to those who could afford to pay a moderate fee. (For well-to-do families the usual road to the university is provided by the famous "public schools.") The new regulations abolished the fees and made the admission of *all* children subject to a competitive examination. And to make matters worse, so some parents have said, a new type of examination is employed — so-called psychological tests — that has no apparent relation to school work! As a result the whole subject of selection at age eleven-plus is a topic of heated discussion among educators and laymen.

In one county in England the experiment is being made of abolishing the examination in two selected geographic areas and sending all children from eleven to fifteen to one school and then providing grammar school places for those whose parents are willing to keep them in school until at least sixteen. Presumably ability to handle the work in the grammar school will be the determining factor in deciding who goes on to the university. The article in the London *Observer* reviewing the experiment carries the heading "Eleven-plus Condemned." This caption corresponds to the sentiment expressed in a number of articles and letters to the editor that have been appearing in British journals and papers in the last few years.

On the European continent, too, difficulties have arisen in regard to the process of selecting those who are to attend the Gymnasium in preparation for a university education. Each one of eleven states in the Federal Republic of Germany has complete authority in educational matters; so too have the twenty-five cantons in Switzerland (with a few exceptions). A comparison of the roads to the university in each of these states is interesting; it shows how different local conditions have modified to a certain degree the European pattern. The points at issue are often the exact length of the pre-university school course and the methods by which pupils are selected for the special pre-university schools.

The parental pressure varies greatly from place to place and reflects differences in tradition and economic circumstances. Sometimes the selection can be made solely on the basis of advice given by teachers and accepted by parents. Sometimes examinations are required in order to decide who should start on the road to the professions. If so, parental protests frequently arise. In one German state I heard a mother complaining that the entrance tests for the Gymnasium were so foolish and arbitrary that many of her friends could not get their children admitted; as a consequence the parents were pressed into the expense of sending them to private schools. In France, where the road to the professions has been studded with stiff competitive examinations, anguish over the selection process has been particularly acute. The entrance examinations for the pre-university schools (Lycées) have just been abolished and the program in these schools lightened. Selection of the pupils who head for the university is now to be made on the basis of the primary school record. In Switzerland, the psychological effect on the child of failure in the pre-university school (in some cantons a half to two thirds drop out) is giving concern to the school authorities.

In several German states, parents have brought suit against the government because a child had been barred from a pre-university school. The matter has even become a political issue. It is not the method of selection but the length of the pre-university school course that is in controversy. If the course is nine years, then selection must be made at the age of ten to eleven; this was the usual pattern in Germany, I judge, some years ago. But in the post-war years in some states the pre-university course was shortened and the time of selection correspondingly postponed.

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The arguments in favor of keeping all the children together in one school as long as possible are familiar to Americans; an additional (and for Europeans more weighty) argument for a shorter pre-university period of schooling is that it may be easier to select those suited for university work at twelve or thirteen rather than ten or eleven. The abbreviated course has been attacked, however, on the grounds that nine years is necessary if the pupil is to master the subjects required for later university work (particularly Latin). The differences of opinion on the matter seem to run along the usual lines of political cleavage in both Germany and Switzerland; in general the moderate right favors the longer course, the moderate left the shorter.

In one state election in Germany the issue was of major importance. This is hard for Americans to understand, since the difference of opinion appears to be relatively slight and the educational question involved touches the schooling of not more than a fifth of the children. It is interesting to us as evidence of the intimate connection between school problems and sociological questions.

From what I have already reported, it is clear that the age at which selection is made and the time it is made is intimately associated with the content of the pre-university course of study. And here we meet the second major difference between the road to the professions in Europe and in the United States. In Europe, the state determines the requirements which must be satisfactorily fulfilled in order to obtain, on finishing school, the necessary credentials which will enable the holder to enter a university. In Germany and Switzerland, for example, the certificate which a youth obtains after passing a set of final examinations in the last school year is an admission ticket to *any* university. The absence of any such uniform requirements in America astonishes and perplexes the European observer of our chaotic system.

Though each state in the Federal Republic of Germany is autonomous, the standards throughout are essentially the same. Certain variations in the subjects on which a student is examined are permitted, but one may say that the essential subjects are languages and mathematics. In the classical Gymnasium (in Germany called the humanistic school), Latin and Greek are obligatory; in most of the others, Latin and at least one modern foreign language; in a few schools, exposure to a heavy dose of modern languages, mathematics, and natural science is considered a substitute for Latin. A European university is *not* an American college, and language instruction is not one of its functions; scientists, lawyers, medical men, economists, and historians, therefore, have no opportunity for studying any language after they leave school. With this in mind, one realizes why a long school course is believed necessary for future university students. The central position occupied in the curricula of pre-university schools by foreign languages is a reflection of the role played by both tradition and geography in educational matters. As far as future professional men are concerned, Europeans are convinced that the traditional education in languages, literature, mathematics, and European history comprises the best general education.

For the 75 or 80 per cent who have no ambition or no opportunity to head for a university, formal full-time education ends at fourteen or fifteen; further educational development in part-time courses will depend on the occupation of the young man or woman in question. The apprentice system together with continuation schools takes care of industrial workers, it may be said. For apprentices with special mechanical aptitude, technical schools are available. For the 10 per cent or so who must drop out of the pre-university schools, some special type of education with more emphasis on practical business affairs is needed. This the European would grant, but the idea of a general education for a large proportion of adolescents aged sixteen to twenty-one is unheard of on the continent of Europe.

How is it at the end of the road, one may ask. Are those Europeans who complete the hard journey and arrive at a university and later become professional men (some 6 per cent of the young men) better educated than the corresponding Americans? This is the type of question a comparative educationalist refuses to answer. For so much depends on your standard of judgment, on what basis you evaluate the non-professional knowledge, ability, and attitude of a professional man or woman.

One thing is certain: the average American medical man, lawyer, chemist, physicist, or engineer has acquired a quite different store of general knowledge from that of his European counterpart. If command of foreign languages is the test of a well-educated man or woman, relatively few Americans can claim to be well educated. If knowledge of European literature and art is taken as a measure, there again the average American professional man will fail in comparison with the Europeans. European pre-university education is in essence literary education; American college education can rarely be so described.

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On the other hand, every American in school and in college will have sampled at least a bit of some of the social sciences. Indeed, perhaps the majority of those whom we are here considering will have acquired a considerable knowledge of economics and political science; a large proportion will have studied psychology and sociology. With rare exceptions these disciplines are only available to a European in a university; and while the student enrolled under the law faculty may find time to listen to some lectures in these fields, the medical man and natural scientist will not.

In other words, those Americans who complete at least three years of a four-year liberal arts college course will have had a kind of academic experience unknown on the continent of Europe. (A possible exception to this statement is the education provided for the future teachers in the pre-university schools who are educated in the famous École Normale in Paris and in the philosophical faculties of the German universities.)

But it is not only the content of the program which characterizes the American college. The whole atmosphere is different from either a European school or a European university. There is far more freedom for the student than in a school, of course, and there is far more personal instruction of the student by the professor than is possible in a university of the European type with its relatively small staff in proportion to the size of the student body. The American student is ready to express an opinion to anyone; discussion is encouraged at every turn. Student activities ranging from dramatics through debating and journalism stimulate student independence; there is no parallel to these expressions of student initiative in Europe. All of which, of course, reflects what Americans have come to believe are important aspects of college education.

Indeed, one can sum up the comparison I have been making by saying that the leading citizens of Europe and the United States have quite different aims in mind when they talk about education as apart from professional training. And the difference reflects the different social histories on the two sides of the Atlantic.

As a first approximation, one may say that Europe adjusted its education to modern times nearly a hundred years ago. A period of rapid educational change on the Continent took place in the middle of the nineteenth century; this reflected the first impact of industrialization. The pattern thus established has persisted to the present with relatively few changes; it is obviously intimately associated with the apprentice system of training industrial workers and a relative lack of geographic and social mobility. It also reflects the powerful influence of the university faculties which were well entrenched when the educational changes were in progress — particularly the influence of the professors of the classics.

During the period of change in the United States in which we are still living, traditional academic forces have played a far less important role. But such social factors as the raising of the school-leaving age in the United States and the near disappearance of the European apprentice system were of more importance in determining the shape of the new educational system which is now emerging.

I have written "emerging" because it is clear that in this country we are still in process of adapting our schools, colleges, and universities to the current needs of our society (and trying to adapt to future needs as well). In England, too, a process of change has been and still is at work. In the nations of Western Europe, on the other hand (with the exception of Scandinavia), few alterations in the systems have been made in the last fifty years; though there are many educational problems similar to our own and England's, a period of reform has not yet begun.

An American observer cannot help wondering if such a period is not considerably overdue. It may well be that the more immediate political and social issues in France and the urgent task of reconstruction in post-war Germany have merely pushed aside consideration of educational changes. I seem to detect signs of dissatisfaction in the Federal Republic of Germany which may be the prelude to important actions; in parts of Switzerland the road to the professions is being resurveyed. In France a few important changes have just been made, and a bill providing for a drastic alteration in the French system has been introduced into Parliament by the Minister of Education.

We here in the United States are still engaged in remaking our educational roads; the nature of the task varies considerably from state to state, from community to community. Pedagogic devices and plans for the organization of schools and universities are not always transferable across state lines; they are almost never exportable to foreign countries. But nonetheless the exchange of ideas and blueprints is always helpful because it stimulates and arouses discussion.

We may watch with interest, therefore, the new developments in those Western nations from which came originally our cultural traditions and our ideas about education. The free nations of the world in planning for their youth, as in many other matters, must be in constant communication, for however diverse their methods their fundamental aims remain the same: the preservation and extension of personal freedom.

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THE WAR ORPHANS

BY EDITH SITWELL

(Written after seeing a photograph of Korean children asleep in the snow.)

The snow is the blood of these poor Dead . . . they have no other —
These children, old in the dog's scale of years, too old
For the hopeless breast — ghosts for whom there is none to care —
Grown fleshless as the skeleton
Of Adam, they have known
More aeons of the cold than he endured
In the first grave of the world. They have, for bed,
The paving stones, the spider spins their blankets, and their bread
Is the shreds and crumbs of dead Chance. In this epoch of the cold,
In which new worlds are formed, new glaciations
To overcast the world that was the heart,
There is only that architecture of the winter, the huge plan
Of the lasting skeleton built from the hunger of Man,
Constructed for hunger — piteous in its griefs, the humiliation
Of outworn flesh, the Ape-cerement, O the tattered foolish clothing,
Rags stained with the filth of humanity, stink of its toiling —
But never the smell of the heart, with its warmth, its fevers,
Rapacity and grandeur . . . for the cold is Zero
In infinite intensity, brother to democratic
Death, our one equality, who holds
Alike the maelstrom of the blood, the world's incendiarism,
The summer redness and the hope of the rose,
The beast, and man's superiority o'er the beast —
That is but this:
Man bites with his smile, and poisons with his kiss.
When, in each dawn
The light on my brow is changed to the mark of Cain,
And my blood cries "Am I my brother's keeper?" seeing these ghosts
Of man's forgetfulness of man, I feel again
The tigerish spring in my veins. . . . I, who only
Have the lonely Lethe flood for tears.

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LION OF THE AFTERNOON

by BRIAN MOORE

A native of Belfast, Ireland, BRIAN MOORE *is now a Canadian citizen living in Montreal and devoting full time to his writing. His first novel,* THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE, *is currently being made into a Broadway play; his second,* THE FEAST OF LUPERCAL, *was published last spring.*

THE four non-professionals in the men's dressing room wore blue blazers with white tin buttons in the lapels. On the buttons, like a profession of faith, were their names and the name of the Kiwanis branch they represented. All four stared at Tait when he and his partner walked in.

Jack Tait was an achondroplastic dwarf, twenty-four years old, with a handsome head and normal torso, but tiny arms and legs. His partner, Davis, was a melancholy young man, six feet six inches tall. They were billed as The Long And The Short Of It, and were to be paid twenty-five dollars for this afternoon's work.

As Tait squatted on his tiny legs to unzip his overshoes, a man wearing a magenta suit with silver lapels straightened up on the bench opposite and put a yellow balloon in his mouth. He blew the balloon into a long sausage shape until it reached across the aisle and gently patted Tait's brow. Tait looked up, smiling.

"Hi, Len. Haven't seen you around lately. Lots of work?"

Len let the yellow balloon deflate and stowed it carefully in his pocket. "Been up in Kwee-bek City," he said. His pronunciation of Quebec told the listening Kiwanians he was an American.

Tait stood up on the bench, unbuckled his belt, and let his cut-down flannels fall, revealing thick, dwarfish thighs. "How was it there?" he asked.

"Great, just great," Len said. "I had this one-week guarantee, see? But after the first night, the manager comes in with a contract for a full month. That's the good thing about this act, the jokes don't count. Just blow and smile. You see, this was a French audience in Kwee-bek. Worse than here in Montreal. None of them speak English good."

"What club was it you were in?" one of the Kiwanians asked.

Len ignored the question. He turned to them politely. "You in the show today?" he asked.

Four faces smiled as one. "Yes," one said. "We're a barbershop quartet."

"Matter of fact, we've been a regular feature

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at this crippled kids show for the last five years."

"Six years, Howie."

"Yes, by gosh, it has been six years, come to think of it, Frank."

"Say — what do you do with those balloons, anyway?"

Len obliged. He took a green balloon out, blew it up, then blew up a yellow one. Smaller balloons appeared and were inflated. With great dexterity, he began to bend and tie them. He held up a multicolored, balloon dachshund for the Kiwanians' edification.

"That's cute," one said.

The others nodded. But, sidelong, their eyes were on Tait. He had dressed himself in baggy check pants, a yellow blouse, and a comically cut, tiny tailcoat. He opened a box of paints and began to make up his face, white cheeks, wide, clown grin, and star-shaped dimples. Childishly, he hopped down from the bench and began to shoo the Kiwanians away from the center of the room. "Would you mind?" he asked, his face serious beneath the painted grin. Curious, not knowing whether to smirk or look grave, they obeyed, instinctively dressing themselves against the wall in their quartet positions.

"Thanks, fellows," Tait said. He turned his back and walked with dwarfish toddle to the end of the room. Then ran towards them, little legs flying. Up he went and over in a forward flip, his acrobat shoes thudding squarely on the bare boards.

The Kiwanians were surprised. Being a dwarf was enough, they felt. What they had seen, the fact that he did somersaults, somehow lowered their stature. They were not athletic.

Tait, loosening up, walked on his hands for a moment. Then he did a standing somersault, leaping off the floorboards like a trained terrier in a dog act. His partner, meanwhile, began to dress himself in a Superman costume, a black and white suit of cotton tights which clung to his lumpy muscles like shrunken underwear. Dressed, he took out a pocket mirror and began to comb his pompadour of black hair into a series of mounting waves, designed to make him seem even taller. Tait relaxed, flexing his fingers. Len carefully concealed his folded balloons in the pockets of his magenta suit.

Someone knocked on the door. Tait went to open, reaching up childlike for the doorknob.

"Hello, Shorty," a woman's voice said. She looked over Tait's head into the room. "Haven't seen Arnoldi, have you?"

"No, Doris," Tait said.

"He was supposed to come in and help me," she said. "I'm all alone in that dressing room next door. Say — do me up, will you, Shorty?"

She turned her back to Tait, dropping her rose dressing gown, revealing long, black-meshed legs, black-spangled hips. Her costume lay open in a deep V all the way down her back. Tait reached up, grasped the material firmly at the opening, and quickly zipped it shut, black spangles blacking out white nakedness. The Kiwanians looked at the woman and then at the dwarf. It was an interesting speculation.

"Excuse me," a voice said.

"I'm sorry." Doris hastily pulled her dressing gown up and moved out into the corridor. The newcomer bowed graciously. He entered the dressing room. He wore a gray hopsack suit and a white clerical collar.

"Hello there, gentlemen," he said. "Everything going all right, I trust?"

The Kiwanians, restored like fish to a tank of water, swam up at once to greet the minister, handshaking, talking. Tait backed into a corner and did some knee bends. Then he bounced over in a somersault. The minister was interested.

"Hard work, eh?" he said. "Never could do that trick myself. Although I used to be a great man for gym. Yes."

"It takes a lot of practice," Tait said, stopping, looking serious.

"Keeps one wonderfully fit, though, doesn't it?" the minister decided. Then, slightly embarrassed — the little chap might take a remark of that sort amiss — he held up his hands for attention.

"Well, gentlemen," he said. "We have eight hundred crippled children waiting for us in our auditorium. They're all terribly thrilled and I'm sure we won't disappoint them. I say *we* because I'm afraid you'll have to put up with me as your master of ceremonies." He smiled headmasterishly. "Now, we'll start with Tommy Manners, one of our local entertainers. The children love his singsongs. And after he's warmed things up, we'll bring on our friends the clowns, here" — he gestured at Tait and Davis — "and then we'll follow with our singing quartet, and then the gentleman with the balloons, and finally, of course, the magician. Now, how does that strike everybody?"

"We're not a clown act," Davis said. "We're acrobats."

"Oh, I see." The minister looked at Tait. "I thought the little chap here . . . ?"

"So, we're on second, then, okay?" Tait asked, hurrying over the rough spot.

"Yes. If that's all right with you, gentlemen."

"But don't bring us on as acrobats neither," Davis warned. "Just leave the intro vague."

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"I see," the minister said doubtfully.

As though on cue, a voice cried in the corridor. "Ready there, Reverend?"

The minister opened the door. Outside, a very fat man was buckling an accordion against his heavy paunch. He stared into the room, his eyes finding Tait at once. As he and the minister went off up the corridor, his voice could be heard, asking: "Who's the midget?"

The Kiwanians looked over at Tait. But Tait was using his eyebrow pencil, his clown face stony, unhearing.

A SOUND of accordion music drifted back from the stage. Then, gathering force, hundreds of childish voices faltered and followed the accordionist into a popular chorus. A tall man in evening clothes hurried into the dressing room, shutting the door, muting the singing sound. He took an empty pint bottle of whisky out of his tailcoat pocket, slid it under the bench, then opened a large trunk in the corner of the room. From the trunk he took a white, silk-lined cape, an opera hat, and a paper bouquet. He laid these on the bench. Then he removed several silk scarves, four metal containers, and a collapsible card table. He laid these on the bench too, placing them very close to Tait.

"Move over, Tiny Tim," he said.

Tait turned, eyebrow pencil poised, clown face white and hideous. "So you're drunk again, Arnoldi," he said. "Doris will love that."

Arnoldi aimed a mock blow at the dwarf's head. Tait jerked his head back. The eyebrow pencil smeared his cheek. He put the pencil down, then very deliberately scattered an armful of Arnoldi's scarves to the floor. He hopped off the bench, fleeing Arnoldi's anger.

"You little runt! So you tell Doris I'm drinking?"

Tait dodged his head out from behind his partner's thighs. "Tell her? She don't have to be Dunninger to find that out herself!"

"Arnoldi?" a woman cried.

"Here, here, stupid!" Arnoldi yelled, abandoning his pursuit of the dwarf.

Doris came in. She wore elaborate stage make-up and had removed her dressing gown. The Kiwanians watched her black-meshed legs and comely hips as she bent, picking up the scarves from the floor, folding them in a complicated layer arrangement. Arnoldi, ignoring her, carefully hid the paper bouquet in the pocket of his tailcoat.

"Acrobats?" a voice cried in the corridor. "Acrobats next!"

Davis stood up at once, his head higher than the naked light bulb in the center of the room. He picked up a fake bar bell and signaled to Tait. Tait toddled across the room and they went out together, the long and the short of it. Single file they moved along the corridor, Tait close on his tall partner's heels to avoid having to push and tug at the church workers and Kiwanis officials who might not notice him, child-small in the crowd. In the wings they paused, waiting like wound-up toys.

"Look — about Arnoldi," Davis said. "I'll tell him to lay off you."

"Who asked you?" the dwarf said angrily. "Mind your own goddamn business."

Rebuffed, the tall man looked out at the footlights. Beside him, his tiny partner scuffed his feet, studying the stage for loose floorboards. Tommy Manners was finishing his act, the accordion shaking like a jelly cake on his huge paunch as he urged the children through a final chorus. He began to back towards the wings, panting like a tired dog, but the minister came out, leading him to the footlights for a bow, a long burst of applause.

When Manners finally backed off, his great rump bumped against Tait's forehead. He did not seem to notice, but stood sweating and happy as the minister hushed the children's applause and announced the next act. When the minister had finished, Davis stepped out into the lights, rolling the fake bar bell carefully in front of him. The children were silent, their eyes on the strong man.

At center stage, Davis bent double, his melancholy face contorted, his big hands gripping the bar bell, trying to raise it up. He lifted it about a foot, then falsely collapsed, letting it sink back to the floorboards. In the darkness, beyond the footlights, the children watched. Spastics, polio victims, the congenitally deformed: all knew what it was like to be defeated by the physically difficult. They waited, with the patience of experience, as Davis tried a second time.

In the wings, Tait raised his arms above his head and came out on a handstand, the ridiculous tailcoat rucked up his back, his silly clothes a Catherine wheel of spinning color. Davis dropped the bar bell, ears pricked for laughter. It came. Tait, moving with an exaggerated, circus-dwarf swagger, walked to center stage, looked at the bar bell, rolled up his sleeves, picked the bar bell up, and twirled it above his head.

They were off then, off on a drum roll of laughter, into the hard work, the pratfalls, the somersaults, the running and the catching; awkward in spots when the adult hint of obscenity must be stripped from the routine, covering up by more outrageous antics than an adult audience would have stomached. And Tait, the children's favor-

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ite, commanded the stage. The curiosity, the smiles that met his every waking moment were assets now, turned to triumph by his willing acceptance of the dwarfish role. In the dark sea of the auditorium, the children's heads moved like weeds drawn back and forth by the tide of the tiny man's movements.

In front, close to the empty orchestra pit, were two rows of tightly ranged wheelchairs, attended by four white-uniformed nurses. In these chairs, mouthing and twitching soundlessly in an unpleasant parody of old age, the spastic children sat. When Tait, perched high on Davis' shoulders, fell thumping to the footlights for a final pratfall, nurses and children cowered back, on guard against familiar injury. But Tait bounded up, smiling, spat out a set of fake false teeth, waved at the cheering children, and went off on a handstand while the children made the auditorium shudder with their applause. Back he came to their frantic cheers, admired, a wonder man, the lion of the afternoon.

At the last bow, the hall lights bloomed and the minister stepped forward, hands raised in benediction on the cheering children. In the wings the Kiwanians waited, fussing with their bow ties, their minds already in close harmony as the acrobats passed them by. Tait lowered his head as he followed Davis along the crowded corridor. As always, he felt let down when, the act over, he was returned to normal stares. He dodged the patting hands of pleased officials, glad to reach the dressing-room peace.

The non-professionals had gone. The professionals had taken over. Doris and Arnoldi sat side by side on one bench while Len, the balloon blower, drank from a bottle of rye.

"How was it?" Doris asked, with an angry side glance at Arnoldi, who had seized the bottle.

"Kid stuff," Davis said. "They'll go for anything."

He sat down, tired Superman, on the bench beside Doris. Arnoldi drank, then passed the bottle to her with a malicious smile. Angrily, she took it, did not drink, but passed the bottle on to Davis. The tall man tilted it towards the ceiling as he drank, then lowering the bottle, leaned forward to hand it to Tait, who waited his turn, childlike, standing in front of the big people.

But Arnoldi, in a swift magician pass, flicked the bottle from Davis' fingers. "Not for the louse," Arnoldi said. "This stuff is for people."

"Go on, give him a drink," Len said.

"It's my booze," Arnoldi told him. "And I say no."

Tait turned away. He hopped onto the bench and began to scrub his clown face clean. Arnoldi put the bottle in his trunk and then he and Doris began moving their magic props into the corridor. Davis sat silent, his great head drooping, as he watched his tiny partner change into street clothes: windbreaker, ski cap, flannels.

"You in a hurry, Shorty?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Wait, and I'll come with you." He stood up, beginning to unbutton his Superman uniform.

"I don't want you. I got something to do downtown. I'll see you later at the hotel, okay?"

"Okay. See you later, Shorty."

Tait went into the corridor. "See you, Shorty," Doris said. He did not answer. He went down the fire escape stairs to avoid the crowd and emerged at the back of the auditorium, pausing to look up at the stage where the Kiwanians rocked in humming unison. Moving behind the rows of watching children, Tait came to a door marked EXIT. He opened it and entered an ill-lit stone corridor, leading to the street.

"Wait! Where are you going?"

Tait turned. A woman, a tall woman wearing glasses, held the door open, calling him. She came out and put her hand on his shoulder. "Looking for the washroom?"

"No," Tait said. "I'm leaving."

She tightened her grip, guiding him further down the corridor. She opened a door. "Wait here a moment," she said. "I have something for you."

Tait allowed himself to be pushed inside. He looked up at her face, wondering. She couldn't be that shortsighted. But then he saw the other small figure in the room and decided that with these particular children she might be excused her ignorance.

"Now, just wait here," she said. "I have to go and get it."

She shut the door. The small boy swung around stiffly to face Tait. His left leg was a withered miniature, supported by a heavy, stilt-like, iron brace. His features were bloated and coarse.

"I got a little car in mine," he said.

Tait stared at him for a moment. Then asked: "Did you see the show?"

"No, I got sick," the boy said. "Did you get sick too?"

"I was in the show."

"Stupid," the boy said. "Only grown-ups are in the show."

"Well, I'm — look, I can do a somersault," Tait said, and did.

The boy watched him somberly. Then sat down, stiff-legged, on the floor. It was obvious he

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had difficulty in standing up. Tait felt embarrassed.

"I can crack my knuckles," the boy said. He pulled at his fingers.

Tait squatted on the floor beside him. He took the boy's hand. "You have strong fingers," he said.

"Want to feel my grip?"

They gripped hands and the boy squeezed. Tait made a grimace.

"You have big hands yourself," the boy said. "You should practice a grip like mine."

"I will," Tait said, seriously.

When the woman came back they were sitting on the floor, looking over the contents of the boy's gift package. She handed Tait a cardboard box, wrapped in green tissue paper. "Now, this is yours," she said. "You can play with it here until the others are ready to go home. It won't be long." She smiled at them. Tait kept his head down so that she only saw the top of his ski cap. When she had gone, he unwrapped the green package. Inside were a small rubber ball, a paper hat, a bag of candy, and a small metal automobile.

"Your car is better than mine," the boy said.

"Here." Tait held it out. "You can have it."

The puffy white face turned to stare. The weak eyes watered. Slowly, unsure of himself, the boy reached out and took the metal car.

"You can have the other junk too," Tait said. "Except the ball."

"My name is Kenny," the boy said, watching Tait.

"Mine's Sh — Jack."

"You're sure you don't want this stuff then. Only the ball?"

"Yes, just the ball," Tait said. He put the ball in his pocket and picked up his club bag. The iron leg brace made a scraping sound on the floor as the boy turned, white, coarse face tilting upwards. The boy said, "Why are you going away?"

"I better," Tait said. "I'm not supposed to be here. So long, Kenny."

"So long. Thanks for the car and stuff."

"That's okay."

In the corridor outside three women were talking, their backs to Tait. They wore armbands marked OFFICIAL. Tait moved down the corridor in rubber-soled silence. He reached a steel door marked EXIT TO STREET. Opening it, he found himself at the top of a flight of steps. It was snowing and the street lamps were lit. Across the street, a line of school buses waited for the children.

Tait paused at the head of the steps. He took out the rubber ball and looked at it again. It was like one he had owned as a boy. The snow-whitened steps, the waiting school bus, the rubber ball: they touched on memories of his childhood.

He thought of the cripple on the floor. Remembered the iron brace, the tiny, withered leg. Did the leg never grow? It must be funny to be a cripple. How did they get in and out of bed, for instance? What happened to them if they fell in a lonely place and no one could hear them? Did women shrink from that tiny, withered leg?

Above him, the snow clouds had blackened to night. Like a baseball pitcher he wound his arm and skied the ball high into the darkness above. It fell, faraway, beyond the street lamps. Gaily, Tait ran down the steps.

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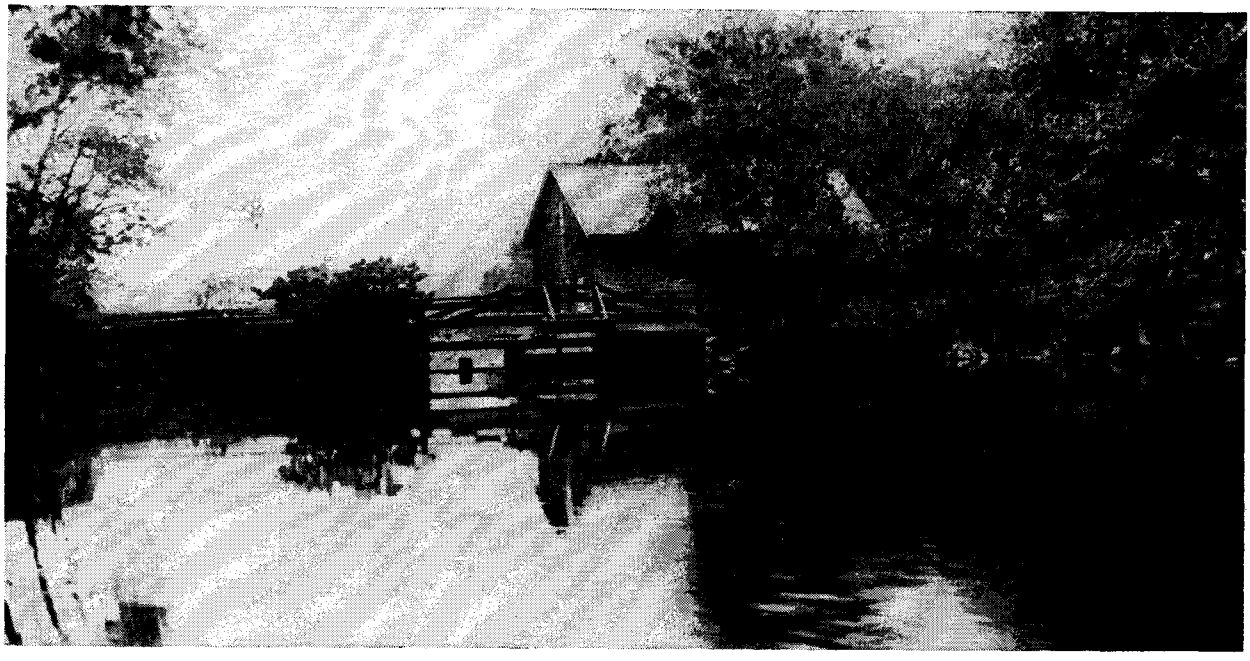

A HEARSAY HISTORY OF CURZON'S MILL

BY JOHN P. MARQUAND

New England's most eminent novelist, JOHN P. MARQUAND *was brought up at Curzon's Mill on the Artichoke River, a homesite north of Boston. In this familiar essay, which holds the salt and savor of old New England in its every line, he draws a picture of the tidal mill.*

CURZON'S MILL, which has been in the possession of my family since 1820, is on the Artichoke River in Newburyport, Massachusetts. I am so ignorant as not even to know the origin of the name of the Artichoke River, whose brownish waters turned the wheel of our tide mill for over two hundred years, and would in all probability be turning it still if plumbing had not been invented and if the city of Newburyport had not been taught the necessity for an adequate water supply. The concrete dam which was built, I think, in 1906, and which raised the level of the Artichoke, thus killing nearly all the great trees that once grew along its banks and stopping also the wheels of the mill forever, has been a sore point in our family for the last fifty years. I can remember in my extreme youth before the dam was built that my great-aunt Mary Russell Curzon walked almost daily to the bridge with a basket of old bones from the kitchen and tossed them into the millpond because she heard that the city contemplated taking over our water rights. She was also known to encourage in those twilight days the drowning of sundry litters of small kittens in the millpond. Thus when Cashman Brothers, Contractors, drained the Artichoke preparatory to putting in their cofferdam, the workmen excavated several bushels of assorted bones and skeletons from the river bed. They expressed amazement as to how these gruesome relics came there, and no one ever told them.

But I was speaking about the origin of the name "Artichoke," the tidal stream upon which Curzon's Mill stands near its juncture with the Merrimack. Certainly no artichokes have ever grown upon its shores in either a wild or a cultivated

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state, and I doubt if any of our forefathers ever attempted to derive nourishment from this peculiar vegetable. In one of the old maps the river is called "Hertichoke," and this leads me to believe that we can safely thank the Indians for naming it and that we are now by its peculiar name trying to simulate some tongue-twisting word of the ancient Penacook language.

This theory seems to me as good as any other, since the Artichoke valley was a favorite dwelling place of the unhappy and diseased Indians who staggered from their beds of sickness to greet the first settlers of Newbury. My great-aunt Mary once told me — and I may say that she and her namesake, my aunt Mary Marquand, are the most important original sources which I have for this paper — that a number of Indians were in permanent quarters upon a tract known as the "sandbank" just a little way up the Artichoke, when the first of our neighbors, the Emerys, came to occupy the land granted to them along the river. The legend is that nearly two thirds of these unhappy people were dying of smallpox at the time, and thus they made no trouble.

My great-aunt Mary told me that when she was a very little girl, in the early 1830s, she was startled while playing alone near the riverbank by the sudden appearance of a flotilla of birch-bark canoes filled with Indians. She ran to the house to tell her father, my great-grandfather Samuel Curzon; he said for her not to be afraid and went with her to the shore to converse with these unusual visitors. He gave them a measure of corn meal from the mill and they told him that they were on their way to the ocean in search of salt water, which their medicine men would use for ceremonial purposes. Aunt Mary always concluded her story by saying that three of the canoes capsized the next day on the bar of the Merrimack.

My own family have owned Curzon's Mill since the place was purchased by my great-grandfather in 1820. Until a few years ago one of my people has occupied the old dwelling house summer and winter for well over a hundred years. This is in no sense a record, particularly in a region like Newburyport, but it gives to the place an enviable and vital continuity in this changing time. The mill has been burned down and rebuilt. The old house has been on fire at least twice, and once in 1900 two thirds of it was consumed. The physical aspects of the place have undergone great changes. The trees which made the Artichoke a mysterious, shady stream and caused Whittier to speak of Curzon's "bowery mill" have been drowned in part by the rising water; others have succumbed to age, such as the huge elm which used to stand between the old house and the road, and the great oak on the lawn by our riverbank, which must have been a good tree when Mr. Emery built the first mill. Other trees, such as the locusts in the flower garden between the old house and the newer brick house, were uprooted in hurricanes. The apple orchard across the road is nearly gone, and the road itself, once a sandy way, has been surfaced with tar.

No matter from what direction you approach Curzon's Mill, there is a green and somnolent tranquillity in the Artichoke valley which affords a momentary sense of escape from the present. Driving from Newburyport, as the Curzon's Mill Road curves down the hill from the Moseley estate, the thoroughfare rapidly goes from bad to worse, as though the civic authorities had felt, and I believe they do, that beyond our neighbor's avenue their responsibilities were over. Once downhill, you first see a brick house, built by my great-aunt Elizabeth Curzon Hoxie in 1859. It is interesting largely because the wall which faces the north contains only a single, attic window. I have been told that my aunt Lizzie, who had previously made beds and washed and sewed in the Brook Farm experiment, had left the north wall of her dwelling blank in the hope of building a later addition for another communal colony. Beyond the brick house comes a flower garden, and then appears the main house with a ninety-year-old horse-chestnut tree near the driveway. The large yellow house with its heavy central chimney was built in the 1780s, as is confirmed by many of its details. Beyond it is the lawn, which stretches to the mouth of the Artichoke, known in the family as "the bank." On the edge of the road, jutting into the Artichoke River, is the weather-beaten frame building of the mill itself, and close beside it is the bridge, from which there is a view of the lake-like Artichoke on one side and of the Merrimack on the other. Finally the road curves uphill toward the Emery house.

The present mill building is not the one that John Emery, Jr., built in 1678. The present structure was erected in the 1840s after my great-uncle George Curzon, who one evening had imbibed too freely, accidentally burned the older building down. I do not believe that the building which was burned was John Emery's old mill either. Originally, in 1678, the town granted John Emery, Jr., twelve acres on the west side of the Artichoke, provided that he build and maintain a corn mill, and during the ensuing summer work was undertaken on the dam. The mill remained in the hands of the Emery family until it was sold in 1761 to Jonathan Bagley of Amesbury, who gave a bond

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"to faithfully perform the conditions in respect to grinding corn." We gather that Mr. Bagley was enterprising and enlarged the mill, for at the time of his death, when the property was sold by his executors, it consisted of *two* grist mills, with lands adjoining same. The executors sold this property to Stephen Hooper of Newburyport.

The story in our family has always been that Mr. Hooper was connected with the rich "King" Hooper family of Marblehead, and that he bought the place for the purpose of erecting a hunting lodge and used it for recreation rather than profit. It was he who built the large house, presumably shortly after his purchase, and — for a rich man's plaything — it was a comfortable and a commodious dwelling with two spacious chambers downstairs and two above, all with open fireplaces, and with an ell in back for the kitchen.

According to the elder members of the family, it also contained a secret room. There is still around the old chimney a difference of some three and a half feet between the upper and lower floors, and I have been told that there was once an entrance by the old back stairs and that there were airholes cleverly concealed beneath the clapboards. As no one, to my recollection, has ever seen the interior of this secret room and as no one has ever done more than talk about it, it is hard to be certain that it exists. It is harder still to imagine why Mr. Hooper should have wanted it. My own opinion is that if such a room ever existed, Mr. Hooper used it exclusively for concealing wines and liquors from his dependents.

It seems that Mr. Hooper, during his short ownership of this retreat, lived in a careless and lavish way quite different from that of his hard-working neighbors, and indeed he seems to have been one of the pioneers of a new social class, the summer vacationist. His own coach or chaise would take him through the lane across the Emery farm, then a private road, until he came to the swinging gate near the bridge above the mill dam. Young Eliphalet Emery, the grandfather of the present generation at the Emery house, told my great-aunt Mary, when he was a very old man, of how the Hooper equipage would move across the fields. As soon as he saw it he would rush to swing the gate open for the city gentleman, who would reward him for his trouble by tossing out a coin. In later years Mr. Emery was a most substantial man, honored by his neighbors with a seat on the General Court, but even when he was very old there was one thing about the gay Mr. Hooper which he still remembered. The coin that was tossed to him was not a copper piece: it was invariably silver, a rare metal in West Newbury then and, I regret to say, still rare in the vicinity of Curzon's Mill.

Mr. Hooper appears to have enjoyed himself decorously, but with his coming there was a new atmosphere at the mouth of the Artichoke. A man who did not derive his living from the soil had settled in the midst of a Calvinist countryside, and in so doing Mr. Hooper set a fashion which has been unchanged up to the present. Since his day, over a hundred and sixty-five years ago, the residents of Curzon's Mill have belonged either to the small *rentier* or to the white-collar professional class, whose income, if any, has been derived from out-of-town scholarly or mercantile pursuits. Since Jonathan Bagley ground his last bushel of corn, there is only one person who has wrested a living out of Curzon's Mill. That was my great-uncle John Hoxie, whom I believe my aunt Elizabeth Curzon first met during her sojourn at Brook Farm. He was an industrious, practical man, who ground corn on the morning and the night tides and even conveyed it upriver in a sailboat. It seems to me, on looking back, that he is the only practical man who ever dwelt in the hollow since Mr. Bagley, and I have heard that he was worried often by the carefree ways of the family into which he had married.

Thus since the federalist days of Mr. Hooper, the inhabitants of the Mill have been a continuing source of curiosity to West Newbury. They have brought with them smatterings of culture from the far places; their lives and their hours of living have been conducted according to a different plan. Instead of breakfasting at six, dining at noon, and supping at six again, according to country custom, they have breakfasted when they chose and have consumed their main meals close to a farmer's bedtime. They have collected insects and botanical specimens, they have played word games and charades, they have painted pictures and have read poetry. The first game of tennis ever to have been seen in that section was played at Curzon's Mill in the middle eighties. There was a rough grass court in the field behind the garden, and my father has told me of a farmer on his way to the mill with a load of corn stopping, bemused, to watch this novel sport. After studying it for some time, he inquired whether the object of the game might be to get the ball over or under the net.

I have digressed at this length because it seems interesting that Curzon's Mill was largely a vacation retreat even before the adoption of the Constitution. Nevertheless it offered a healthy background of industrial compulsion. According to the original grant the owner guaranteed to grind corn for Newbury, and until the city put a stop to it every owner has fulfilled this agreement to the letter, taking as his fee a percentage of the corn, which usually went to feed a sty full of pigs in pens upon the hill.

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On April 16, 1800, Stephen Hooper sold his holdings for the then substantial sum of twenty-seven hundred dollars to a scientific gentleman named William Dandridge Peck of Kittery, Maine. Besides some twenty acres of land the deed included "A grist mill, saw mill, hulling mill, mill dam with privilege of the whole stream, a dwelling house, barn etc."

The records at Salem show that my great-grandfather, Samuel Curzon, purchased this property from Mr. Peck on August 7, 1820. The family legend has it that he took it over as a debt, although this seems to be belied by facts. It was probably offered by someone as a convenient explanation for why a man like Samuel Curzon should have been so eccentric as to purchase a gristmill and a sawmill and a hulling mill when his business was almost entirely conducted with the Cabots and the Perkinses in Boston.

From his early teens Samuel Curzon was an agent and supercargo. In 1798 at the age of seventeen he was sent in this capacity around Cape Horn, stopping en route to acquire furs from the warlike and treacherous savages of the northwest coast, thus becoming a pioneer of the northwest trade. The vessel on which he sailed was the *Eliza*, the first of the Perkins ships to make this voyage. She was commanded by a cantankerous and untrustworthy captain. She touched at the island of Hawaii, where my great-grandfather had a pleasant interview with King Kameha Kameha, and then her course was set to the factories of Canton. From this time until close upon his death in 1847, Samuel Curzon was nearly always on the sea, keeping meticulous journals and writing letters home. He may have thought that the Artichoke was a safe and salubrious place for his family and a restful haven to return to, as many of us have thought since. At any rate, he established my great-grandmother there — a most kind and witty and delightful lady, who lived to be very old — and also his four children, my great-uncle George Curzon, my great-aunt Mary, my grandmother Margaret, and my great-aunt Elizabeth. They came there when they were young children, and with the exception of my uncle George, a spoiled boy who picked up with fast company in Newburyport and who ended his days on a sheep ranch in the West, the Curzon children spent a large part of their lives on the Artichoke.

In many ways our family has not been thrifty, but it has practiced until quite recently that doubtful New England virtue of never throwing anything away. Two fires have done something to thin out accumulated souvenirs and possessions, but there still remains a formidable collection of journals and letters written mostly by Samuel Curzon, his wife, and his daughters, not to mention others from remoter ancestors and connections which go back to near the middle of the eighteenth century. This mass of correspondence is still in a state of great disorder, but even the small amount which I have so far been able to examine gives an interesting picture of Curzon's Mill in the eighteen-forties and the fifties and the sixties, and even to the turn of the last century. The life of Mrs. Curzon and her children, in spite of many sad and difficult times, must have been exceptionally delightful and amusing. Their letters are enough to make me wish I might have been there with them in those remote days.

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THOSE who knew her always spoke of my great-grandmother with great affection and respect, and Whittier has spoken of her smile. "One whose matron lips unclose in smiles of saintly calm" is the line in his "Flowers in Winter" written in 1855 after a call on Mrs. Curzon and her daughter Margaret. Once of a morning long ago, when her son George was upstairs in bed recovering from the excesses of a too convivial evening, she prepared a breakfast tray for him in the kitchen. The hired man who sat watching her said later that he would get drunk every night of his life if Mrs. Curzon would only carry him up his breakfast.

"Mama's picture is finished," my grandmother has written, referring to a portrait done by Mr. Cheney, "and it looks quite lovely to me. . . . It has all Mama's sweet, lovely look, but not quite enough expression to suit me; and a fly-away look about the hair and cap, just as she looks after coming in from a high wind."

I do not know where this picture may be, for the portrait of her that hangs in the little parlor at Curzon's Mill was done when she was older, but it too makes one feel that she was always kind.

"My dear daughters," she wrote to my grandmother and my two great-aunts when they were little girls. "I hope you will try to be very good girls while I am away from home. You must get up in proper season, help each other dress, make yourselves neat and tidy. Margie will mind what her older sisters say to her, and they must be very kind to her as the youngest. You will do all Aunt Fanny wishes you to when you come below and eat your breakfast with moderation. After breakfast always remember to make your bed and put everything in order. Then after a little run in the garden, waiting upon your grandmother etc. you will keep school for Margie and try to improve each other. Be more diligent at your sewing than you are wont to be. Aunt Fanny can supply you. Draw a little every day — and when Miss Cushing is at home remember your Latin lesson punctually.

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Remember to write a journal for me. You and Mary may take turns. . . . I hope Aunt Fanny will be able to give me a good account of you when I return. If you can get a book of the tales of Madame de Guise, read some French together. Do not waste your time. Be as good as you know how to be, remembering always that if your mother's eye is not upon you, you are always in the presence of your Heavenly Father. Thank him daily for his many mercies and live in the sense of his goodness and all will be well with you."

Her three daughters turned into very admirable people under her benign sway. Each of them was beautiful, talented, and witty. My grandmother in her youth must have been the gayest, judging from her letters describing the young men and the parties both in Newburyport and Boston. Her sister Elizabeth, who joined the other idealists of her time in the community experiment at Brook Farm, referred to somewhat acidly by her family as "saints' rest," was of a more serious turn, but she was a good companion to her children and her nephews and nieces, which is a high enough recommendation. She was fond of nature and of silence, and I have been told that she finally moved away from Curzon's Mill to western Massachusetts because the whistles of the railroad trains disturbed her. I have often listened for the whistles, but my ears are not as keen as hers. My great-aunt Mary Curzon was beautiful and vivacious, industrious and methodical, with a sarcastic but kindly wit. My memories of her are most agreeable. In fact I have been impressed by her more than by almost anyone whom I have ever met. I can remember her walking on the bank, carrying a basket to pick up chips and pine cones to kindle the long-room fire, the laying of which she superintended with the minute care of her friend Mr. Whittier in his "Snow-Bound." She generally wore a bonnet and had a shawl wrapped about her shoulders and hummed softly to herself. My earliest memory of her is when she endeavored to beat me after I had inadvertently picked the single cardinal flower which grew beneath the great elm tree.

Whittier has written of her also, on an occasion when she brought him a bunch of catkins in early spring. His poem ends in what time has turned into a somewhat melancholy strain:

> And maidens in the far-off twilights,
> Singing my words to breeze and stream,
> Shall wonder if the old-time Mary
> Were real, or the rhymer's dream!

During the Civil War she had great difficulty in knitting socks for the soldiers, and the pairs very seldom matched, which caused her to say somewhat grimly that she knitted for "one-legged men."

If Aunt Mary never married it was not because of absence of opportunity. Among her admirers were the artist, Morris Hunt, and the poet, William Ellery Channing. She was delighted to tell of her last interview with Mr. Channing, and once she even told it to me, perhaps under the impression that I was older than I was. At some time in the midst of those golden days when New England was in its intellectual bloom and when Mr. Channing's first wife, Ellen Fuller, had died, largely due, I have heard, to his selfishness and neglect, he appeared at Curzon's Mill in a horse and buggy and offered himself for a last time to my aunt Mary. He told her that he had driven over from the hotel in Salem and would return there and wait until he received a favorable answer.

"Ellery," Aunt Mary told him, "you have killed off one wife, but you certainly won't kill me." And then she added in recounting the passage: "Well, well, that was fifty years ago, and I dare say that Ellery is waiting at the hotel in Salem still, because I have never sent for him."

She was more charitable in speaking of another admirer, for she ended her account by saying: "That man has something to be thankful for."

My great-grandmother was successful with her daughters, but her son was another matter. It might have been better for George Curzon if his father had not almost always been away at sea. For all I can gather he was a spoiled child, deferred to and pampered by a family of women. His grandmother saw the defects in the little boy's character only too clearly, and she delivered a painstaking lecture to her daughter.

"My dear Peggy," she wrote. "If what I write shall seem harsh or unkind you must forgive me and believe my intentions to be right. Scarcely a night while you were here I did not reproach myself for withholding my advice respecting your treatment of George. You have a precious trust reposed to you. On you it depends under Heaven whether this child so dear to you shall prove a blessing or a —. He is deteriorated in his character very much the last year, and forgive me saying I think it owing to your mismanagement. In the first place you should require implicit obedience to all your requirements, be they never so small. You must not indulge even his innocent desires always. (That induces effeminacy.) He must be taught that others are to be pleased as well as himself. Some task he should be made to perform every day with his book or some other way. No deviation from integrity must be winked at or passed over slightly. I know this must cost you great effort, but if you will make it, verily you shall have your reward, and when you take into

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consideration how much Mr. Curzon will be pleased at a change in your measures I think you will make an attempt, which will also afford the highest pleasure to Your affectionate mother, Mary Russell Searle."

I am afraid that my great-great-grandmother knew better how to handle boys than her daughter. George grew up to be a source of tribulation, particularly after his father's death, and perhaps it is well to treat him like other black sheep in other New England families and refer to him no further.

UNTIL the last years of his life my great-grandfather spent very little time at the Mill, but even his brief visits have made a deep impression on the place. He was the one who changed the open fireplaces in the front rooms of the house to the small coal grates which he had seen in England. He was quoted as saying that there was a fortune in the rock ledge beneath the barn, but he left it to his descendants to try to find it. He also filled the house with many interesting objects which he had picked up in his travels, particularly fascinating for a small boy to see. He brought back an enormous mahogany bowl nearly four feet in diameter, hewn out of a single tree. He also carried back a high tortoise-shell and ivory inlaid cabinet from Spain and several pictures painted on copper, which he was said to have found nailed to the bottom of one of his vessels, although I do not believe it. Then there was a rock on the mantelpiece which he had chipped from the top of the Andes, and the pearls given him by a chief of the Hawaiian Islands, and his library of eighteenth-century classics, and his diaries and letters.

"Your father sits here talking of you," his wife wrote to her daughter Elizabeth, while she was residing at Brook Farm, "telling me what to write to you until I told him I would take my pen and write his varying messages. In the first place, he says, this is no time to be away from home when there is so much to do in the garden and the house. Then he says give her a flaming account of the Mill, how nicely it has been repaired, how good the bridge is, larger and stronger than it was before. Then he says when he thinks criticizing may not prove effectual, tell her I have not half the strength I had before. Tell her that Mrs. Emery is very anxious to see her, and now we have the bridge to go over, we can go up there very easily. Tell her we see the cows come down to water. George will be ready to fix up the bathing house for her when she comes home. This is not half the messages he has given, but enough I think. . . . The girls are talking gaily in the other room, which does not seem to disturb him, but he says tell Lizzie we want her at home as the head of the family, more grave than the rest of them. I wish you had been here at this moment. Margie brought us in a most lovely drink of lemonade. It is very warm, the weather not the lemonade, and we are sitting at the open door in our room, looking out upon the beautiful green bank and the lovely little river. The colors of the woods are now beautiful. The yellow blossoms of the willow and birch, the red maple and the beautiful white medlars, more full of blossom than I ever saw them. Tuesday afternoon when your father and I walked through the wood — George has cut out the path again — I thought I never saw anything so glorious as the scene was. The rain had given such an intense verdure to the grass. There was a glancing light upon the young buds as I looked up through the branches of the trees to the blue sky. At this season when no winds disturb the surface of the little river you know how lake-like it looks. . . ."

IN THE ensuing years a great many different people came to see Madame Curzon and her daughters. The family had an entree into society of Boston through their connection with the Eliots and the Nortons, and many Bostonians and intellectuals from Concord visited the Mill. They always found hospitality and amusing conversation. Hunt came to paint pictures, and Channing came, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Elizabeth Peabody and Curtin, to mention only a few of them. Celia Thaxter was a dear friend, and so were the Whittiers across the river.

It has been said by commentators that the Mill has been embalmed in poetry, an expression that I do not like. This may refer to the lines I have quoted, but probably more particularly to some verses written by Whittier in 1857 when he called upon my grandmother and my aunt Mary on a washing day, to find them hanging out the clothes. Mr. Whittier, it seemed, had driven across the Merrimack toll bridge, when, to his embarrassment, he discovered he had not enough money for the return fee. In his predicament he stopped at Curzon's Mill to borrow the necessary change. A poem narrating part of his adventure appears in his collected works, but never the opening verse, presumably considered too personal, which is still in his own handwriting among the family papers:

Herewith, with many thanks we send
The needed coin you dared to lend
A luckless rhyming soul
Whose muses lend, alas, no spell
Like that of Orpheus to quell
The Cerberus of toll.

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My great-aunt always expressed particular pleasure with two of the printed verses:

> Thanks for the courtesy and gay
> Good humor which on Washing Day
> Our ill-timed visit bore;
> Thanks for your graceful oars which broke
> The morning dreams of Artichoke
> Along the wooded shore.
>
> Varied as varying nature's ways
> Sprites of the river, woodland fays
> Or mountain nymphs ye seem,
> Free-limbed Dianas on the green,
> Loch Katrine's Ellen or Undine
> Upon your favorite stream.

I have heard Aunt Mary read these lines with a sardonic amusement, because she said that really she and Margie looked particularly unattractive that morning.

There were other visitors, less distinguished but equally interesting.

"Mama increases her family," Aunt Mary wrote in 1854, "so constantly that she will be eaten out of house and home. Margaret's two sisters have just come from Ireland, and Mama has just invited the younger, 13 years old, to stay here indefinitely. Perhaps you've heard of Patrick, a stout growing lad of 17, who is a boarder at $1.50 a week and is not to pay anything till the spring, when of course it is to be paid to George."

Among other pensioners was numbered for many years Aunt Liddy, who had spent most of her life in the family kitchen. In her declining years she loved to sit and peruse the almanac. Dr. Morse, the rector of St. Paul's in Newburyport, called on her during her last illness and said that he hoped she would not count solely upon her good works for salvation.

Aunt Liddy laughed and answered, "I couldn't be such a fool as that."

There is also a record of a Miss Fortin. In 1867 Celia Thaxter wrote while visiting Mr. Whittier: "I went over the river to Curzon's Mills. Mary, Charlotte Fortin and myself went up the Artichoke, floating lazily along its dreamy shores."

Mr. Whittier had previously asked Elizabeth Curzon Hoxie if she would take Miss Fortin to board. She was partly colored and later married a Mr. Grimkey, the minister of a colored church in Washington.

From this you may understand that we were all Abolitionists in those days, and during the Fugitive Slave Act Aunt Mary did her part in the underground by entertaining a lady of even a deeper hue, who was making her escape to Canada. She stayed in the old house for several days and has been spoken of as a most agreeable guest. During this time, when she asked for something to occupy her, she was given materials out of which she cut and sewed a dress, and a very good dress it was. Higginson and his wife also found shelter in the Mill during the days of "Bleeding Kansas."

Now that I have gone on so far I am tempted to explore further into the old days at Curzon's Mill, and I might if there were time and if I did not feel that they were more amusing to me than to others.

My grandmother loved to draw and paint, particularly landscape and flowers. She was on the banks of the Merrimack, somewhere near what is now the Moseley place, doing one of her water colors, when one of her little boys ran to the house calling her. When asked what he wanted he said that no one else would do; he must find his mother because his sister, Molly Marquand, then about five years old, had fallen off the bridge into the millpond and the mill was running. This accident brings me to the real subject of the paper, and we may turn from little Molly, who was fortunately not sucked beneath the mill but was found floating when they reached her, buoyed up by the air which had caught beneath the voluminous skirts of the period. We may leave her to be safely rescued and turn to the intricacies of the mill itself.

A GOOD many people seem puzzled as to what made the mill go, but this is very simple. There was a fine heavy wooden dam across the Artichoke with great gates in it which swung upstream. When the tide rose in the Merrimack River the water would push these gates open and would flow up into the little Artichoke. When the tide began to turn, the outflow of the water would close the swinging gates, permitting none of the tide to escape. Thus when the tide of the Merrimack was low there was a fine head of water left in the Artichoke, and this of course is the simple principle of the tide mill. The disadvantage is that such a mill can only be operated for a few hours around low water. At this propitious time a sluice gate was opened allowing the water from the millpond to rush full force against the wheel which turned the grinding stones. The present mill was built in the late 1840s. It probably embodied most of the final mill improvements. Its wheel, for instance, is a turbine water wheel that was manufactured by the Rodney Hunt Company of Orange, Massachusetts, a venerable firm which still makes water wheels.

A system of gears connected the turbine with the millstone. There are two sets of these stones at the mill, but only one set was ever used in its last period of activity. You may still see the stones

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under a wooden housing, over which is a wooden hopper for the corn or grist. In line with the lower stone is a small wooden chute and a large trough for the meal. The upper stone is the one which turned, and the lower one was stationary. On the landing beside the upper stone there is still a curious derrick-like device, which was used at intervals to lift out the upper stone, so that the surfaces of both the stones might be roughened by the use of small hand picks. There is also near the trough a weight and lever for moving the upper stone up or down a fraction of an inch, thus regulating the fineness of the meal.

It was an easy matter to start the mill once the tide was low. I know, because I started it myself when I was ten years old and was reproved for my officiousness. All one had to do was to turn a wheel which opened the sluice gate, and once you heard the water swirling beneath the lower floor you pulled a great wooden lever that served to mesh the gears; then there was a humming, rumbling sound above the gay noise of the water. The old millstones were turning, waiting for their broken corn and cobs, for both of these used to be ground together and they made an excellent fodder.

Sometimes when I regret that I was not born ten years later, so that my mind might now be more agile in coping with the startling changes witnessed by my generation, the mill is a consoling thought. I was on this earth early enough at least to see it running, fulfilling the tail end of a contract that stretched back over two-hundred-odd years. I can still remember a late spring morning when it was grinding day. The teams from West Newbury with their barrels of corn clattered down across the bridge, pausing beneath the second-story window where the barrels would be hoisted ready for the grinding. There was a strange, low rumbling in the air, audible a good distance away, not unlike the purring of a gigantic cat, and once you were inside the mill the whole building would vibrate with this calm, contented sound.

My cousin, Elizabeth Hoxie, tells me that it did not make a purring sound. But I am sure that she will agree with me that the sight inside was worth remembering — the rafters and the cobwebs all lighted by the dusty windows were whitened by the almost impalpable powder; the floor was full of empty barrels waiting for the meal; the hopper was full of the broken corncobs that were being fed slowly down to the mysterious depths where the stones were moving, and by the trough was Jim Knight, the miller, whitened like the mill by its dust. The meal, still warm from the friction of the stones, was pouring in a rich and steady stream into the trough, ready for you to catch it in your hands, and Jim Knight was scooping it out with an oakum implement not unlike an artist's palette, and if you looked out the windows you could see the water rushing out beneath the underpinning, white and boiling. From one side of the mill you could view the wild rice on the Merrimack mud flats and the houses of Pleasant Valley across the river. On the other side was the old red wooden bridge, and the millpond, and the upper waters of the Artichoke glinting in the sun, with the shadows of the trees making waving patterns above the water. Where the Artichoke began to turn, you could see the pads of the white water lilies that my grandmother had planted, and if you traveled to them by boat you could always find small turtles sitting in the sun. Over all that memory is always the indescribable smell of warm fresh meal. I repeat that I do not entirely regret that I was born in the early 1890s, because I have an adequate recollection of the days when the mill was running.

Only last spring it was necessary for me to find a memorandum which my great-aunt Mary had written in connection with her will, and finally after considerable difficulty a Boston trustee discovered it. Her memorandum did not have the usual precise formality of a competent legal document, and its last sentence had no legal significance whatsoever.

"This is written," the last sentence read, "while they are picking at the stone."

The trustee, who was in a position to be familiar with the papers of many eccentric old ladies, could not understand it. "Now what the devil does she mean," he said, "picking at a stone?"

It surprised me that I had to explain it to him. It was a day worth remembering when the millstone was lifted off so that it could be sharpened. There was no reason why he should have known about it, but I was surprised at how difficult it was to explain something that was to me so utterly familiar. The truth, I suppose, is that not many people now living either know or care about the running of a mill.

I have been told by competent authority that this last anecdote with its thought, though it appears significant to me, is not a suitable conclusion for a paper. So I shall turn to something more succinct and bring in a line from Ecclesiastes, although I doubt if there were any tide mills in the semi-arid country of the Biblical poet.

"In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves," I shall conclude, "the grinders cease because they are few."

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THORNTON WILDER

"The Three Fates" *Rosso*

THE DRUNKEN SISTERS

The tragic poets of Greece did not merely have to submit three interrelated tragedies for a single morning's performance. The rules of the festivals required that the poets furnish an afterpiece called the satyr play. It was a reflection of the Greek sense of proportion that after those hours of horror and awe this afterpiece should be written in the comic spirit and should deal with some element in the plots of the preceding trilogy. Tradition says that Aeschylus and Sophocles and Euripides were great comic poets also, though very few of these satyr plays have survived. Thornton Wilder, having written a trilogy on the subject of the life of Alkestis, wrote also this short play to follow it. The reader is reminded that when Admetos, King of Thessaly, lay at the point of death, a message came from Apollo's temple at Delphi saying that the King need not die if a volunteer could be found to die in his stead. His wife Alkestis offered her life; she died, but was later brought back from the underworld by Herakles. This play shows us how Apollo was able to obtain from the Fates that extension of Admetos' life.

(*Enormous, the Fates.*

They wear the masks of hags. They rock back and forth as they work.)

CLOTHO. What is it that goes first on four legs, then on two legs —? Don't tell me! Don't tell me!

LACHESIS. You know it!

CLOTHO. Let me pretend that I don't know it.

ATROPOS. There are no new riddles. We know them all.

LACHESIS. How boring our life is without riddles! Clotho, make up a riddle.

CLOTHO. Be quiet, then, and give me a moment to think. . . . What is it that . . . ? What is it that . . . ?

(*Enter Apollo. He wears a cone-shaped straw hat with a wide brim to conceal his face. Three flagons are hanging from a rope around his neck.*)

APOLLO. I am Apollo. In the disguise of a kitchen boy.

I hate disguises. And I hate drunkenness — but see these bottles I have hanging around my neck?

I hate lies and stratagems; but I've come here to do crookedly what even Allfather Zeus could not do without guile.

These are the great sisters — the Fates. Clotho weaves the threads of life; Lachesis measures the length of each; Atropos cuts them short.

I have come to do a thing which has never been done before — to extend a human life; to arrest the scissors of Atropos.

Oh, to change the order of the universe.

ATROPOS. Sister! Your elbow! Do your work without striking me.

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LACHESIS. This thread is s-o-o l-o-o-ong! Never have I had to reach so far.

CLOTHO. Long and gray and dirty! All those years to a slave!

LACHESIS. So it is! (*To Atropos*) Cut it, dear sister. (*Atropos cuts it — click!*) And now this one; cut this. It's a blue one — blue for bravery.

ATROPOS. *So* easy to see! (*Click.*)

LACHESIS. You almost cut that purple one, Atropos.

ATROPOS. *This* one? — purple for a king.

LACHESIS. Yes — watch what you're doing, dear. It's the life of Admetos, King of Thessaly.

APOLLO. Aïe!

LACHESIS. I've marked it clearly. He's to die at sunset.

APOLLO (*to the audience*). No! No!

LACHESIS. He's the favorite of Apollo, as was his father before him, and all that tiresome house of Thessaly. The Queen Alkestis will be a widow tonight.

APOLLO. Alkestis! Alkestis! — No.

LACHESIS. There'll be howling in Thessaly. There'll be rolling on the ground. Not now, dear, there's an hour yet.

APOLLO. To work! To work. Apollo the crooked. (*He starts the motions of running furiously while remaining in one place. He complains noisily.*) Oh, my back! Aïe, aïe. They beat me, but worst of all they've made me late. I'll be beaten again.

LACHESIS. Who's the sniveler?

APOLLO. Don't stop me now. I haven't a moment to talk. I'm late already. Besides, my errand's a terrible secret. I can't say a word.

ATROPOS. Throw your yarn around him, Clotho. What's the fool doing with a secret? It's we who have all the secrets.

(*Clotho lassos him with thick strands of yarn. Apollo, crying piteously, falls to his knees, rises and falls repeatedly.*)

APOLLO. Ladies, beautiful ladies, let me go. If I'm late all Olympus will be in an uproar. Aphrodite will be mad with fear — but, oh, already I've said too much. My orders were to come immediately, and to say nothing — especially not to women. The thing's of no interest to men. Dear ladies, let me go.

ATROPOS. Pull on your yarn, sister.

APOLLO. You're choking me. You're squeezing me to death.

CLOTHO (*forcefully*). Stop your whining and tell your secret at once.

APOLLO. I can't. I can't.

LACHESIS. Pull harder. Boy, speak or strangle.

APOLLO. Ow! Ow! Wait! I'll tell the half of it, if you let me go.

ATROPOS. Tell the whole or we'll hang you up in the air in that noose.

APOLLO. I'll tell. I'll tell. But — (*he looks about him fearfully*) promise me! Swear by the Styx that you'll not tell anyone, and swear by Lethe that you'll forget it.

LACHESIS. We have only one oath — by Acheron. And we never swear by it, least of all to a sniveling slave. Tell us what you know, or you'll be by all three rivers in a minute.

APOLLO. I tremble at what I am about to say. I . . . sh . . . I carry . . . here . . . in these bottles . . . Oh, ladies, let me go. Let me go.

LACHESIS and ATROPOS. Pull, sister.

APOLLO. No! No! I am carrying the wine for . . . for Aphrodite. Once every ten days she renews her beauty . . . by . . . drinking this.

ATROPOS. Liar! Fool! She has nectar and ambrosia, as they all have.

APOLLO (*confidentially*). But is she not the fairest? . . . It is the love-gift of Hephaestos, from the vineyards of Dionysos; from grapes ripened under the eye of Apollo — of Apollo who tells no lies.

(*The Sisters confidentially to one another in blissful anticipation*)

LACHESIS. Sisters!

ATROPOS. Sisters!

CLOTHO. Sisters!

ATROPOS (*like sugar*). Pass the bottles up, dear boy.

APOLLO (*in terror*). Not that! Ladies! It is enough that I have told you the secret! Not that!

ATROPOS. Surely, Lachesis, you can find on your lap the thread of this worthless slave — a yellow one destined for a long life.

APOLLO (*falling on his knees*). Spare me!

ATROPOS. Look, that's it — the sallow one, with the tangle in it of dishonesty, and the stiffness of obstinacy, and the ravel-ravel of stupidity. Pass it over to me, dear.

APOLLO (*his forehead touching the floor*). Oh, that I had never been born.

LACHESIS. This is it. (*With a sigh*) I'd planned to give him five score.

APOLLO (*rising and extending the bottles, sobbing*). Take them! Take them! I'll be killed anyway. Aphrodite will kill me. My life's over.

ATROPOS (*strongly, as the Sisters take the bottles*). Not one more word out of you. Put your hand on your mouth. We're tired of listening to you.

(*Apollo, released of the noose, flings himself face down upon the ground, his shoulders heaving. The Sisters put the flagons to their lips. They drink and moan with pleasure.*)

LACHESIS. Sisters!

ATROPOS. Sisters!

CLOTHO. Sisters!

LACHESIS. Sister, how do I look?

ATROPOS. Oh, I could eat you — and I?

CLOTHO. Sister, how do I look?

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LACHESIS. Beautiful! Beautiful — and I?

ATROPOS. And not a mirror on all the mountain, or a bit of still water, to tell us which of us is the fairest.

LACHESIS (*dreamily, passing her hand over her face*). I feel like . . . I feel as I did when Kronos followed me about, trying to catch me in a dark corner.

ATROPOS. Poseidon was beside himself — dashing across the plains trying to engulf me.

CLOTHO. My own father — who can blame him? — began to forget himself.

ATROPOS (*whispering*). This is not such a worthless fellow, after all. And he's not bad-looking. Ask him what he sees.

LACHESIS. Ask him which of us is the fairest.

CLOTHO. Boy! Boy! You bay meek. I mean, you: you may thpeak. Thpeak to him, Lakethith — I've lotht my tongue.

LACHESIS. Boy, look at us well! You may tell us: which is the fairest?

(*Each of the Sisters is drunk in a different way. Clotho becomes a little girl, Lachesis arrogant and quarrelsome, Atropos tearful.*)

CLOTHO. Of courth, I'm the youngeth. I've alwayth been a darling. Everybody saith — thimply everybody saith — Darling Clotho. Thweet Clotho.

LACHESIS (*striking her*). Yes, youngest and silliest — and vulgarest. I don't care who the fool says is the fairest. I wouldn't expect to find taste in a kitchen boy. Who cares for the admiration of the market place?

ATROPOS. No one has ever been just to me. People say that I'm cruel. I'm not cruel. I've the tenderest heart in the world. I spend my life doing my duty, and what do I get for it? — ingratitude!

(*They start talking simultaneously. Lachesis is the loudest.*)

LACHESIS. Go find a judge who knows beauty when he sees it. Not a shallow prettiness, like you, Clotho, nor a bitter face like yours, Atropos, but soul. Soul. Spirit. Majesty. Dignity. Soul.

CLOTHO. Of courth, I'm *little*. I've always been little. When I path'd everybody thaid: mi-mi-mi-mi; come here, you little darling. Mi-mi-mi-mi, you little darling.

ATROPOS. Hidden away on this mountain. One injustice after another. And what do I get for it? — ingratitude. The tenderest heart in the world — that's what I have.

LACHESIS (*silencing them*). Hold your tongues, geese, and let's put the question to this young man. Boy, get up. Don't be afraid. Tell us: in your opinion, which of us is the fairest?

(*Apollo has remained face downward on the ground. He now rises and gazes at the Sisters. He is blinded: he covers and uncovers his eyes, gazing first at one and then at another.*)

APOLLO. What have I done? This splendor. What have I done? You, and you, and you! Kill me, if you will, but I cannot say which one is the fairest. (*Falling on his knees*) Oh, ladies — if so much beauty has not made you cruel — let me now go and hide myself. Aphrodite will hear of this. Let me escape to Crete and take up my old work.

ATROPOS. *What* was your former work, dear boy?

APOLLO. I help my father in the market place: I am a teller of stories and riddles.

(*The Sisters are transfixed. Then almost with a scream*)

THE SISTERS. What's that? What's that you said?

APOLLO. A teller of stories and riddles. Do the beautiful ladies enjoy riddles?

THE SISTERS (*rocking from side to side and slapping one another*). Sisters! Do we enjoy riddles!

ATROPOS. Oh, he would only know the *old* ones. Puh! The blind horse. The toe.

LACHESIS. The cloud. The eyelashes of Hera.

CLOTHO. What is it that first goes on four legs —?

ATROPOS. The porpoise. Etna.

APOLLO. *Everyone* knows *those!* I have some new ones —

THE SISTERS (*again, a scream*). New ones!

APOLLO (*slowly*). What is it that is necessary to — (*He pauses. The Sisters are riveted.*)

LACHESIS. Go on, boy, go on. What is it that is necessary to —

APOLLO. But — I only play for forfeits. See! If I lose . . .

CLOTHO. If you looth, you mutht tell uth which one is the faireth.

APOLLO. No! No! I dare not!

LACHESIS (*sharply*). Yes.

APOLLO. And if I win —

ATROPOS. Win? Idiot! Stupid. Slave! No one has ever won from us.

APOLLO. But if I win —

LACHESIS. He doesn't know who we are!

APOLLO. But if I win —

CLOTHO. The fool talkth of winning!

APOLLO. If I win, you must grant me one wish. One wish, any wish.

LACHESIS. Yes, yes. Oh, what a tedious fellow. Go on with your riddle. What is it that is necessary to —

APOLLO. Swear by Acheron!

CLOTHO and LACHESIS. We swear! By Acheron! By Acheron!

APOLLO (*to Atropos*). You, too.

ATROPOS (*after a moment's brooding resistance, loudly*). By Acheron!

Apollo. Then: *ready?*

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LACHESIS. Wait! One moment. (*Leaning toward Atropos, confidentially*) The sun is near setting. Do not forget the thread of Ad—! You know, the thread of Ad—!

ATROPOS. What? What Ad? What are you whispering about, silly?

LACHESIS. Not to forget the thread of Admetos, King of Thessaly. At sundown. Have you lost your shears, Atropos?

ATROPOS. Oh, stop your buzzing and fussing and tend to your own business. Of course I haven't lost my shears. Go on with your riddle, boy.

APOLLO. So! I'll give you as much time as it takes to recite the names of the Muses and their mother.

LACHESIS. Hm! Nine and one. Well, begin!

APOLLO. What is it that is necessary to every life — and that can save only one?

(*The Sisters rock back and forth with closed eyes, mumbling the words of the riddle. Suddenly Apollo starts singing.*)

APOLLO. Mnemosyne, mother of the nine;
Polyhymnia, incense of the gods —

LACHESIS (*shrieks*). Don't sing! Unfair!

CLOTHO. Stop your ears, sister.

ATROPOS. Unfair! What is that can save every life — (*They put their fingers in their ears.*)

APOLLO. Erato, voice of love;
Euterpe, help me now.

Calliope, thief of our souls;
Urania, clothed of the stars;
Clio of the backward glances;
Euterpe, help me now.

Terpsichore of the beautiful ankles;
Thalia of long laughter;
Melpomene, dreaded and welcome;
Euterpe, help me now.

(*Then in a loud voice*) Forfeit! Forfeit!

(*Clotho and Atropos bury their faces in Lachesis' neck, moaning.*)

LACHESIS (*in a dying voice*). What is the answer?

APOLLO (*flinging away his hat, triumphantly*). Myself — Apollo the sun.

LACHESIS (*savagely*). Pah! What life can *you* save?

APOLLO. My forfeit! *One* wish! *One* life! The life of Admetos, King of Thessaly.

(*A horrified clamor arises from the Sisters.*)

THE SISTERS. Fraud. Impossible. Not to be thought of!

APOLLO. By Acheron.

THE SISTERS. Against all law. Zeus will judge. Fraud.

APOLLO. By Acheron.

THE SISTERS. Zeus! We will go to Zeus about it.

APOLLO. Zeus swears by Acheron and keeps his oath.

(*Sudden silence.*)

ATROPOS (*decisive but ominous*). You will have your wish — the life of King Admetos — *but* —

APOLLO. I shall have the life of Admetos.

THE SISTERS. *But* —

APOLLO. I shall have the life of Admetos. What is your *but?*

ATROPOS. Someone else must die in his stead.

APOLLO (*lightly*). Oh — choose some slave. Some gray and greasy thread on your lap, divine Lachesis.

LACHESIS (*outraged*). What? You ask *me* to take a life?

ATROPOS. You ask *us* to murder?

CLOTHO. Apollo thinks that *we* are criminals?

APOLLO (*beginning to be fearful*). Then — great sisters — how is this to be done?

LACHESIS. *Me* — an assassin? (*She spreads her arms wide and says solemnly*) Over my left hand is Chance; over my right hand is Necessity.

APOLLO. Then — gracious sisters — how will this be done?

LACHESIS. Someone must *give* his life for Admetos. Of free choice and will. Over such deaths we have no control. Neither Chance nor Necessity rules the free offering of the will. Someone must choose to die in the place of Admetos, King of Thessaly.

APOLLO (*covering his face with his hands*). No! No! I see it all! (*With a loud cry*) Alkestis! Alkestis! (*And he runs stumbling from the scene.*)

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ECHOES

BY ISAK DINESEN

ISAK DINESEN *is the nom de plume of Baronesse Karen Blixen, whose ancestral home near Elsinore she has described in one of her* SEVEN GOTHIC TALES. *After her marriage to Baron Blixen, she went to live on a coffee plantation in Kenya; there she remained for seventeen years and began to write the sensuous, eerie tales that have made her famous.*

IN THE course of her wanderings Pellegrina Leoni, the diva who had lost her voice, came to a small mountain town near Rome. This happened at the time when she had fled from Rome and from her lover, Lincoln Forsner, whose great passion for her threatened to place her, and to hold her fast, within a definite, continued existence. She came to the town toward evening, in a cart drawn by a horse and a mule, which had carried chestnuts and wool down to the plain, and as she was about to pay her fare she found that she had brought no money with her. She did not worry, for she had never given much thought to money, and she knew that her friend, the Jew Marcus Cocozza, would before long have traced her dwelling place and would provide her with all she needed. On her left hand she had a ring with a big diamond; she took it off and gave it to the wagoner.

It was autumn. Dark fell almost at once, and the thin mountain air cooled suddenly; the wanderer seemed to feel the breath of snow in it. The houses round her faded, as if they were withdrawing into themselves and relinquishing the world.

Pellegrina walked through the narrow street with her small, hastily packed traveling bag in her hand. She had grown fat in Rome, on heavy, sweet food and much wine, behind walls baked by the sun and in the continuous turmoil of talk and music. She had to stop to catch her breath; as she stood still she felt the cold and the loneliness up here as a happiness. She thought: "This is a remarkable town; one feels as if one may stay on here." In a while she felt that she was hungry after her hurried departure and her journey. As a child she had often been hungry; through the faint ache in her stomach she once more became the light-footed ferocious wench who had sniffed in smells of food in the evening air, lonely with the loneliness of very young beings, and in a strange way safe. She thought: "I shall have to find a place to sleep tonight. I shall have, tonight, to beg bread and shelter from the people in this town."

She here realized that she had for some minutes been following on the heels of a huge form: a man in a cloak. He slowed up and stopped outside a small baker's shop, which was open to the street and upon the counter of which an oil lamp was burning. She caught up with him and stood

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still. Before the man entered the circle of light he sighed deeply, all anonymous in the dark. But when the light fell upon him she saw that he was a very old man, heavy of body; his face was not wrinkled but hardened and as if polished, like a big old yellow bone; his eyes were pale. She reflected, in the kind of fancy which might have run through the head of the girl of twelve: "He is a dead sailor, who has been long in the water. He stands up straight because, as is the custom with dead sailors, they have tied a weight to his feet. But he is still swaying a little with the current."

He did indeed stand as still and patiently as a dead man before the counter of the shop until the ruddy baker's wife behind the lamp turned and caught sight of him, and without wasting words on the business, as if in accordance with an old habit, reached out for a loaf of bread from the shelf, rubbed it on her bare arm, and handed it to him. The old man received it, likewise without a word, placed a small coin on the counter, and continued his way.

"Good night, Niccolo," said the baker's wife. "Good night," he answered in a toneless voice.

Pellegrina, as has been told, was a baker's daughter and would know that in a baker's shop there may be bread left over from yesterday which is given to beggars. But since she never thought of the past she walked on. Also in the old man's figure and bearing there had been a namelessness akin to her own. If now she added her own loneliness to his, would not the two together reach a rare, a remarkable pinnacle of loneliness? She hastened her steps a little.

"Forgive me," she said. "I have eaten nothing today and have no money with which to buy bread. I saw you just now buying a loaf in the baker's shop. Will you, out of compassion with the poor of this earth, give me a piece of it?"

The old man turned all round toward her, so helplessly surprised at being spoken to that she smiled. Her old habit of charming everybody she met got the better of her in the lonely village street in which she was begging her bread.

"I ask for nothing more," she said in her husky, insinuating voice. "Many people, I am told, are happy to have a bit of bread for supper. I ask for nothing else. If you have a dish of meat waiting for you in your house, I shall not claim to share it."

The man, who had stood immovable before her, at these words suddenly lifted his elbow, as if to deal a blow or to cover his face.

"Do not strike me," she said gently. "Cannot you and I be friends? Be not afraid that I shall stay too long with you. I am a woman who is always traveling further."

After a silence the old man said: "Come with me."

They walked on side by side, all through the village, until they came to the old man's house standing at the end of a lonely narrow road with a low wall running along it.

Here the man stopped and opened the door to the hut. "Wait," he said. "I shall light a dip. I myself most often sit in the dark. But I shall light a dip for you tonight."

She kept standing on the threshold while he raked the ashes from the embers on the fireplace, blew on them, and lighted a tallow-dip by a shaving.

"Come closer to the fire," he said slowly and hoarsely, pointing to the only chair of the room. She, however, would not take her host's seat, but pulled a wooden stool up to the fireplace. The old man took down a heavy key from a nail and locked the door.

"How is it," she asked, "that you leave the door to your house open when you are out and thieves may come in, but that you lock it when you are in it yourself?"

The old man looked at her, then looked away. "I do that," he said.

The small room was filled with the rank smell of goats and sheep, and was indeed only divided from the cattle shed by a half-door. She heard the animals moving and munching in the dark. The room was so low that the head of the big man brushed the joists of the ceiling.

Little by little the glimmering of the dip and the fire gained power over the shadows of the room, and in their light the old host stared at his guest for a long time. A fine lady in black silk in the street had asked a piece of bread from him and had sat down on the stool in his room.

At last he asked: "Why, Lady, have you come to this town?"

"I have come to this town," Pellegrina answered, "because there is no reason whatever why I should come. And that is the way in which I always travel."

The old man said: "I have heard of many kinds of people. I have heard of unhappy, moon-stricken people, who are running from place to place for no reason. Those people one must not mock, but must give them shelter and bread. But I know not if you be one of them."

"No," said Pellegrina, "I am not one of the moon-struck people, and you, and all others, are free to mock me. But you see, Niccolo, some travelers are drawn forward by a goal lying before them; in such a way the iron is drawn to the mag-

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net. Others are driven on by a force lying behind them. In such a way the bowstring makes the arrow fly."

"In such a way," said the old man heavily, "the Hunted and Pursued travel."

"Yes," said Pellegrina, "but you seamen also name it: running before a following, or a fair, wind."

"Why," he asked, "do you call me a seaman?"

She answered: "I am in the habit of observing the looks and ways of my friends. You walk like a seaman, and you have the eyes of a seaman, the which are used to gazing over great distances."

"And who will your friends be, Lady?" he asked.

"All people are my friends," said Pellegrina. "I have not got an enemy in the world."

He was silent again, and a couple of times sighed as deeply as he had done in the street before the baker's shop.

"It is sixty-five years since I saw the sea," he said.

"A long time, Niccolo," she said. "Yet surely you might see the sea again from these mountains."

"Yes," said he, "I might see it. If I walk up two hours by the path behind the house, I shall see it from there. When I first got the house, and had built the chimney and the shed to it, I walked up those two hours and came to a flat bit of ground, and from there I saw it — gray."

"All the same," she said, "it has had a strong grip on you, to have flung you up as high as here. You have lived in one house for sixty-five years, Niccolo, and yet you are a traveler of my own kind. And while those who travel toward a goal before them are traveling in fear of never reaching it — alas, I have myself lately left an unfortunate young man, who for a long time still will be rushing toward a goal that he will never reach, and his name, Niccolo, was Lincoln — we, who are running before the wind, may be without fear, for what will we have to fear? Therefore you must not fear me, no more than I fear you."

"I do not know," he said after a pause, "how it comes to be that a hunted and pursued traveler should look so joyous?"

Pellegrina answered: "It is like this: joy is my element. Therefore do I also wish that tonight I might give you joy."

"In what way would you give me joy?" he asked, surprised and as if angered.

"It is like this," she said again, "that just as it is forbidden me to remain long in the same place, remembrance is forbidden me. But you, my friend, who are free to remember things, look you back sixty-five years, or ten or fifteen years more, and tell me whether there you will find an hour in which you were happy."

"It is not good to remember things," said he.

"I have forgotten," she said, "what it is like to remember things."

"And it is not such hours as you speak of that I remember," said he.

He sat on for a long time. In the end — as from the bottom of a deep draw-well and by the aid of a heavy and rusty chain — he heaved up a recollection. When he had been a very small child amongst his brothers and sisters, it seemed that in the evening, and as she had got all her children put to bed, his mother had sung to them.

"I do not much like," he said, and looked in front of him into space, "to listen to people talking. Maybe it is better to hear them sing. Maybe you would give me joy, as you say, if you would sing to me."

"I would fain do so, dear Niccolo," she said, "but unfortunately I cannot sing."

Now Niccolo could think of no more things which would give him joy. But he called to mind that besides the bread he had onions, cheese, and wine in his house, and brought forth these.

"I have not," he said, "during those years of which I have spoken, had anybody come into my house. I have not shared a meal with anybody. I have forgotten how, in sharing it with other people, one breaks bread. Do you this for me."

She did as he required and handed him half of the loaf. "Is not this a fair hand?" she said as he took the bread from her. "The mouths of many fools have kissed it."

"I do not like to touch people," he said. "I do not like hands."

"But if I am to break the bread with you," she said, "I ought, I think, to say grace as I have heard it said. 'Dear Lord,' I should say, 'help us that we may with happy hearts administer to the wants of this our flesh, which you have destined for the glory of the resurrection.' "

"But that is a lie," said the old man. "There is no resurrection of the flesh. Or tell me, Lady, how that flesh would ever rise again which the fish have eaten?"

Pellegrina smiled at him. "I am no priest, Niccolo," she said, "but we will play that I be one. I shall answer you, then, that the dumb fishes, too, are pious creatures of God, and that our flesh, if it be eaten by them and be committed to their keeping until the Lord decides otherwise, the while is safe and well with them."

The old man sat on in silence, munching his onions.

"And if," he asked suddenly, "one man has

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eaten of another man's flesh? If an evil man, a boy with no good in him, has eaten of the flesh of a good and holy man? And many years have passed, so that it has become one with his own? How would it come to happen that this flesh should rise?"

"Alas, Niccolo," she said. "Life is hard, and sad things happen round us in the world. Yet I can tell you that the Lord likes a jest, and that a *da capo* — which means taking the same thing over again — is a favorite jest of his. He may have wanted, now, a sailor stuck on the top of a mountain, such as was Noah, whose name begins with the same letter as yours. It is a very sad thing that for the olive leaf I can only bring you a twig of laurel, all dry. But I shall tell you, to make up for it, that the Ark upon its rock may well have been laughing at the weightless flotsam from the deluge, running about from one place to another."

"You have not answered me," he said and stared at her.

"In my heart I have answered you," said she. "But I shall answer you over again:

"Alas, Niccolo, I guessed it when in the street you raised your hand against me — to strike or to hide your face — as I spoke to you the word of meat. Sad things happen in the world round us. I have heard of people shipwrecked in a boat, and the one of them might well be a good and holy man, and the other of them might well be a boy with no good in him, who saw no other way of saving his life than eating of the flesh of his dead companion."

"Yes, it was like that," Niccolo said after a pause. "We had got away from the ship in a boat, the two of us, I myself and the old chaplain of the ship, the *Durkheim*, all alone for a long row of days, on a long row of gray waves. And when he had died, I saw no other way of living on than by eating of him. I would not touch his face, and I would not undo his clothes. His left hand lay beneath his body; I ate the flesh of his right hand. On the evening of that same day I was picked up by a Spanish ship.

"I have told nobody," he said after another silence, "what I have now told you. If, when you go away, you tell it to the people of the town, they will chase me out of my house and away from the mountain by throwing stones at me."

"And then," she said, "I shall have no house to offer you instead, as you have offered me yours."

"Are you going to tell them, then?" the old man asked, his pale eyes on her face.

At that she became so sad that she dropped her head and her long hair fell forward.

"I told you that I was your friend," she said. "Should I then, always, be betraying my friends?"

"I have got no friends," said Niccolo. "I know nothing of the ways of friends. Are you going to tell your friends what I have now told you?"

"No," she said, "it is to you that I shall tell something. The right hand of that good man, the ship's chaplain, when the hour of resurrection comes, will grip you by the hair — and that, Niccolo, is why you have still got such long, thick hair — or will hold on to the very entrails and bowels of you, to lift you up with him. And you shall see before you the flesh, the thought of which has followed you in the dark, radiant like the sun."

"From where do you know this?" he asked.

"I have come from far away," she answered, "and I have got far to go. I am nothing but a messenger sent out on a long journey, to tell people that there is hope in the world."

"Are you an angel then?" he asked.

"I was an angel once," she answered, "but I let my flight-feathers wither and fall off, and as you see I can no longer get up from the ground. Yet, as you will also see, I can still flutter a little, from one place to another. But we will not speak any more of me. Tell me instead of the shipwreck. And the more things you can tell me about it, Niccolo, the more joy you will give me."

THE old man after a while set to telling his long tale, with the breaks and searchings for words of a man who has lost the habit of speaking, and with the keen recollection of details of a man whose thoughts have time after time gone through his theme. The *Durkheim* had caught fire and had gone down, in open sea, south of the Cape. The crew had taken to the boats; at the last moment the ship's boy had dragged the old ship's chaplain through the fire and the smoke, and had tumbled with him into a last boat that had been overlooked. In this boat the two had suffered great distress, until one morning the chaplain died.

During this account Pellegrina, who had come in from the cold, on her stool close to the fire grew sleepy. Yet when it was finished, and the narrator had sunk back into silence, she asked him to tell her more about his life. Niccolo told her that he had been a wild boy and that, while quite a small child, he had broken his little sister's nose with a stone.

As he related his life on board the ships and in port, she asked him if he had ever had a sweetheart. "No," he said, "when the *Durkheim* went down I was but fifteen, I had never kissed a girl. And afterwards I thought my mouth too rare a thing to give to kissing women."

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In the end her eyes twice fell to. "Niccolo, my friend," she said, "I could spend the whole night sitting up here and listening to you. But I am tired after a long journey, and I needs must sleep. Show me a place where I can lie down for a couple of hours."

Niccolo looked at her, looked round the room, and got up from his chair. There was no bed in the room, but only on the floor a couch made up of goatskins. "I have got but this bed to give you," he said, "and you will be used to a silken bed. But lie down there and fear not me. I shall do you no harm."

"And where will you sleep yourself?" she asked him.

"I never sleep a whole night through," he answered, and sighed. "I wake up many times, go out and see whether it is south wind or north wind, east or west wind, and come back again. I shall look after the fire, so that the room shall not be cold when you wake up tomorrow."

The touch of the goatskins on the hard floor was pleasing to her after her soft bed of Rome. But as again she looked at the old man, blowing on his fire, she called to mind the fools who had shared that bed with her, and once more felt his loneliness akin to her own.

"Nay," she said, "lie down with me here. You have told me that I need not fear you. The dip is burning down. Leave the fire, and lay you down to sleep as peacefully as, when you were a small child, you lay down by the side of your mother, who could sing to you."

Laboriously the old man obeyed her order, first going down on his knees, then stretching himself out. Vaguely, for a short moment, the face of Lincoln, who had last lain close to her, ran through her mind. "Why must pity of human beings," she asked herself, as again she chased away the picture, "forever suck the marrow from my bones?"

She said in the dark: "My small son Niccolo, I know that you have stolen apples, broken your little sister's nose with a stone, and eaten human flesh. But all is still well between us, and our two heads can rest on the same pillow."

A mighty, mute movement ran through the huge and coarse male body by her own; it was as if the bones in it were beginning to break. He raised one arm and dropped it heavily across her breast. His big head followed it; he bored it down into the freshness of her hair and the softness of her bosom beneath it — indeed, for a minute, like a babe seeking and pressing toward his mother's nipple. At the moment when the spasm of his limbs dissolved, and he loosed himself from her, he was asleep. A short while after she slept herself. Two or three times in the course of the night she woke up and heard him snoring lowly and deeply.

When she awoke it was light. She looked around to find out where she was. A basin of fresh water stood by the side of the couch, and she washed her face and combed her hair. At that the old man returned with a jug of hot goat's milk and bid her good morning.

She looked up at him while she drank. "Now I am going away, Niccolo," she said, "and I thank you for bread and onions, for wine and milk and shelter."

"I would rather you stayed on," he said.

"Speak not so," said she. "Those are words that hurt my ears, and have hurt them too many times."

"What words, then," he asked, "should I speak to you that will not hurt your ears?"

"If you be my friend," she said, "and if you wish to help me, you will answer the question which every day comes back and makes life burdensome to me."

"If I can, I shall answer it," he said.

"Tell me then," said she, "whether to go to the right or to the left."

He thought her question over. "And if I tell you, will you follow my advice?" he asked. "Will you care to know, as you are walking on, and in the place where you come to and where you sit down: Niccolo sent me here?"

"Yes," she answered him. "Add now, Niccolo, you who are still allowed to remember, your weight to the weight of the forces which are sending me forth. It will do me good to think, wherever I go and in whatever places I sit down to rest: Niccolo sent me here."

He again thought the matter over. "You are a lady," he said, "unused to walking in the mountains. You will soon wish to sit down within a house. But in any house you walk into, people will ask you who you are. And you will not tell who you are."

"I cannot tell who I am," she said.

"I know but of one house," he said after a while, "into which people may go, and nobody will ask them who they are."

"What house is that?" she asked.

"It is a church," he said.

She laughed. "Are you a churchgoer, Niccolo?" she asked him.

"No," he answered. "I have not been inside a church for sixty-five years. But when I was a child my mother took me there, and sometimes in the ports the ship's chaplain also took me to church with him."

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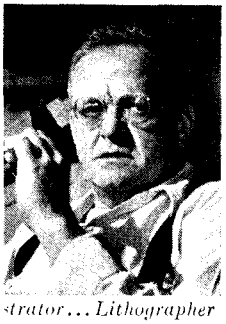

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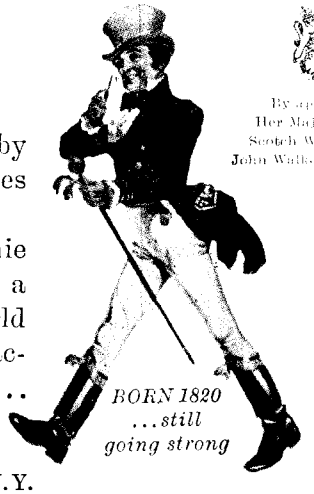

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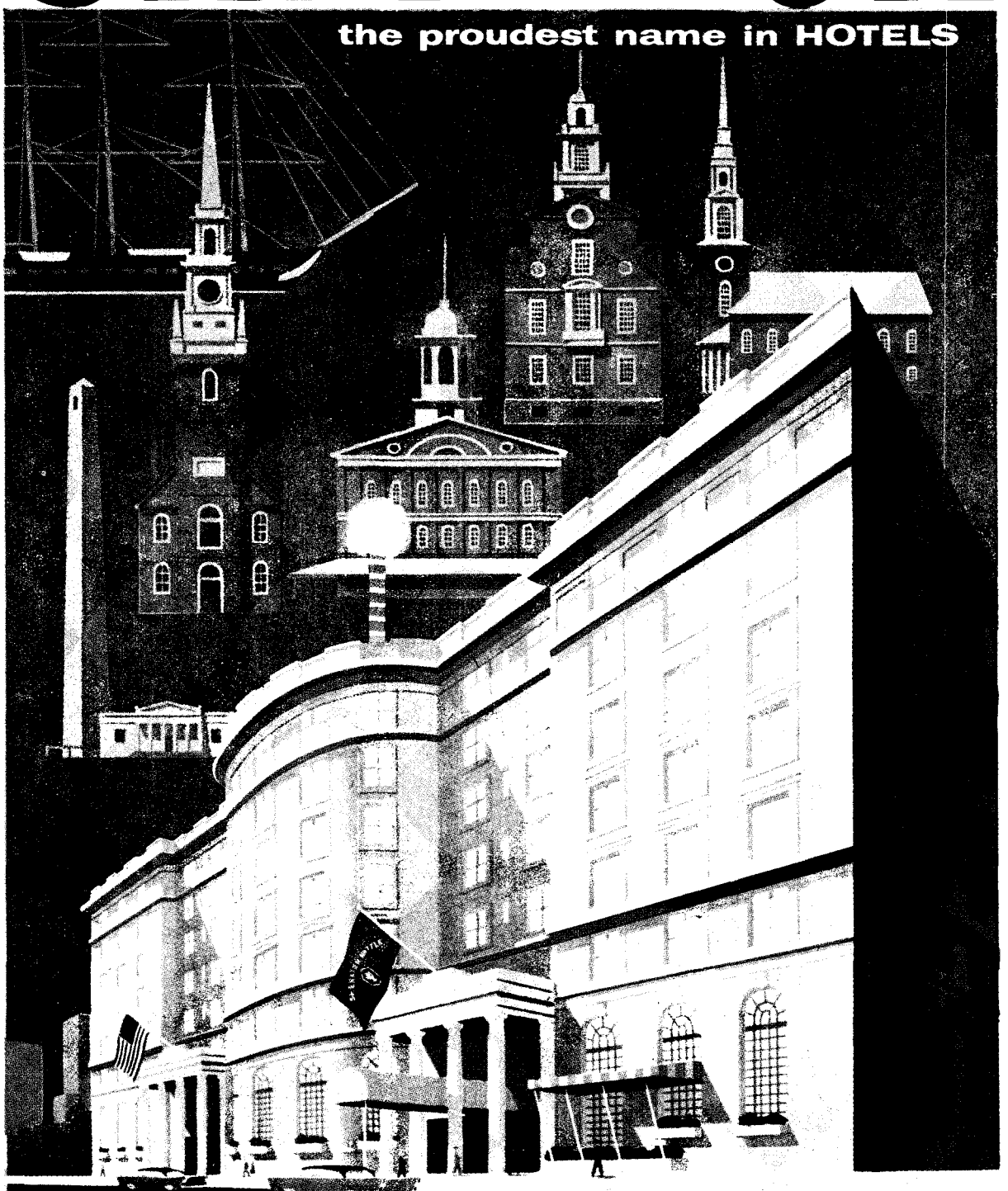

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"And what kind of houses, then, are those churches?" she asked again.

"They are strange houses," he said, "for they are called the houses of God, yet the doors are always open to people, and they have got seats for people in them. And in there someone is waiting for people to come. His name is Jesus and Christ, both names, and he is God and man, both."

"Alas, the hard lot," said she. "I, too, have heard of him. He will have been pleasant to talk with, for he was highly urbane, and said things to people which they must have been happy to hear. He said: 'Be ye therefore perfect!' And I tell you, Niccolo, there is not a singer in the whole world who is not longing to hear those words spoken. Yet he went through much, even more than we. For he will, in his quality of God, have known man's dreadful obstinacy, which may well be incomprehensible to a God. And he will also, in his quality of man, have known God's terrifying fancifulness, incomprehensible to man."

"Hush," said the old man, obviously scared. "You must not speak like that. God, Father Giuseppe told me, is the same yesterday, and today, and forever. Such words as yours are called heresy, and if the people of the town heard them, they would throw stones at you too."

"Nay, Niccolo," said Pellegrina, "I have said these things to God; I may say them to men as well."

"Think not so," Niccolo said, more alarmed than before. "One may take many liberties with God which one cannot take with men. One may allow oneself many things, toward him, which one cannot allow oneself toward man. And, because he is God, in doing so one will even be honoring him."

"We will not quarrel about theology, Niccolo," said she. "Tell me, instead, whether the church of which you speak stands to the right or to the left."

The old man took down the key from its nail, unlocked the door, and walked outside the house with his guest of the night, to explain to her what way to take.

There was a fine drizzling rain. Pellegrina, listening to him, with her left hand lifted up her skirt to start on her way down the muddy road.

When Niccolo had finished his directions, he stood silent. "You told me last night," he said at last, "that the mouths of many fools had kissed your hand."

"Yes," said she, "many foolish mouths, filled with frivolity and flattery."

The old man fumbled for her right hand and lifted it to his mouth. "And this mouth of mine, which you have made speak the truth to you," he said, "has now kissed it."

"Farewell," she said.

"Farewell, Lady," said he.

It was a Sunday morning and the Feast of the Rosary. Up in the rainy air the church bells were swinging and ringing, and people going to church carried umbrellas and here and there in the narrow streets knocked against one another. Pellegrina walked along with them and came to the small square on which the church stood. In the porch to the church she stopped for a moment; the nave before her in spite of its candles looked a dark place to enter. But she bethought herself that she had for once been advised where to go, and that she ought to follow the advice.

The boys' choir struck up the Kyrie, and on her chair she began to feel the cold of the room and the smells of damp clothes and of human bodies round her, and to wish that the service would come to an end.

But as, at the offertory, the shrill, innocent braying of many young singers ceased, one single clear boy's voice took up the opening notes of the Magnificat. All alone, abandoned by the other voices and leaving them behind, it rose to the low ceiling of the church and reverberated from it.

A minute later a lady in the congregation fell forward on her knees, her head on the desk of her *prie-dieu*. A couple of women near her stirred on their chairs, believing her to be suddenly taken ill; then, looking at her silk gown, reflected: "A great *peccatrice*, of the great outside world, up here in our church has been struck down by the weight of her sins," and sat on.

But Pellegrina was not struck down by any weight. Her body fell from her like a garment, because her soul went straight upwards with the tones. For the voice that gave them out was known to her. It was the voice of young Pellegrina Leoni.

At the sound of the first notes she did not believe her ears, but lifted her fingers to stop them. Then, as, in the "from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," she took in the ring and the timbre of the singing, she was filled with immense joy and was floating in light. After a long time she cried in her heart: "O Sweet. Sweetness of life! Welcome back." And again after a very long time she laughed. Aware that it was unseemly to laugh in church, she brought up her handkerchief to her face; when she took it back she found that it was drenched with tears.

Even when the young singer had long finished his solo, and her soul was slowly returning to her

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body, she remained on her knees. As in the end she looked up and gazed round her, the priest had read the last gospel, and the church was almost empty. But a little girl with two long black plaits, who had sat on a chair to her left, kept standing beside it, troubled by the idea that the fine, unknown lady might be dead. As slowly she got to her feet, her eyes met those of the child, and so radiant with happiness was the face of the woman that the little girl's face, like a reflection in a mirror, broke into a smile.

"Who was it," Pellegrina asked her, "that sang the Magnificat?"

"It was Emanuele," the child answered in a low, sweet voice.

"Who is Emanuele?" Pellegrina asked.

"Emanuele is my foster brother," said the little girl.

Here the row of choir boys on their way out of the church passed the two. The girl indicated one of them. "That is Emanuele," she whispered. Pellegrina tried to see the face pointed out to her, but things were swimming before her eyes; it passed by and was gone.

The little girl was still by her side. "What is your name?" Pellegrina asked her.

"Isabella," the child answered.

"I shall be staying on here a little, Isabella," said Pellegrina. "I became giddy a while ago, I know not why."

In the afternoon of that same day Pellegrina took lodgings in the town with an old spinster by the name of Eudoxia, the very last of a family who had lived in their tall narrow house for two hundred years. Eudoxia sewed lace, and after she had become alone in the house and her old legs had grown too stiff to carry her up the stairs, she slept and cooked her meals on the ground floor where she had her shop. The top flat of the house stood empty, furnished with worm-eaten and faded beds and chairs of ancient days. From its windows there was a wide view over the neighboring mountain slopes and the low land at their feet.

For a week Pellegrina sat by these windows and looked out. Many thoughts ran through her head. She reflected: "It is a strange thing that I should have known on my first arrival here that this town is the place in which one may stay on." And on another day, recalling the row of village boys amongst whom Isabella had pointed out to her the singer of the Magnificat: "So you have, lost voice of mine, taken abode in a young breast, the breast of a peasant boy of the mountains whom, as he was herding his father's goats on a slope, I might have passed in my carriage without noticing. The gods disguise themselves cunningly, and will also, in their own time, don goatskins and sheepskins."

Her landlady's big gray cat took a fancy to Pellegrina and came up to lie on her window sill; he brought the old maid herself up the stairs. To Eudoxia her lodger named herself Signora Oreste and explained that she was the widow of a world-famous singing master of Rome, who in his day had taught both great singers and princes, and had traveled from court to court in Europe. Now, she said, she had been ill for a long time, and on the advice of the doctors had traveled up to the mountain town because of the excellency of its air and water; maybe she would some day make its name as famous as that of her husband.

After a while Pellegrina inquired about Emanuele. The old woman opened upon the theme with unexpected solemnity. Emanuele, she said, was a brand plucked out of the fire. His father, who had been a distant cousin of Eudoxia's, and his mother, who had come from Milan, once had owned a farmstead some way out of the town. Twelve years ago, when the boy was but a baby, a mountain slide had crushed the house with its stables and outbuildings. The husband and wife with their two little daughters, and their donkeys, cattle, and goats, had all perished, and the wife's young brother, who was living with them, had had both legs smashed under the stones. But in the morning the child was found, unhurt and yelling for food, in the midst of the ruins. One might call it a miracle.

In very old days, Eudoxia explained, the town had possessed a priest who worked miracles, and whom the townspeople had wished to be made a saint. A deputation had traveled the long way to Rome to see the Pope on the matter, but nothing had come of it. From her account Pellegrina understood that since those days a bitterness had remained in the hearts of the town, together with a mystic hope of rehabilitation. Now many people felt that this child had been spared and chosen by Providence for great things in life, and that the village might still come to have a saint of its own.

The pious Podesta, whose name was Pietro Rossati and who was a widower, had taken the small boy into his house and had had him brought up with his own, only child. Emanuele, Eudoxia thought, might become a priest. But he might also come to marry Pietro's daughter — if so, he would make a greater match than he had been born for, but Pietro would not hold back the hand of his daughter from a husband picked out by the hand of the Lord. From the window Eudoxia pointed out the place where the lost farm had stood.

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When she had gone, Pellegrina sat on, gazing toward the spot.

"I have heard," she thought, "the story of the Phoenix which burns up herself in her nest and has her one egg hatched by the heat, because there must never be more than one Phoenix in the world — it is an old story. But God likes a *da capo*. Twelve years ago this boy was still a baby. He may well have been born at the hour of the Opera fire in Milan. Was, then, that fire in reality kindled by my own hand? And was the flaming death of the old Phoenix and the radiant birth of the young bird but one and the same thing?"

So she was to take up her voice of old days and to make it perfect, as it had once been. She was to teach the boy Emanuele to sing.

She knew that she would have but a short span of time before her, for within three or four years the voice would break. It was before the end of that time that the voice of Pellegrina should be heard again by the world, in that heavenly *da capo* which is also called resurrection. Christ himself, she remembered, when risen from his grave had dwelt for only forty days amongst his disciples, yet upon these forty days the whole world had built up its Creed. Her audience, her gilt boxes and her pits and her beloved galleries, would hear Pellegrina sing once more, would witness with its own ears a miracle, and would build upon it its hope of salvation. Would she herself, she wondered, on the first night of Emanuele's appearance, be hidden away in the gallery, an old unknown woman in a black shawl, the corpse in the grave witnessing its own resurrection?

She again wondered: "Have I been for thirteen years traveling, not as I told Niccolo, in flight, but in reality — and in a beeline — toward a goal?"

Slowly and carefully, such as in former days with Marcus Cocozza for her counselor she had gone through and taken possession of a new part of hers, she went through and took possession of the task before her. For this last part bestowed upon her by the director of her theater was the greatest of her repertoire and in itself divine. In it she must allow herself no neglectfulness and no rest. Were she to die at the end of the respite granted her it would be but a small matter.

She had a piano sent from Rome. It arrived on the same cart, with a horse and a mule to it, which had brought herself to the town, had to have its legs unscrewed to be taken up the stairway, and caused a stir in the street below. She looked at it for some time and struck a triad. Within the next few days she took to playing upon it; then small crowds would gather on the narrow terrace behind the house to listen.

She still sat waiting up in her rooms. She, whose nature held so little modesty, was timid at the idea of facing the child from the church with her own voice, and was preparing herself for the meeting by cleansing her nature of any hardness unworthy of that refound voice.

At the end of the week she made up her mind to act and, in all she did, to behave like a reasonable person.

She wrote to the Podesta that she would pay him a call, put on a new fine frock and bonnet, and walked to his house. She gave him her name and her situation as she had given it to Eudoxia, and told him that she had heard his foster son sing in church, and that she was, for the length of her stay in the village, offering to take on the boy as a pupil, free of charge. For it would, she said, be a great thing to him, should he become a priest, to sing well in church. She spoke in the light manner of a great lady from Rome, and the Podesta listened to her in the reserved and respectful way of a villager. But with the importance of her errand in her mind Pellegrina wondered whether Emanuele's foster father was not, deeper down in his own mind, aware that the two of them were here closing a bargain upon the possession of a chosen vessel. She made him promise to bring the boy to her house.

So Pellegrina and Emanuele met in the room of the piano. For the first few minutes she spoke without looking at him, steadying herself with her hand on the table. When at last she turned her eyes to the figure who had lived so intensely in her thoughts, and there had had existence partly as a singing voice and partly as a divinity, she saw that he was a child. He had a round, clear face, blue eyes, and a mass of dark hair. He was sturdily built, with long arms and short hands, and held himself straight. He was, she felt, less timid of her than she was of him.

But as again, after having talked to Pietro for a while, she took a longer glance at him, a deep and sweet satisfaction filled her. She knew that before starting their lessons she would have to find out whether the chest of her pupil was wide enough, his mouth large enough and its palate high, the lips sufficiently soft and sensitive, the tongue supple and neither too long nor too short. She saw now that the young singer before her was without blemish. His chest was like an osier basket filled with fresh grass; his throat was a strong column. She felt her own lungs drawing breath in his body and his tongue in her own mouth. A little later she made him talk and made his eyes meet hers, and she sensed, as she had often done before, the power of her beauty and her mind over a young male being, and her heart cried out in triumph:

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"I have got my talons in him. He will not escape me."

In this their first meeting she struck a number of notes on the piano and made her pupil take them up. The sound of his voice moved her as deeply as it had done in the church, but this time she was prepared for it; it fell like rain on parched, plowed land.

A day was fixed for Emanuele's first lesson, and the man and the boy, still with their caps in their hands, walked down her stairs.

After the second lesson Pellegrina thought: "I am like a virtuoso who takes up a unique instrument — he knows it all through; his fingers are one with its strings and he will not mistake it amongst a thousand, yet he cannot tell the volume of its capacity, but must be prepared for anything."

At the end of the third lesson Emanuele, when about to leave, lingered by the door and stood up straight there, his eyes in Pellegrina's, but without a word.

"Do you want to ask me anything?" she asked.

He had a way of shaking his head, as if to himself.

"No," he answered, "not to ask you anything. To tell you something."

"Tell me, then," she said.

"I know who you are," said he.

"Who am I?" she asked.

"You are not Signora Oreste, from Rome," he said. "You are Pellegrina Leoni."

These words, which for thirteen years Pellegrina Leoni had dreaded more than death, now in the mouth of the child had lost their bitterness.

She said: "Yes, I am she."

"I knew," said he. "My mother's brother, Luigi, told me of her. He spoke of her to nobody else. He had been a servant in her villa near Milan, and he said: 'People believed Pellegrina Leoni to have died, but it is not so, for she cannot die. And I shall see her again.' Later on he spoke of her and said: 'Nay, I know now that I have been mistaken. I shall never see her again. But you will see her.' He explained to me how I was to recognize her. 'By the way she walks. And by her long hands. And by her kindliness toward all low and poor people. And when you see her, think of me.' I have remembered, too, to think of Luigi," the boy concluded, "now that at last you have come up here to me."

"Luigi," Pellegrina repeated. At this moment she realized, in surprise, that the ban on remembrance was lifted when she was with Emanuele. "Yes, Luigi was my servant. He laughed; all my servants laughed. He put my flowers in water when I came home from the Opera. I recall his face now, laughing, above big heaps of roses. Indeed, Emanuele, you are a little like him. But this is a secret among the three of us."

"Nay," said the boy, "Luigi is dead. Now I shall be Luigi. And no one but you and I will know."

In the course of the next few months two forgotten kinds of happiness came back to the exiled woman and grew upon her day by day.

The first of the two was this: that hard work had once more come into her existence. For Pellegrina was by nature a sturdy, indefatigable old workwoman, and in the days when she had still been free to make a choice, idleness to her had been an abomination. Now, after those many years in which her one concern had been to leave no tracks in the ground that she fled over, she was again allowed to set her feet in deep and to pull her weight, and toil healed her heart and set it free.

Her singing lessons with Emanuele and her planning for them took up most of her days and kept her awake at night. The very difficulties with which she met were inspiring to her, and she laughed to herself as she recalled old sayings of Marcus Cocozza: "Sorrow is turned into joy before her. Her heart is as firm as a stone, aye, like the nether millstone. Out of her nostrils goeth fire, and a flame goeth out of her mouth." She did not, though, meet with many difficulties; her instrument gave itself into her hands unrestrainedly. At times its ready response to her touch even alarmed her a little as a symptom of too much softness in its nature. "Bear in mind, Emanuele," she admonished the boy, "that only hard metals will give out a ring."

She no longer worried about the briefness of her respite. For up here in the mountains time itself, like the air, was of a richer substance than in the lowlands, and the more of it she gave away the more she had. It happened that Emanuele brought the little girl Isabella with him to her house; she then talked and played with the child, and the hour of the lesson was not shortened. Old Eudoxia began to feel proud of her rich and distinguished lodger; she talked much about her to her friends and introduced some of them to her, and the great lady from Rome found time to speak kindly to them all. From Eudoxia's explanations about her neighbors and their relationship Pellegrina gathered that the citizens of the small town had been intermarrying for many hundred years; as she got to know them she saw that they had all of them become alike, their skulls slowly growing narrower and their faces more wooden; many of them squinted a little. One day the old squinting parish priest himself paid her a call, and became eloquent on the needs

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of his poor and sick. On his way down the stairs the old man was filled with bitter regret that he had not asked for twice as much from a person of so much wealth, and so ready to give.

Once she saw Niccolo in the street, walking along slowly and evenly. But he did not see her.

THE second happiness which, up here in the wide mountain landscape, came to Pellegrina was her love for her pupil.

It had in it adoration, triumph, and an infinite tenderness. All obsessed by her longing to give, she behaved to the child who was to receive like a lioness to her cub. She could not keep her hands from his thick hair, but pulled it and twisted it round her fingers; she folded his head in her arms and pressed it to her breast. Pellegrina had never yearned to have children of her own, but had, long ago, jested with Marcus Cocozza about the idea of the mighty singing bird surrounded by a nestful of young squallers with open beaks. Now she thought: "It is, then, in this mountain village that I am to lay babes to the breast and to give suck. But what curious sucklings have I got up here: an old toothless shark, and a cygnet!" Then after a fortnight the boy grew to her eyes and became her young brother, the precious Benjamin whom she was to lift up into the splendor of Egypt. During this period of brother- and sisterhood she was struck by a new family likeness between herself and him — from the beginning they had had but one voice — as now the voice pervaded Emanuele's whole being his face took on a sweet and pathetic resemblance to her own. Again he grew, and she thought: "In three years we two will be one, and you will be my lover, Emanuele."

The boy abandoned himself to her tenderness as he did to her teaching, without surprise or reserve. In spite of the wildness of their embraces there was ever in them great dignity and deep mutual reverence; the giving and receiving was a mystic rite, and an initiation.

Once, at the end of a lesson, she thought: "If he were to die now, I should die with him." At that same moment he went down on his knees before her, raised his eyes to her face, and said: "If you were to die, I should die too."

All the same she would from time to time find herself wondering as to how much she did in reality know her pupil. There was always in his bearing and in his attitude to his surroundings the grandeur of that faith in which he had grown up: that in all his world he was the Chosen and Elect. In such a young person it was curiously impressive and moving. Behind it was his rare gift and feeling for music, the thorough, extraordinary musicalness of his nature. She could not tell whether there was much more, neither could she tell whether she herself wished for more to be there.

She had heard his voice before she had heard his story; to her from the first the two had been one, and his singer's career his vocation. But she came to doubt whether it was so to him himself. Possibly he would have welcomed any call with equal frankness and candor, and would innocently have expected a fanfare to await him in whatever field he entered. Once, when he had sung with particular sweetness and purity, he told her that he wanted a flute with silver keys.

DURING these months of work and love, in which she was rendering her pupil ageless, Pellegrina became ageless with him. At one hour she would look bent, withered, and infinitely wise like an old grandmother, at others she had the face of a girl of seventeen.

One day she spoke to Emanuele of the greatness and glory awaiting him. Since the day when he had told her that he knew who she was she had talked to him freely of the past, had compared his voice to her own and his work to her own at the time when she had been taught to sing. But the child Isabella on this day happened to be present, so she spoke in an impersonal way of the triumphs of a great singer, of his power over the mighty of the earth and of the gold and the flowers flung before his feet. She recounted to the children how an enthusiastic audience had unspanned the horses from a beloved singer's coach and had drawn it through the town themselves. She saw that her visions of his future fascinated and amused the boy, but that they did not really mean much to him. He had no knowledge of the big towns that she named and but little of the words of princes, cardinals, and courts; the mountain town to him was the world, and it was up here that he meant to fulfill his destiny. With Isabella her words went deeper; she grew pale under them and her dark eyes were very big. Maybe, Pellegrina thought, the child was alarmed at the idea of a mighty lady carrying her foster brother with her away from her own world. "But let her go with him!" she thought. "Let her follow him about wherever he goes. Her innocence and gracefulness will make a sensation in all the courts of Europe!"

In order, now, to give Isabella a taste for such courts, Pellegrina set to making up a big elegant doll for her. From Eudoxia she purchased lace and silk ribbons, and made the doll's frock a replica of the frock of her own greatest role. In old days she had been clever with her needle; she lost

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herself in embellishing the wax doll, with beads and spangles on its long train like stars on a winter sky, and in the end placed a tall golden crown on its head. She was looking forward to sending for Isabella and handing her over the doll, when, just as she was endeavoring to put the crown straight, the little girl knocked at the door. She had never come to her house alone before; she was grave, and before she spoke she smoothed the folds of her skirt with her hand.

"I have come up here, My Lady," she said, "to say good-by to you. For I am going far away."

"Where are you going to, Isabella?" Pellegrina asked in surprise.

"To Greccio," Isabella answered.

Pellegrina smiled at the idea of Greccio being far away, for she could see the town from her windows. But Isabella went on gravely, informing her that in Greccio she had an aunt who was a nun, and that the nuns of Greccio ran a girls' school; she wanted to enter that school. "And when I am big enough, in five years," she announced, "I shall become a nun too."

"A nun?" Pellegrina exclaimed. "What makes you want to become a nun?"

"I shall be a nun," Isabella said, "so that I may pray all day for someone."

"For whom?" Pellegrina asked.

"For Emanuele," answered Isabella.

Pellegrina let her hands sink onto the doll in her lap. "How right you are," she said. "How right you are, Isabella. That is the one thing of which I have not thought. But it is needed, surely, and surely it will help him. You are wiser than I am."

She lifted up the doll onto the table.

"Look," she said. "I have made a doll to go with you to Greccio. Much love of mine will go with her, now that I know you are going to pray for Emanuele."

Isabella left the doll untouched on the table, but beneath her long lashes her eyes ran like dark drops from its crown to its small shoes. She drew a long sigh of adoration.

"Maybe," she said, "I shall not be allowed to have a doll with me in Greccio, not a big elegant doll like her."

"But do you not see," Pellegrina asked, "that this is no ordinary doll? It is Saint Cecilia, the patroness of music, with a heavenly crown on her head. By her all human hearts are uplifted and blessed."

Isabella still did not move, but she looked from the doll to Pellegrina's face.

"I am not," said the child, "in Greccio going to pray for Emanuele only."

"For whom more are you going to pray, Isabella?" Pellegrina asked.

The little girl changed feet. "The other day," she said, "when you told Emanuele of all the great things that happen to a great singer, and what sweet presents he gets, and how a thousand people love him, I thought by myself that maybe you could describe all these things so well because they had happened to you yourself."

"No," said Pellegrina gently, "all these things, dear child, have never happened to me myself. For I cannot sing. But I have in my time met many such famous singers; from that I can tell others about them."

"I thought by myself, My Lady," the little girl went on, "that after you had seen and known all the glory of the world you had come up here to our town to find your soul again and to save it. Therefore I resolved that in Greccio, when I pray for Emanuele, I shall pray for your soul too."

Pellegrina put her arms round the child. "Yes, Isabella," she said. "It is all true, and pray you for my soul now."

After a moment she asked: "Does Emanuele know that you are going away, and that you want to be a nun?"

"I have told it to him," Isabella answered.

"And what then did he say to you?" Pellegrina asked.

Again Isabella changed feet, she turned her face away a little. "He said the same as you did now," she answered. "That it was good. That I was wise."

By this time it began to grow cold in the town; the days drew in, and in the mornings and evenings clouds hung heavily round the mountain tops. Pellegrina caught a cold, and for a few days was so hoarse that she could not speak. But she consoled herself: "Isabella is praying for me."

The particular softness in the nature of her pupil, which had at times upset Pellegrina, came out as well in a fear of physical pain, unknown to her. It did not displease her, for by now nothing in the boy could possibly displease her, but she could not hold back herself from trying to rid him of it. One day, playing with his hand, she said to him: "I am going to prick you with my needle in three of your finger tips till I draw a drop of blood from each of them, and you must not withdraw your hand." Emanuele looked up at her with doleful eyes and trembling lips, but managed to keep his hand steady. She wiped the three drops of blood off on her small handkerchief, one by one, then as she looked at the three little scarlet spots she lifted the handkerchief to her lips.

The next day Emanuele did not turn up for his lesson. Pellegrina wondered what might have happened to him, but she did not send for

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him, since his will was her law. She kept sitting by her window, doing a little needlework and meditating: "It is happiness even to sit here and wait for him."

When he came back on the morrow he seemed to expect an inquiry about his absence, and as it did not come he said: "I was ill yesterday." He turned pale under his own words.

Yet he went through his scales more nobly than before; his voice to her had got a new, deeper ring to it. Once more she was filled with the reverence or awe that she had felt before, and at, their first meeting, and she sat on for a while in silence.

"Do you know, my little Emanuele," she said at last, "that you are now singing with my own voice? This is my great secret. My heart is swelling on to my lips as I tell it to you. You have got Pellegrina Leoni's voice in your chest, and verily Pellegrina Leoni herself till now did not know how beautiful it was."

She could not tell whether he was listening to her praise of him with a new, deeper attention, or whether he did not hear a word of what she said.

But as he was about to go, he lingered by the door, such as he had once before done, and asked her: "From where did you get your gold ring?"

"Of what gold ring are you speaking, Emanuele?" she asked him.

He answered: "Of the gold ring which you gave to Camillo, the wagon driver, when he had brought you up here."

She remembered the ring and called to mind that while she had bestowed many gifts on old Eudoxia and her friends, and on the poor of the priest, she had never made Emanuele a present, and she wondered if the heart of the village boy was yearning for some possession.

"Oh, I have got many rings, Emanuele," she said, "and other things as well. Would you like a ring? Or a gold watch? Or would you like silver buttons for your coat? I shall get them for you."

"No," said the boy, "I want no ring. No gold watch. No silver buttons either. But Camillo believed that it was just a trinket you had given him, a toy to play with. Then, last week, he showed the ring to a friend of his in Rome, who is a silversmith, and his friend told him that it was worth as much as his whole house. You have given Father Jeremiah gold too. From where did you get your gold?"

Pellegrina, as has been told, had never troubled herself much about money; she thought his question silly and was at a loss as how to answer it. She said: "I have told you that I am a rich woman. I have got a friend who gives me all I want."

The boy shook his head. "But your friend," he said, "has never come up here to see you. Nobody here has seen him."

"Nay, he has not been up here," she said. "My friend does not show himself much to people."

"Shall I see him?" Emanuele asked.

"Nay," she again answered. "You will not see him. But my friends are his friends. Tell me what you want, and I will make him send it to you."

"I want nothing from him," said the boy.

But he still did not go away. He gazed round the room slowly, letting his eyes rest on one thing after the other; at last he looked back at her.

"What are you looking at?" she asked him.

"I was looking at this room," he answered, "and at all the things here. At the green lamp, and the piano. I was thinking of them all."

"What were you thinking of them?" she asked him.

"I was thinking," he said, "that here I have been happy."

The words in his mouth sounded so curiously grown-up that they made her laugh. He, generally so touchy at being laughed at, remained grave.

"Happier," he said, "than in other places. I think that here I have heard my own voice coming to me from somewhere else, I know not from where."

With a strange, grave, and childish dignity he again took his glance off the room and off her.

For three days after this he did not come. This time she grew alarmed, wondering if he had really fallen ill. In the early morning of the fourth day she left her house to find him.

She went to the Podesta's house, and was told there that he was not ill, but that he had been away on his own much these last days, and was so now. She went to the house of Pietro's sister, whom she knew that he was wont to visit, but he was not in her house either. She went to a small square, where she had once seen him playing ball with other boys; boys were playing ball there still, but he was not amongst them. She went on from there to the houses of two or three friends of his, the names of whom she had learned from him, but he was not with any of them. She could not give up her search, but walked on at random. She had grown slim and light-footed once more up here in the mountains. When she had been a girl her walk had always been faster than that of other people; she walked so now, and the comb fell from her head so that her long hair was loosened and floated after her.

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Suddenly, on the outskirts of the town, she came upon him, standing immovable, his back half turned to her, and gazing into distance. At once, at the very sight of him, order and benevolence returned to the world, and she stopped to breathe them in and let them fill her. At this moment, and just as she was going to call out his name, he unexpectedly turned and walked away, at first slowly, then quickening his step. She walked after him as quickly as he.

A pale silvery winter sun showed itself in the sky; the varying gray tints in the house walls round her, and in the landscape below them, came out tardily in its light; the scarf round the fleeing boy's neck was a burning red spot in the cool picture.

All of a sudden the slight figure before her swerved off into a steep side street ending, high up, in a flight of stone steps. She had almost caught up with him, but on the stair her long ample skirts were in her way, and she stopped.

"Emanuele!" she cried. "Stay! It is me."

At the sound of her voice the boy began to run.

It flashed upon her that he might really, for some reason unknown to her, have been running away from her. Although he had not turned his head, he had sensed her approach and then taken to his heels, and Pellegrina Leoni had been running through the town in pursuit of a truant pupil. The idea made her laugh where she stood.

"Nay, stay, come down, Emanuele!" she cried up to him, her voice half stifled with laughter. "Come down and come back with me."

Emanuele turned round and faced her. He was trying to speak, but either he was breathless with his quick walk, or otherwise some violent emotion was holding him back; no sound came from him.

She wondered whether she had somehow overworked or scared him. He was not as hard as she; his heart was a long way from being like the nether millstone. She must be careful now; she must lure the bird back.

"You dearest child, come here with me," she called up to him, her husky voice enticing and insinuating like a stringed instrument. "We will play the loveliest games together. I have got velvet from old Eudoxia wherewith to make you a fine new coat. I have got the flute with silver keys. I have got many new songs and airs for you to sing. Dances."

At that he found his voice.

"No!" he cried. "No. No. No. And it is going to be No, I tell you, every time, whatever you try to make me do."

She stood without a word. She looked up at him to take in his face, and she did not recognize it or feel sure that it was the face of the child she had taught. This face seemed to have been all flattened out, the eyes themselves washed away and half disappearing in the flatness, pale like the eyes of a blind person below his twisted brow. It was the face of a little old woman.

"No!" he shrieked out in furious triumph at being able to speak, and she felt, in her own hands, that his two hands were hard clenched. "I know who you are. You are a witch. You are a vampire. You are wanting to drink my blood."

He stopped as if terrified by his own words, then cried on:

"You sucked my blood from your handkerchief. I saw it myself. You have got gold, diamonds, the flute with silver keys. You have sold your soul for them to the Devil."

She tried to make his words a jest. One says such things, at times, to one's lover.

"Oh, no, Emanuele," she cried back. "I have never in my life sold a thing. Whatever my friend the Devil has got from me, he has got in a present."

His answer came down as from very high up: "It is the same to me. You want my blood, all the blood that is in me. Witches live on forever by drinking children's blood. You want the soul of me, now, to make the Devil a new present!

"Luigi told me so," he went on. "He told me that you could not die, that you were immortal. All people thought that you were dead, but you were not dead. You had found, then, another boy whose blood you had drunk."

He stopped, and again went on: "It is true that you are old. But there is no help to me in that. For a witch will live till she is a hundred years old. She will live till she is three thousand years."

As now she did not answer a word, her silence stemmed his speech. For a moment he stood dead still and closed his eyes.

"Once," he then cried out, "I thought that I should die if I were to leave you. Now I know that I should die if I went back to you."

She stood as still as he, for in this long wail of farewell, and of doom, his voice had rung out as it should ring when at last she had made it what it was meant to be. It was Dido's lament, Alcestis' heroic sacrifice, in Pellegrina Leoni's voice.

The boy again opened his eyes and stared at her. Up where he stood he could get no farther, for the steps were here barred by a stone fence with a gate to it. For a minute he was immovable, a wild animal at bay, then he fumbled among the stones of the fence by him, heaved a stone from it, and pressed it to his breast.

"If you do not stay where you are," he cried, "I shall throw the stone at you."

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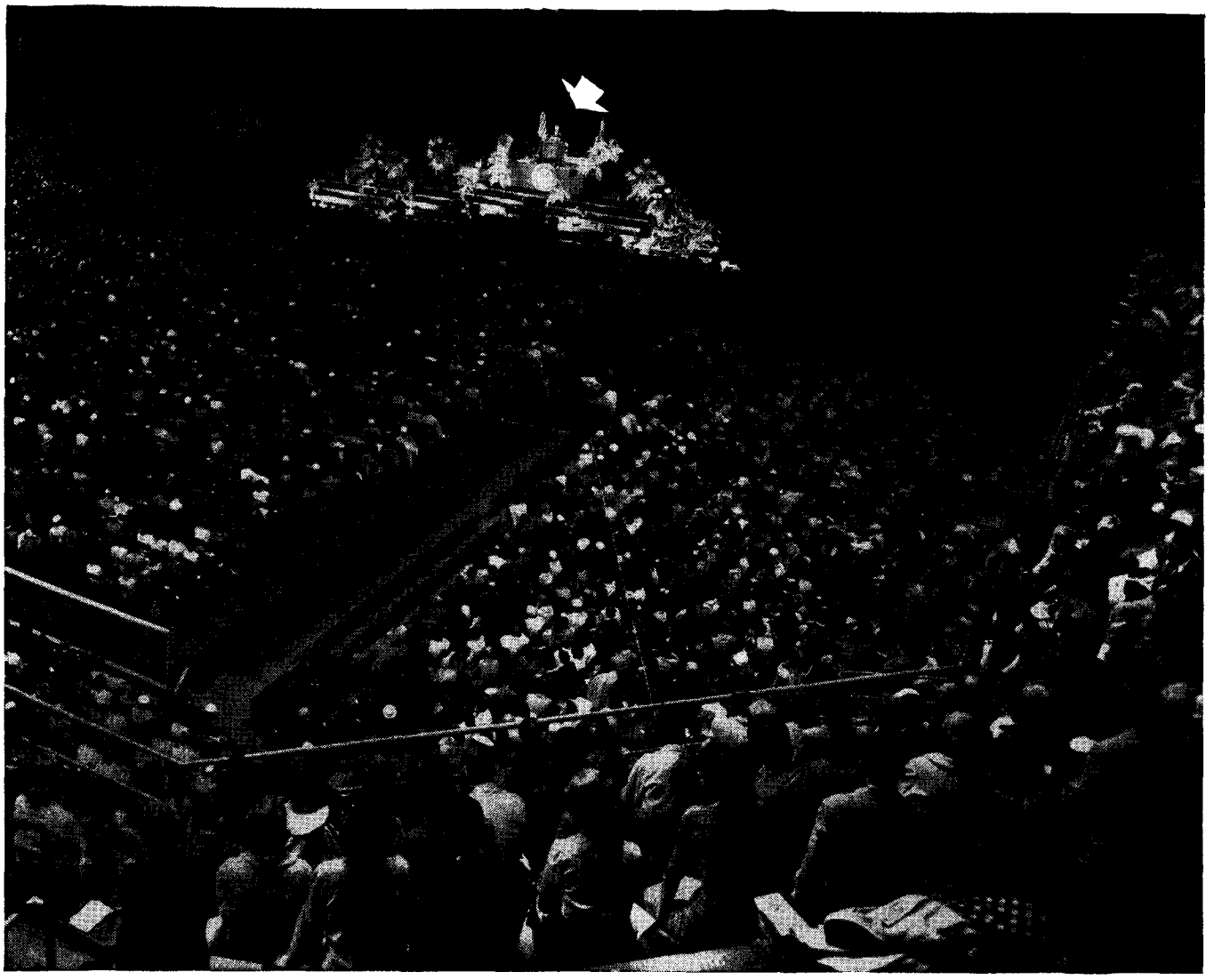
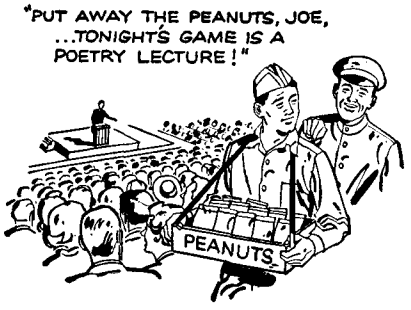


What makes a newspaper great?



T. S. Eliot probably is the only poet in history to face an audience of 13,723 in a cavernous sports arena.

The event: the third in the series of Gideon Seymour Memorial Lectures—a series founded in 1955 by the University of Minnesota and sponsored by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. The subject: a discourse on "The Frontier of Criticism", which earned for the 67-year-old Nobel Prize winner an ovation remindful of those that rattle the same Williams Arena rafters during a Big Ten basketball game.

The unlikely locale of the Eliot lecture was made necessary by the unprecedented demand for free-admission tickets to hear the author of "The Waste Land" and "The Cocktail Party". Requests snowed in from the far reaches of the 3⅓ state Upper Midwest area, far exceeding the capacity of the University's big Northrop auditorium—where some 8,500 people jammed in to hear an earlier Seymour lecturer, historian Arnold J. Toynbee, discuss "The New Opportunity for Historians". Additional thousands flocked to hear journalists James Reston and Walter Lippmann and educator-diplomat James B. Conant. To date, over 42,000 people have attended the lectures, some coming from more than 700 miles away.

The Gideon Seymour Memorial Lectures are designed to bring world leaders in contemporary thought to the University of Minnesota campus for the benefit of the whole community. The lecture series was established in honor of the late executive editor of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. The lectures are another manifestation of the continuing effort exerted by these newspapers to serve and advance the intellectual and cultural interests of their reader community, as well as being an appropriate recognition of the past contribution to that same effort by one of America's most highly regarded newspaper editors, Gideon Deming Seymour.

In a region famed for the intellectual vigor of its citizens, the challenge to newspapers is great. The effort to measure up to that challenge is always enriching and the response frequently spectacular.

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She, however, would not or could not stay where she was. In a wild and blind hope that the struggle might still be turned into an embrace, with two fingers she lifted up her skirt in front and took a light step upwards.

As she moved, Emanuele hurled the stone. She had seen him throw stones before, very accurately. It must have been his terrible tumult of mind which now made his hand unsteady or made him misjudge the distance. The stone brushed her head, and her thick hair somewhat warded off the blow. Yet she staggered under it and came down on one knee, and she felt the warm dampness of her blood as it trickled over her forehead and her left eye.

Before she got up, a second stone whirled past her ear.

Then she became furious. She had not been angry during the thirteen empty years of her flight; now in a second she was thrown back twice that length of time. She sent her indignation upwards in the dialect of her native village, as eager for battle as a small wench with a boy using unfair means of fighting.

"You clod!" she cried. "You stumpy peasant boy! So you are throwing stones, are you! So you will be biting too, will you, when I get hold of you!

"Do you know at whom you are throwing stones?" she went on. "A thousand men, a pope, an emperor, princes, gondolieri and beggars, if I but lift my voice will be here to avenge me on you, you fool."

She fetched her breath. "Yes, I am a witch," she cried. "A great witch, a vampire with bat's wings. But what are you, who dare not come down to play with a witch? What is a coward's soul worth? Must you sit on that soul of yours as a young miss on her maidenhood, with all your wooden, squinting friends sitting round you, praying that it may be preserved? The one amongst them who knew what a soul is, you sent away. I tell you, you are being poisoned by your soul; it is a bad tooth, have it out!"

She would have gone on, and would have been happy to go on, now that she had got her strength back and her blood up. But she stopped short, for her ear had caught her own voice. What should have been the roar of a lioness was the hissing of a gander and a pain in her throat and chest. For a minute she steadied herself with a hand against the wall beside her, then she turned and walked down.

On the second step down, her foot struck the stone that had been thrown at her. She took it up, rubbed it into the scratch on her forehead and turning once more flung it up lightly, so that it fell at the feet of the boy who had thrown it.

"Keep it, you!" she said. "Pellegrina Leoni's blood is upon it."

She began to walk back through the streets, and her mind was as dumb as her breast. On the way she fumbled at her hair and wiped the blood off her face with it. At last she stood still, gazed round and crossing the street to where, on a corner, there stood a low stone trough for watering donkeys and cattle, sat down on it. The leaden sky once more had closed over the sun; a chill wind came running along.

Pellegrina sat on the trough for a long time and let many reflections run through her head.

She first thought:

"I was right. I was right when I told Niccolo that joy was my element. The people of this earth who have got in them to suffer so deeply and to fear will get the better of me every time. I cannot hold my own against them." She called up before her the faces of the townspeople, one by one. Here was Eudoxia's face, furrowed with care and worry; here were the faces of Eudoxia's neighbors, strained and anxious; and the tallow-colored face of the parish priest, blunt and stolid, as if blind. "Joy may come to them," she told herself, "as a surprise, for an hour or two, but none of them feels at home in it." The idea of the overwhelming majority of unhappy people in the world closed in upon her from all sides. "I cannot stand up against all of them. Not against all."

She next thought:

"Emanuele was mistaken; he was all wrong. But one cannot blame him for that. I myself have been told about the mingling of blood between two people and of how, there, the blood of the giver by a tube is conveyed into the veins of the receiver. But he has never heard of such things; to him the mingling of blood will mean the drinking of it, one of the two emptying the veins of the other. He saw me sucking his blood from my handkerchief, and he ran away before me in fear of his life. But it is difficult to tell, in a mingling of blood like ours, who gives and who receives. You ought to have known, Emanuele, that I should not have brought the drops of your blood to my mouth if it had not been that I was longing to give all my own blood to you."

She again thought:

"And then, maybe, he was not as much mistaken as all that. Or can you vow, Pellegrina, that you yourself, who have so often been begged to stay on, who have been held back and have been pursued, did not, today, take pleasure in being the pursuer?"

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She here became conscious of people passing her or coming toward her in the street, and it seemed to her that they looked at her with grief or in fear. She remembered that she had on her forehead the mark of Cain. She also remembered Niccolo's words, that if people knew what she was thinking they would throw stones at her. She dipped her long tresses in the water of the trough and washed her face with them. "But it will still be there," she reflected, "and I shall have to get up and away from here. For it must be a sorry thing to be stoned." She called to mind how, on the evening of her coming to the town, she had told herself that this was a place in which one might stay. "But there I was wrong," she thought.

She wanted, before rising and going away, to think once more of Emanuele. It would, she knew, be the last time, for on parting from him she must again give up remembering. She sat gazing down in the water of the trough, but she saw his face as he had lifted it to tell her that if she died he must die too, and as he had lowered it when he had thrown the stone. "Must pity of human beings," she cried in her heart, "forever be sucking the marrow out of my bones?"

She thought at last:

"Oh my child, dear Brother and Lover. Be not unhappy, and fear not. It is all over between you and me. I can do you no good and I shall do you no harm. I have been too bold, venturing to play with human hands on an aeolian harp. I beg pardon from the north wind and the south wind, from the east and west wind. But you are young. You will live to grow a beard and to prove yourself the Chosen and Elect; you may live to give to your town a saint of her own. You will sing too. Only, dear heart, you will have to work hard to unlearn what you have learned from me. You will have to take great care so as not, when you are singing the Gospel, to introduce into it *portamento* effects.

"And the voice of Pellegrina Leoni," she concluded, "will not be heard again."

As she got up from the trough and stood on her feet she asked herself: "Shall I go to the right or to the left?"

She bethought herself of Niccolo, who had taken trouble to give her his advice on the matter, and reflected that she ought to follow that advice once more, and go into the church. For in a church, she remembered having been told, people will not stone anybody.

She had to look round again to find the way to the church, then walked along to it.

She had expected to find the church empty. But the day happened to be a Sunday, as had been the day of her first visit there, and when she lifted the heavy leather curtain of the porch she saw that there were people in the room behind it. It was the last Mass of the day, a silent Low Mass. Without making any noise she sat down close to the door, and she soon came to feel that she was already on the road again, and that the quiet in which she sat was but a pause.

In a while the communicants, who had been up by the altar, came back and again took their seats. She cast a glance at the face of her neighbor, a very old woman, to see if there she would find any fear of her. The face had no expression at all, but she saw that the wrinkled lips were still moving and munching a little with the consummation of the Host.

"You too, Niccolo," she thought, "spoke the truth on that evening when we talked together. One can take many liberties with God which one cannot take with men. One may allow oneself many things toward Him which one cannot allow oneself toward man. And, because He is God, in doing so one will even be honoring Him."

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DIVORCE

AS

A

MORAL

ACT

HERBERT GOLD

I DIVORCE you for ever and ever, and even death shall not break it."

Divorce is perhaps the extremest moral event which we can consummate on earth. It may be an evil act or it may be a good one, but it is moral all the way down — we reach it only with a rope woven of a thousand difficult decisions. Marriage, with which divorce might be compared under some of its aspects, has an older, premoral character. It usually seems to be a good thing, but it is a good act called into being without a clear sense of consequences by individuals who are led by hope, trust, and desire. Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do. If it is good, when it is good, it begins as natural virtue, not moral virtue. It is good as growing plants are good — out of the impulse of life itself. It is good as sleep is good (sleep is a natural virtue which the divorced sacrifice) or as waking in the morning refreshed is good. Of course, the preservation of marriage depends on more than natural virtue, usually to the surprise of the married, but these later moral decisions have come unanticipated in the flesh. They are initiated after the *natural* act of marriage.

Natural virtue — doing what is right by instinct, habit, tradition, or in obedience to some great faith — is mostly past for man as a species. We are long out of the garden of innocence. The angel sent down to expel Adam and Eve was the first Reno judge, but we are conservative; despite all thunder, trouble, and waste of spirit, we failed to recognize him. Now the day of natural virtue, when divorce was almost inconceivable, is over. Decisions, decisions! To shore up a marriage, despite suffering, sinking, a reign of destruction, may be a good or an evil act — it is a moral decision; the same to enter upon this always new and strange compact, within the clutter of bitterness and mistake, among the broken furniture of intentions, in the abrupt dead silence, after much thrashing noise, of eternal acquiescence in misunderstanding — in hushed piety now: "I do divorce you and cherish you, through age and new marriages, all the way past death's vain effort to part us."

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For the pulse of marriage is not broken by divorce's hemp. With children we cannot even conceive of breaking it — that eternal physical presence of the new and unending family we have created, children having children having children, long after we have died. Our being in them is never dead. ("When, now you tell me *when* are you coming to live at home again, Daddy?" "Never. But I'll come to see you every day, unless, unless —" "Will I have to get a new daddy?" "I'm your daddy and you're my daughter, and we won't change that.") The state of being father and child, having children, having a parent, never changes, although the manner of that being is hurtfully altered.

Even without children, we have become ourselves only together and in our marriage and we go toward what we are becoming only together and in our divorce. Divorce is not a dissolving fluid, although it may be a corroding acid. It is like marriage but extremer: it is to marriage as an explosion is to rust. Under certain circumstances an oily cloth may smolder and decay under slow oxidation; in a tight closet it bursts into fiery life. But all that is metaphor; marriage and divorce are kin in that we have formed ourselves together within them. We do not become innocent now. Your face is mirrored on mine; my body is written on yours. Even if we love again — and of course we will — our old marriage grows in the new love. In fact, we may only reveal the meaning of our marriage through the new love. If we are lucky and good, we will have a new marriage which is continuous with the old one. The more truly we are loved for ourselves, the more true this is. The new lover loves what we can bring; a large part of what we can bring comes from the old marriage which we created together; the old love is now a vitally changing element in our flesh and memory, fantasy and intention.

If the new love is happy, the old marriage is vindicated: *Through me you have learned to love.* Or if not so much, at least this: I left you with the strength to be happy, an ambition to know love, the suspicion that it is possible. Perhaps I have even left you with a belief and a brilliant need. Together we have put an end to the monstrous expectations of first marriage, and without cynicism we may now go on to what is possible.

How does a divorce grow into being? Or rather how is it decided into being?

It is always a question of character, not incident; personality, not anecdote. Legal briefs are notorious liars, although such phrases as "Incompatibility" or "Mental Cruelty" seem to be pathetic efforts to tell a general truth. Divorce appears as almost the absolutely free act because almost uncaused — that is, caused by anything, by any constellation of accidents. It is always caused by something but the something is never the same. Each divorce is unique. Let us dispose of some common simplisms:

The free personality married to the dependent may divorce. The dependent personality married to the dependent may divorce. And the free married to the free may divorce. In the first case, the liberal, hard-loving personality feels imprisoned by a partner who feels more and more afloat, uncared for. In the second case, the two needful, lonely ones lean off balance against each other until they topple helplessly in a strident crescendo of demand for reassurance; they can no longer hear or feel each other — they have been too close. At last, in their desperation, the pain of clawing each other blindly in the dark seems less than the pain of bleeding quietly and alone in the dust. In the third and strangest case — the free and the free — it is because they are free *away* from, not toward each other.

In each case, the origin of divorce is character. The dynamics — or rather the tactics, since this becomes that worst war, civil war — are expressed in a series of incidents. However, these do not evolve in a straight line. They circle each other; they grow upon and nourish each other; is not any marriage, as Aristophanes suggests, a body? Divorce grows as the pearl grows, as the cancer grows — as the pearl in some ways, as the cancer in others. The pearl of divorce may be ejected by a powerful oyster. The malignancy, once started, is generally irreversible and proliferates with rapid fibrous insistence while the rest of the body wastes and rots.

Again: A grit of disagreement becomes, by accretion, an intolerable burden when it is not a cause of trouble but a symptom. The body of marriage is working against itself. Like the seed of the pearl, the grit torments this oyster, which increasingly busies itself with it, and so it grows; like the cancer, it steals the strength needed for health, thus mysteriously nourished through novel conduits; and like the goiter on a neck, it is soon all that you can see. This sort of grit may take years to mature within the life of its host: the marriage resists, resists, and its struggles leave sores, scars, and crippled healing.

When they can no longer bear the agonies of distrust and the weariness of effort, the couple parts, in longing and sorrow, with great staring tenderness. This false revival of the old moody courting is like the pertness of the last moments of a wasting illness. Dissolution follows fast; no

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longer virgin to divorce, they fly apart in a sensual rage — quarreling about money, property, those things which never troubled them before, bitter about her use of make-up and his clumsy slouch, spinning off into contempt in order to sear and so seal the wound.

True remissions sometimes occur — and false remissions. A springtime, a miraculously tender evening when desire and expectation meet — but these are reminders, depending on sentimentality, and the foreboding returns first and then the disease. The true remission of any disease, in the face of destruction, seems an almost divine intervention. With death plucking at your sleeve, the body writhes in anger and joy, "something clicks," and the course and pattern become what they have not been. Sometimes; rarely. In the face of the death of divorce — I am speaking here of people who have loved each other — at the worst and darkest moment — when they feel spiders in their ears and mice at their hearts — they may reject their monstrous denial of the past. Does it really happen? It can; at least we can imagine it, and that is enough to make it possible.

On the other hand, the healthy divorce may be the necessary radical cure of character. It is not merely surgical, although it aches as much as surgery: the divorce disentangles living flesh which has entwined and even grown together. It is systemic; and with all its pain, it may be the sign of a cure.

For example, her father was an alcoholic, say, and she never could fight him through about it. Her mother failed, naturally, but *she* . . . So she marries an alcoholic, finds it impossible, and is freed of her father for the next marriage. Here is another trivial, overschematic example. His mother was a manager; he could not disengage himself; he crawled into another manager's pen. But lo, under threat of extinction as a man, he is *not* a child and he *can* free himself. Now having practiced successfully against his mother, he no longer needs to defeat her. He can even find, next, the yielding, giving, and responsible woman whom the glare off his mother's rage hid from him.

All examples are radically falsifying. Divorce is a fragile snowflake in the December sun. Who breathes on it decides for himself about it.

And there is something still more subtle, clever, and diseased: we may make our wife or husband into the image of the unconquered parent, just in order, later, to destroy it. This is pathetic and comic. You were chosen, but you did not know for what, and pressed into service against your will, but slowly, gradually, so that you did not know what you were doing, and then — at the moment of ripeness, when you are perfectly what your partner needs you to be — *the knife!* Perhaps the squealing cattle should organize against the slaughter, but they did not see the end, only the busy chain of events in the yard. And you were, very likely, too busy making your own effigy. This is painful. These are the very bad divorces, where there was no thou-saying ever, where human beings were used as tools. We should warm ourselves by the good divorces, rare though they are.

"Will you go to dinner with me?" he asks.

"No," she says, "I have a jealous husband." And the smile of complicity: he might find out, but if he doesn't . . . The husband is used, rearranged, scrambled, an image formed totally of her uses for him. She does not think: I love him. Instead, she refuses the invitation with smug, mouth-narrowing thoughts of possessions: he is jealous. This woman is unfaithful even if she never enters another's bed. Her husband feels her infidelity in their own bed — in her passivity, in her absent devouring of his substance. She needs him, true; he may take that for love. She wants him perhaps. She cannot do without him.

But even in his arms she is unfaithful. She cannot love anyone but her incomplete, uncompletable self. She yearns to exist, but her yearning is a bottomless pit down which her husband and children careen.

I keep promising myself not to use examples. There are too many individual members of divorce. As to incident, all marriages suggest them — money, infidelity, boredom, should we go out or should we read, in what manner shall we love, how many children do we want. Ways of being parents and friends. Taking and giving ways. These matters are all symptoms of character. True, they also change character. But when they attack the marriage, it is in their role as symptoms. All married people can supply their own instances. Every marriage is a potential divorce.

So we are practical. "The children — think!" Those who for so many reasons need too much of love can do nothing to preserve a form of marriage for the sake of the children. They perpetuate their own suffering in their children, of course, but they can do nothing else.

Back for another moment to the knotty question of infidelity. Imagine this: a woman who feels wronged tells her husband of infidelities with a man now living abroad. They struggle — tears, beatings, desperate lovemaking as the husband strives to possess her for himself. At last he forgives her. When does she leave him? When does the marriage fly apart for all to see?

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When the husband discovers that it is a lie, that she had been helplessly true to him, that she had fought in this hysterical way to gain ascendancy over him. Now she feels judged utterly, and with no strength to give and take from him, she gives up. She finds that last creative strength of character necessary to tear herself from him. Either that or suicide.

Rare? Mythological? Yes, but it tells how much we need infidelity, and it tells how much we can bear to suffer, and it tells what we finally cannot bear. We can suffer the hurt of strength — even the unsure, petty strength of a three-week stand, fragile and self-denying; we cannot suffer the wound administered by weakness — by weakness aware of its weakness and being nothing but weak.

It is said that the widow who was truly devoted to her husband is the one who has faith in marriage, believes in love, marries again. The unhappily married, unfulfilled man or woman, having his problem fantastically solved by a death he only dreamed of, must mourn forever — guiltily, regretfully, guiltily. He must even invent a justificatory bliss in the past. Gray-faced, always in mourning, his life is over.

No! cries the grief-stricken true lover when the time of sharpest bite is finished. This *no* is a *yes* to life. No, no, love is too important to pass out of my life by this accident. My dead lover tells me this: he wants me to have the best part of his legacy, and this is the power to give and take love. This widow or widower inspires love, deep and sensual love, at any age; and gives and takes it. A new sharing occurs on earth — the best gift which earth offers everyone in the democracy of blood.

May it not be, in the same way, that only the divorced couple who sometimes were truly happy and loving have the chance to find love again? The good divorce is that between two who have once loved each other. Justly they may pity the bad divorce — that of beings who have merely made mistakes, merely rectified mistakes, merely repeated old errors bred in the family. The bad divorce is the one of diminished decision: submission to a painful pattern, a deathly cure by living through the sins of the fathers. The good divorce dares to love again — as only the widow who was happy can dare to give up her fabricated memories.

Good luck! Let us divorce tenderly, and believe in each other forever.

HERBERT GOLD, *author of* THE MAN WHO WAS NOT WITH IT, *has recently received a Guggenheim award.*

A TOAST TO 2000

BY R. P. LISTER

The century's no longer new;
The years to come seem very few.
Twenties and thirties, forties gone,
And now the fifties rumble on . . .
No use to grumble or repine,
The century's in its decline.

Now dawns upon the turning page
The fin-de-siècle, stuffy age.
Young men and maidens of this time
Will be the pillars of its prime;
These jocund children, bald and stout,
Will see its last convulsions out.

And we who saw the thirties through,
The hungry forties suffered too,
May linger, gray and comatose,
Within a few years of its close;
But not behold the strange new years
Charged with fresh follies and fresh fears.

Yet some Victorian, shrunk and thin,
Will see the year 2000 in —
With fumbling mind, but changeless mien,
Will ponder on the dear old Queen,
Under whose reign he first beheld
The frightening world, and wisely yelled.

There will he sit like any ghost
And drink to that New Year a toast,
Toast given by some pompous bore
At present playing on the shore.
Well may that centenarian fail
To grasp the meaning of the tale.

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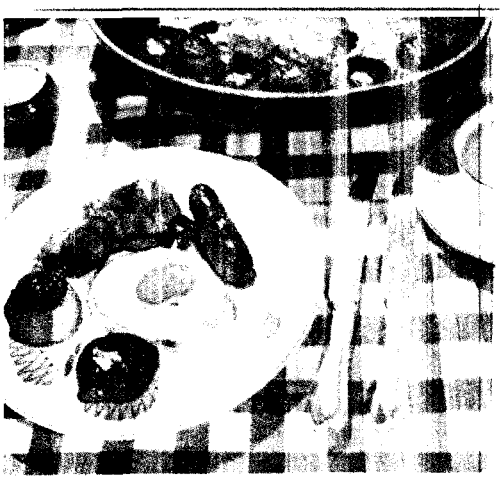
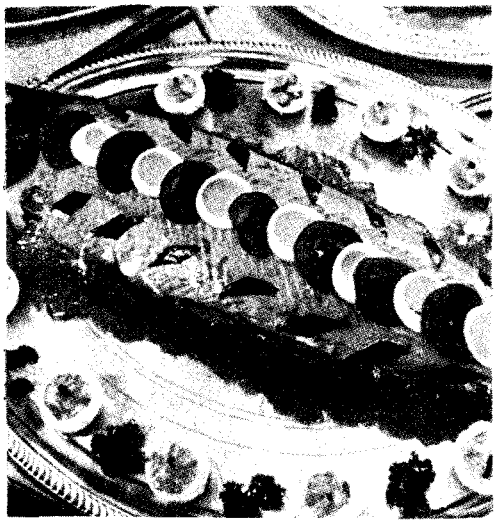
Traveler's Guide to good food in Britain



THE BRITISH BREAKFAST. Gargantuan is the word. Where else can you order mixed grill, smoked kipper and finnan haddie? Tea is the national eye-opener. But most hotels offer coffee as a choice.

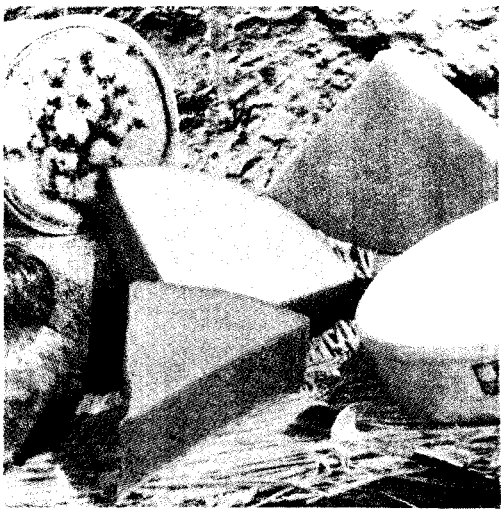
THE BRITISH TEA CEREMONY. Victorian wits called it a "bun-worry." Tea includes buns, cakes, tarts, crumpets, muffins, and exquisite little sandwiches. Go North for scones. Go West for Devonshire Cream.

ROAST BEEF. The roast beef of Old England is here in all its glory. The British do not smother meat with rich sauces. Steaks come thick and rare. Southdown lamb gets a touch of red currant jelly.



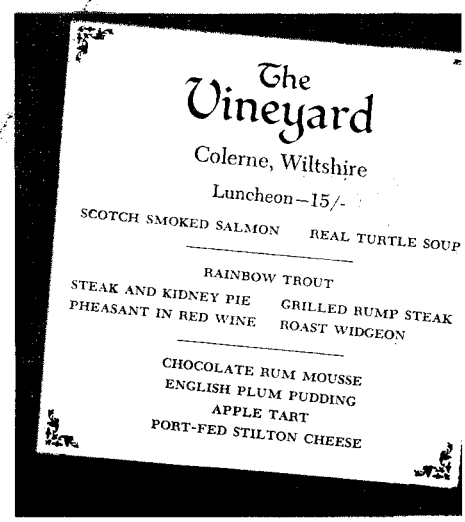
HEAVENLY FISH. No place in Britain is more than 75 miles from the sea. The fish almost jump into the pot. Above, is a Scotch salmon. Gourmets leave home for it. Likewise, for English oysters.

UNBEATABLE GAME. British cooks really *understand* game. Grouse from Scotland. Partridge and pheasant from the great estates. Order a bottle of claret. British cellars are the envy of the world.



POETIC CHEESES. Is there a finer cheese than Stilton? It takes six months to reach perfection. Honest British bread and beer go down well with all the local cheeses. Try the supreme *Wensleydale*.

FABULOUS FRUIT. Britain's fruit ripens *slowly*. Taste *Royal Sovereign* strawberries. They have more flavor than any other kind. Same is true of English peaches, plums, apples—and *jams*.



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GRILLED RUMP STEAK
ROAST WIDGEON
CHOCOLATE RUM MOUSSE
ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING
APPLE TART
PORT-FED STILTON CHEESE

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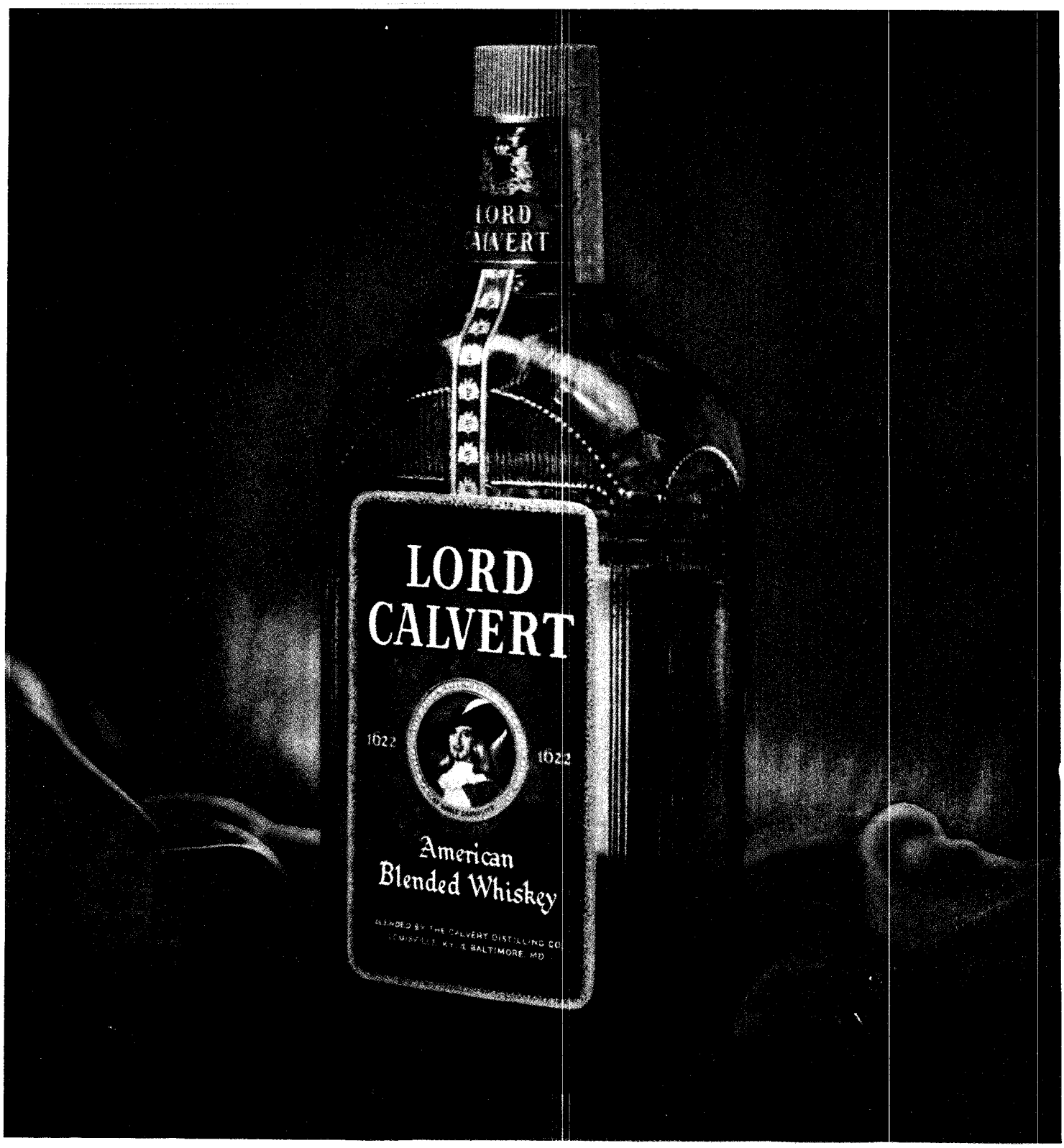

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THE SUMMONS OF ART

by

FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

Drawing by Derek Hill

Conversations with BERNARD BERENSON

At the urging of the ATLANTIC, FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR, *director of the Worcester Art Museum, flew to Florence for a visit with his friend Bernard Berenson. Their mornings together at Berenson's bedside produced this self-portrait of a man who for half a century has been recognized as the greatest connoisseur of Italian art.*

BERNARD BERENSON is a man who has survived himself; a phoenix who has risen from the ashes of his Edwardian youth to speak once more to a younger generation who know nothing of Berenson the impresario and investigator of the Italian Renaissance. Had he dropped from the scene some twenty years ago, along with most of his contemporaries, his reputation might have faded. But now, at ninety-two and armed with the venerable authority of the sage, he has burst the bonds of art history and ponders over all of the questions relating to our day. His methods and critiques have passed into the subconscious of every connoisseur. In the depth of his human understanding and in his sense of history, B.B. is closer to us in 1957 than he was to the youth of 1914–1918. For as a philosopher he has abandoned his earlier concern with the niceties of attribution, and has come to grips with the fundamental issues which may determine the future of our own Hellenic and Judaeo-Christian world.

The answers to many of these questions he believes may be found in what he calls "the ultimate summons of the work of art itself." The "ultimate summons" he defines as the imperious and compelling thought which underlies every true work in which the artist at any time, in any place, and in whatever medium has communicated his vision to the spectator. "If the work of art," Berenson asks, "is not the central core from which everything radiates and emanates, what is the point of all this [talk about art]?" Lying in bed and speculating conversationally over the points he might have covered if he were able to write this article himself for the centenary number of the *Atlantic*, he carried his ideas a little further and more spe-

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cifically than he had in his early writings or more recently in his *Sketch for a Self-Portrait*. He has returned to the convictions of his youth, so well expressed in *Venetian Painters* published more than sixty years ago, *Lorenzo Lotto*, and in the three infinitely rewarding and always fresh volumes of *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art*.

Fashions in criticism and *Kunstwissenschaft* come and go but Berenson has witnessed, perhaps, more cycles of taste than any other man since Titian, who lived to be ninety-nine. Thus, unlike so many of his colleagues and detractors, he has persisted in living until it has been vouchsafed to him to see the other end of the rainbow. Had he not done so he might have occupied a respectable niche in the critical façade erected by Walter Pater and John Addington Symonds. Refusing to accept the current mode that art history is an end in itself, he further contends that connoisseurship does not depend on the eye alone but can grow only in the well-nourished and furnished intellect.

But connoisseurship to Berenson has never been confused with that empty and fatuous Edwardian conceit called "flair." It is a serious experience by means of which the eye and the mind unite in the recognition of a thing for what it actually is and not what fashion dictates it should be. He recalled during these recent talks statements he has made elsewhere: "In a sense, the works of art themselves are the only materials of the student of the history of art. All that remains of an event in general history is the account of it in document or tradition; but in art, the work of art itself is the event and the only adequate source of information about the event, any other information, particularly if of the merely literary kind, being utterly incapable of conveying an idea of the precise nature and value of the event in art. (This arises from the fact that words are incapable of arousing in the reader's mind the precise visual image in the writer's.) An art that has failed to transmit its masterpieces to us is, as far as we are concerned, dead, or at best a mere ghost of itself."

Connoisseurship to Berenson, then, is merely the method, the application of scientific principles in the process of recognition and appreciation. Connoisseurship is "based on the assumption that perfect identity of characteristics indicates identity of origin — an assumption, in its turn, based on the definition of characteristics as those features that distinguish one artist from another." This may express itself in the manner in which an artist always handles drapery or in the rendering of the eyes or mouth of his figures. Mannerisms of drawing reveal themselves in the same way that the mannerisms of handwriting become obvious to a bank teller, for example, in determining the authenticity of a signature on a check. The examination of the object moves from the general to the particular, the generality being discarded as the telltale marks of the author's identity come into clearer focus. "Obviously," Berenson concludes, "what distinguishes one artist from another is the characteristics he does not share with others. If, therefore, we isolate the precise characteristics distinguishing each artist, they must furnish a perfect test of the fitness or unfitness of the attribution of a given work to a given master; identity of characteristics always indicating identity of authorship. Connoisseurship, then, proceeds, as scientific research always does, by the isolation of the characteristics of the known and their confrontation with the unknown. To isolate the characteristics of an artist, we take all his works of undoubted authenticity, and we proceed to discover those traits that invariably recur in them, but not in the works of other masters."

This is the Berensonian method which has governed the art world during the first half of the twentieth century. It has established criteria for the museums and galleries of Europe and America; it has dominated the universities and has determined the monetary values of "Old Masters" in the market place. Having dedicated six decades to the perfection of his method, Berenson himself lost interest in it. He had already exhausted its possibilities for himself by the eve of the Second World War. The latter brought about an unexpected and enforced interruption to his normal existence in his seclusion under the protection of the ambassador of the Republic of San Marino to the Vatican. He abandoned his "studies in attribulation" and turned to gratification of his insatiable curiosity, to history and philosophy and the broader pleasures of the mind. Like a bored and weary locust he flew away to strip new trees of their recurring verdure and left to others the morphological study of his discarded shell.

Our conversations in April of this year at I Tatti, the lovely villa high above the valley of the Arno on the slopes of Settignano near Florence, placed in perspective many loose ends. The contrast between the almost ascetic quality of his mind and the sybaritic luxury of its setting seems at first glance a paradox, a congeries of inconsistencies and insincerities. But a few minutes of talking with B.B. convinces even the most skeptical visitor of the compulsion for physical beauty and comfort which has dominated and complemented his spiritual life. The early pictures of the *trecento* and *quattrocento*, the exquisite examples of Italian furniture, and the sculpture as well as *objets de vertu* picked up in his travels through

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the Mediterranean and the Near East are, like the gardens and the terraced meadows and vineyards cascading to the valley, an integral part of that composite hunger for a past humanism which has made him such a symbol of it in the present day.

He received me at his bedside every morning promptly at nine o'clock and expatiated upon the history of his life, his satisfactions and his disappointments. Much that was hitherto unexplained in his relation to events and individuals came to light — the bitter loneliness of a man who had spent untold years receiving like royalty out of a sense of obligation, mingled perhaps with a latent nostalgic curiosity, persons who seldom touched him below the surface.

Having reached the end of a fabulous career, it is not surprising that today he reserves his severest strictures for himself. And in facing the mirror of his own immediate past it was perhaps comforting and not a little relaxing to use as a sounding board a younger man who shared many of his professional theories but whose primary interest is in Berenson the man rather than in the legend so painstakingly built up over so many decades. There are agonizing moments when he is torn with a suspicion that his life has been both a failure and a fraud, that he should never have left the cloistered precincts of Harvard Yard, that he should have devoted his energies to philosophy and literature and relinquished his mercurial ambitions for the hazardous rewards of the poet and the novelist. Then, too, looking back upon the market place which at one period of his life he frequented not merely because of the material rewards it offered but because he was too deeply involved in human psychology to resist the temptations of the game, B.B. is haunted by its corruption and duplicity. The exploitation by the great art dealers of any expert in that mad period just prior to the 1914 War is something to a great extent unknown to us today, but the memory lingers on and is no less disquieting.

For many years the wisdom of the choice he made in his career has tortured him. There is a passage in the *Sketch for a Self-Portrait*, written in 1945, in which he says, "I took the wrong turn when I swerved from the more purely intellectual pursuits to one like the archaeological study of art, gaining thereby a troublesome reputation as an 'expert.' My only excuse is, if comparison is not blasphemous, that like Saint Paul with his tent-making, and Spinoza with his glass-polishing, I too needed a means of livelihood. Mine did not take up more of my time but very much more of my energy. Those men of genius were not hampered in their careers by their trades. Mine took up what creative talent there was in me, with the result that this trade made my reputation and the rest of me scarcely counted. The spiritual loss was great and in consequence I have never regarded myself as other than a failure. This sense of failure, a guilty sense, makes me squirm when I hear myself spoken of as a 'successful man' and as having made 'a success of my life.' I used to protest but gave it up at last, for nobody would believe that my vehement negatives were more than polite modesty or indeed the conceit of an ambition that had not yet been satisfied."

These anxieties, these apparitions from the past, and the uncertainty of what may follow in the years to come were the deep and absorbing intimacies of our morning conversations. Later in the day at luncheon and at teatime, and in the more formal ritual of dinner, the clouds vanished. He became once again the epitome of Edwardian elegance, the all-knowing and all-seeing critic of literature and the arts, the arbiter of a world that is disappearing. Not only all Italy but all Europe is at his feet, and whatever stature he may have acquired as a self-made intellectual is enhanced by his being the confidant of those who pursue art and like better still to talk about it.

"I have always been a lone wolf," he said on one occasion. "In fact one of the reasons why I left America was the recognition that I had none of the qualities which would make me a 'good fellow.' I had to follow a life of the mind which was my own and stimulated by my passion for the visible world. This has been at the root of the hostility I have inspired, particularly in those who never knew me."

FROM his earliest days at Harvard the young Berenson was consumed by a passion which went far beyond what is normally understood by ambition. For mingled with this passion there was both a singleness of purpose and a scarcely comprehended intellectual humility. This humility never left him and shines through the perplexed pages of his later writing — *Aesthetics and History* and *Rumor and Reflection* — where he is groping with more fundamental and abstract issues than one finds in the limited and confined discussions of *The Italian Painters of the Renaissance*.

Son of a rabbinical family who fled from the Baltic Provinces of Czarist Russia during the pogroms of the 1870s, he found that the cultivation of the mind was the most natural occupation for him to follow. And it is therefore not surprising that this immigrant boy should look for sympathetic soil in which to grow among the Brahmins. First as a student in the Boston Latin School, and then as an undergraduate at Harvard College, Bernard

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Berenson found a congeniality in the society which had brought into being only a few decades previously the *Atlantic Monthly*.

His early impressions of Harvard are recalled with deep sympathy and wistfulness. In fact each year that Berenson has lived abroad he has become more consciously American, patterning his manners and his speech not on the Anglophiles and dilettanti that turn up like chameleons beneath the stones of Tuscany's wooded hillsides, but upon the descendants of the Puritans. The very fact that he has stood firmly with one foot planted in each continent has given him a perspective which is both detached and unimpressed.

"I owe everything," he said to me, "to William James, for I was already applying his theories to the visible world. 'Tactile values' was really James's phrase, not mine, although he never knew he had invented it." Berenson's gratitude to James for his interest and support at a moment when B.B. was faced with utter poverty he considers one of the most heart-warming experiences of his Harvard days. Not so his recollections of that professional friend of Ruskin and everybody else whom Carlyle referred to as "Goose Norton." The latter was to B.B. a highly self-conscious *grand viveur* whose classes had little or nothing to do with art and were "lessons upon the proper deportment of young men in elegant society." Thus Berenson dismisses Charles Eliot Norton as one of the exploded myths of his age, although B.B. is willing to temper this dark and dismal heresy with the grudging admission that it was Norton who obliged him to read Dante aloud for an entire academic year and thus initiated him into the Italy of the *trecento*.

More than to his university or to any formal institution, Berenson believes that he owes his deepest obligation to his own roving curiosity. "The fruit of my life," he insists, "was my loafing, not my work — when I was woolgathering and satisfying useless curiosities. I didn't prepare myself for anything but my voracious appetites for the useless, such as reading anthologies of Greek and Provençal poets. I never feared wasting time."

Herein lies the root of Berenson's quarrel with the professional art historians of today. To him the understanding of the work of art can come only from the contemplation of it and not from a discussion of the opinions of those professors who in turn have neglected the art itself and depended for their taste upon the acceptance or rejection of the critical opinions of their predecessors. "Never discuss works of art except in their presence," he says in repeating Goethe's dictum. "Art history as it is now being taught is an evil thing because it places the emphasis on a nonexistent science and not upon the reality of human experience. . . . Art must serve the soul and not live narcissistically as it does today. Perhaps," he wryly adds, "I am merely another Canute commanding the sea to retire. But I will keep right on, for the Baptist, after all, did accomplish something by howling in the wilderness."

The friendships and the American habits which Berenson formed at Harvard have always remained with him. He has never ceased to be a kind of overseas Cambridge, Massachusetts, don. They were in many ways the happiest years of his life, in which the Renaissance was a challenge and opened up fresh vistas which have become more vivid for him at each new step in his development.

Tuscany was not so much a refuge for him as a *Heimat*, a land to which he belonged spiritually and would make his own by right of intellectual conquest. On the way he would seize any opportunity which would head him in the direction upon which he had set his heart. "I patterned my own contributions to art history," he told me, "upon those of Jacob Burckhardt and adopted his attitude of factual observation instead of searching for a willful and self-seeking interpretation of the facts."

Such objectivity was against the fashionable currents of the nineties, and needless to say was not accepted with enthusiasm by his contemporaries, to whom the embroidery was usually more important than the garment. One notable exception was the wise and omniscient Salomon Reinach, who became Berenson's patron and protector in Paris. Scholar, archaeologist, student of comparative religions, and historian of ideas, this celebrated editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* had entree everywhere. Not only did he befriend the young American and guide him in the proper circles, but Reinach commissioned articles by Berenson for the *Gazette* and then worked late into the night putting them into French.

Moreover Reinach's name was an "Open sesame" to doors which seemed impenetrable. At that time the *Drawings of the Florentine Painters* was being projected. It became imperative that Berenson consult every piece of paper preserved at Windsor, the Louvre, and the Uffizi. Reinach to a great extent made this possible. It is difficult for us today, when the traditional obligation of public servants to be helpful is taken as a matter of course, to realize the pleasure which keepers at that period took in preventing access to the material in their charge. To be sure, they were poorly paid and a nominal fee was exacted and duly pocketed by even the most exalted experts,

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but the charge of ten liras imposed by the keeper of the Uffizi print room — the equivalent at that time of two dollars in gold — for taking each drawing out of its frame to permit close examination was more than a poor student could bear. Notwithstanding, this major study, probably Berenson's masterpiece, actually got under way.

In 1895 when Berenson set out for London, the *Lorenzo Lotto* and the *Venetian Painters* had already been published in America by Putnam's. But the books had not yet penetrated England. The young author had high hopes and carried with him some articles which he sent to the editors of the leading reviews. Like India-rubber balls they bounced right back with uniform rejection slips stating "There is at present no interest in Italian art." And indeed there was none. The artistic decay of Victoria's reign had already set in, and the afterglow of the Age of Enlightenment and of the collectors of the first half of the century had expired in the Exhibition of Art Treasures held at Manchester in 1857. The interest in "primitives," which was the simultaneous product of the pre-Raphaelites and the Oxford Movement in the Church of England, lay buried with the Prince Consort. Interest was to remain stagnant until well after the turn of the century when the new fortunes from the Empire would create new peers to compete for the pictures and gilded plumbing fixtures to adorn their moldy baronial halls. Morgan and the American collectors had not yet succeeded in arousing the anger and the envy of the British public.

The year 1895 saw in London an event which turned the tide of fashionable taste once more toward Italy. A loan exhibition of Venetian pictures, organized primarily by the trade, was held at the New Gallery on Bond Street. The official catalogue was as sanguine as it was inadequate but it pleased the owners, who were the very flower of society. Herbert Cook of the Cook Collection at Richmond Park alone was not altogether happy; and having met the young American critic whose *Venetian Painters* he had read, he invited him to write "an objective critique" which he distributed at his own expense.

"Rarely have I seen," wrote the thirty-year-old Berenson, "a catalogue so accurate as well as tactful, in its description of works of art. . . . It has one and only one fault, that the attributions are, for the most part, unreliable. It is, of course, not to be reproached for this fault, since it merely gives the attributions the pictures bear in the private collections from which they come; but it is clear that it needs rectification in this respect, if it is to be of value to students of pictures or to those who are interested in the history of Renaissance art. This, I think, will be readily conceded when we have examined two or three typical instances. To Titian, for example, thirty-three paintings are ascribed. Of these only one is by the master. . . . Of the thirty-two pictures that remain, a dozen and more have no connection whatever with Titian. . . . Five are copies of varying degrees of merit, after well-known originals . . . most of the pictures still unaccounted for are by various imitators. . . . This brief analysis shows the need for some emendation or supplement to the official catalogue. No other name, it is true, is so recklessly abused as Titian's, but other instances of superannuated connoisseurship are not far to seek. Eight pictures, for instance, are catalogued as by Bonifazio, although not one is genuine. Similar is the case of Paolo Veronese to whom thirteen pictures are falsely ascribed . . . and we shall see later what a small proportion of real, as compared with attributed, Bellini's and Giorgione's there is in this exhibition.

"But even apart from the abuse of famous names," he continued, "the old connoisseurship was guilty of applying at random to a picture the first name that happened to suggest itself, without stopping to inquire whether the resemblance, real or fancied, was due to anything but chance. . . . All these instances have, I trust, made it apparent that the person who cares to get a clear idea of the various masters whose works are exhibited here needs further guidance than is supplied by the official catalogue. To supply, so far as I am able, this necessary further guidance, particularly of the earlier masters, is the object of the following pages."

Bond Street was a shambles. The owners of the pictures in the great country houses, many of whom had inherited their collections from the time of Charles I or from more recent ancestors who had made the Grand Tour in the eighteenth century, were aghast at the wholesale denigration of their property. The verdict of this young upstart could not, they felt, be true, for had not the eminent Dr. Waagen, the German expert who had inventoried the English collections in the 1850s, established once and for all the authorship of every painting in the British Isles? Such impudence had not been heard since Horace Walpole's attack on the classical marbles of the Earl of Pembroke.

The dealers, many of them established for a hundred years or more, had likewise come to rely upon the sanctity of traditional attributions, particularly when it was possible to bandy about the stated opinions of Dr. Waagen, of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, even of Ruskin and Walter Pater.

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The whole structure of the trade was undermined. Moreover in Germany similar revolutionary tendencies were being observed. Dr. Wilhelm von Bode was paying astronomical prices for works of art for the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, relying solely upon his own knowledge and judgment. A whole new generation of art criticism had descended upon the tight little world which had managed the commerce of art since before the French Revolution, and once Berenson had lighted the fuse which set off the bomb there was no retreat.

Opinions began to have cash value; the policy of the auction room was determined no longer by the blandishments of the barker but by the written certificates which were offered in substantiation of each lot. Berenson singlehanded had brought about a complete reversal of the established order of the trade. For the next twenty years virtually every masterpiece of Italian art was judged no longer by the classical opinions of the nineteenth century but according to Berenson's verdict upon its authenticity and authorship.

"I soon discovered," he confided, "that I ranked with fortunetellers, chiromancists, astrologers, and not even with the self-deluded of these, but rather with the deliberate charlatans. At first I was supposed to have invented a trick by which one could infallibly tell the authorship of an Italian picture. A famous writer on the Renaissance, Vernon Lee, thought it was close and even mean of me not to let her share the secret. Finally it degenerated into a widespread belief that only if I could be approached the right way I could order this or that American millionaire to pay thousands upon thousands and hundreds of thousands for any daub that I was bribed by the seller to attribute to a great master. . . . Needless to say every person I would not receive, every owner whose picture I would not ascribe to Raphael or Michelangelo, or Giorgione, Titian or Tintoretto, etc., etc., turned into an enemy."

Berenson at thirty was made, and also he was undone. With the publication of the Cook pamphlet the London trade decided that he should be "hunted down and exterminated." This they would accomplish not by an overt act or open attack but rather by exposing him to that deep chill which the British reserve for foreign scholarship. What made the situation intolerable in this instance was the circumstance that not only was Berenson an Eastern European Jew but he had dared to flaunt an American education in their faces. Their attitude has baffled him throughout his life; and even today, with unconscious naïveté, he observes, "I could never understand the hostility of the Bond Street dealers toward me."

But there was a silver lining to the cloud which hung over B.B. at this time. Joseph Duveen, who refused to fit into any accepted pattern of the trade, had the wit to see what a formidable combination their native gifts could produce. The story of their years of collaboration may be read upon the walls of the museums and great private galleries of America.

From this moment on Berenson withdrew to Tuscany and threw himself into reaping the rewards of the system of connoisseurship which he had forced upon the unwilling art world. Despite the continuing efforts of the trade to discredit him, Berenson's word remained as absolute in the salesroom as it was in the museums and universities. All of these arenas he assiduously eschewed, forcing the critics, the curators, and the connoisseurs to come to him. I Tatti, with the collaboration of his wife and chatelaine, the sister of Logan Pearsall Smith, was transformed into a humanistic court after the fashion of Guido da Montefeltro's at Urbino or Isabella d'Este's at Mantua. His travels he reserved for the refreshment of his eye and the development of that extraordinary catholic and diversified circle of friends who constantly surrounded him — writers, musicians, statesmen, artists, as well as professional friends and enemies.

In recent recollections of these friendships he expresses both wistfulness and hindsight. Henry Adams, whom he met in Washington in 1903, was "like a fine dry sherry. We had much in common but he could not forget that he was an Adams and was always far more embarrassed than I was that I happened to be a Jew." I asked him about the aesthetic perceptions of two of his great friends, Edith Wharton and Henry James. "I loved Edith Wharton," he replied, "although I used to laugh at her terrible Edwardian conventionality. She was like an elder sister who was obsessed with *ton* and the worship of Parisian high life. I always expected her to tell me which fork to use, and usually she did. Artistically she had a fine sense of interior decorating and of the fitness of the right thing for the proper milieu, but she had no appreciation of the work of art for its own sake. Edith Wharton was a wonderful hostess and companion. She never worked after eleven o'clock in the morning. You could live in the same house with her for months and never know that she wrote a word. But she was always open to the severest criticism of her own work, on which she was able to look with astonishing dispassion. She read many of her novels aloud to me and I would proceed to take them apart.

"Henry James," he continued, "had better visual perception than he realized, but he couldn't

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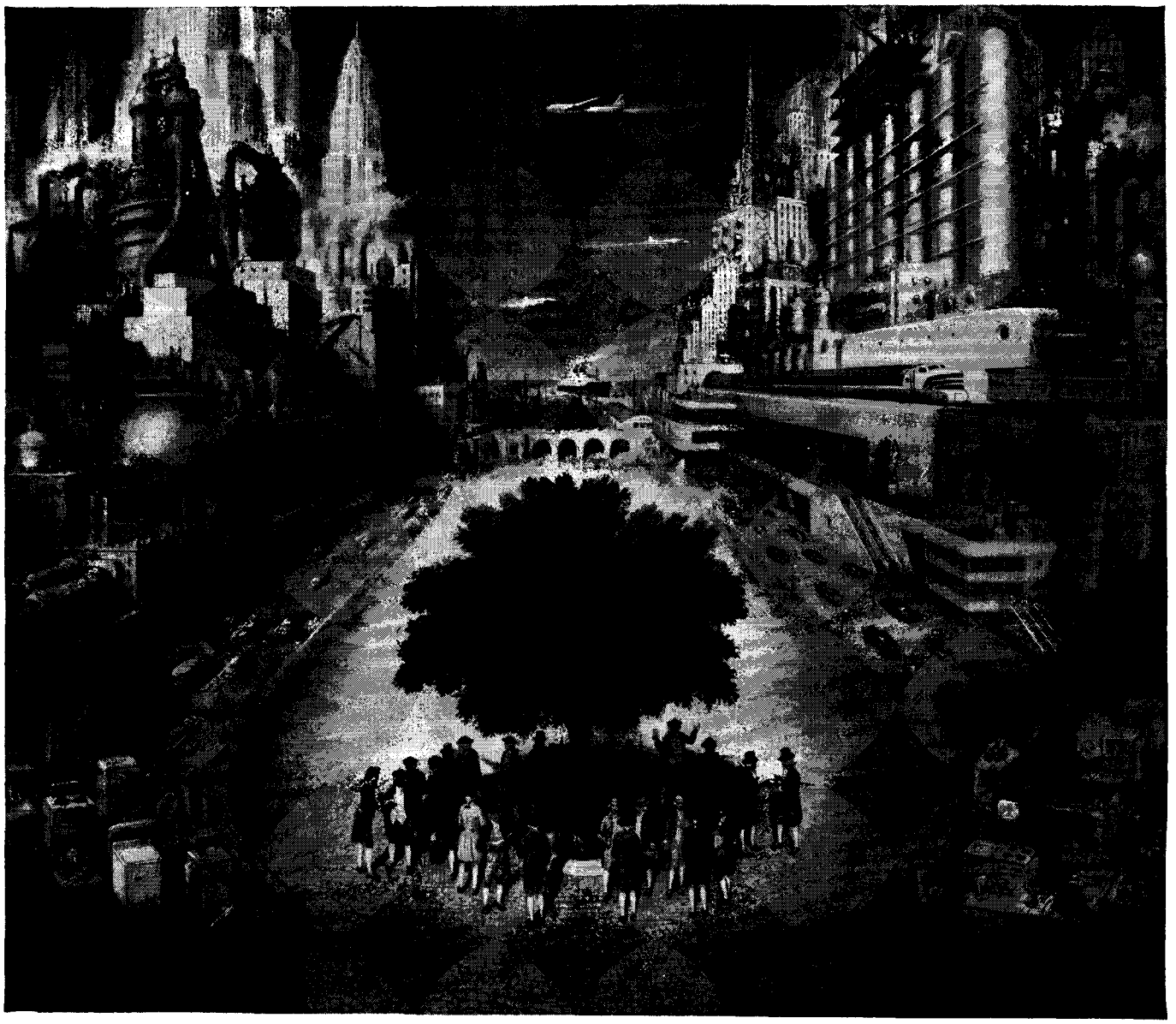
"VISION IS INDISPENSABLE TO PROGRESS"



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look at anything except through the preconceived blinders of intellectual convictions. The same approach to human psychology extended to the visible world. He often saw but did not care to look."

"It would not be fair to deny," Berenson has admitted in his *Sketch for a Self-Portrait*, "that being an authority brought material advantages. Not only did it enable me to pay for assistance in any work, for comfort at home and abroad, and for expensive journeys, but it gave me the means to acquire the books and the photographs that my study and research required. The only boast I feel like making is that the library I have accumulated item by item over the last fifty [now sixty] years will enable those who come after me to continue my kind of work for generations to come. It will require relatively little outlay to keep it up to date."

What a collection and what a library I Tatti contains. The pictures are not only very lovely in themselves but they are also the laboratory materials upon which his scientific and literary studies have been based — the magnificent Sassetta altarpiece, the Domenico Veneziano *Madonna and Child*, the Neroccio, the Daddis — each and every one of them has contributed to his intellectual development. Yet B.B. has not merely lived *with* these things: he has lived *in* them and sought from them that essentially Tuscan quality of mind which at the same time preserves and creates anew. They are the means by which he has moved beyond scholarship to a more human understanding. "Every work of art," he has observed, "has to be first and foremost a permanent joy and inspiration, and cannot be degraded to serve as document in the history of technique and taste or of civilization in general. . . . All of the arts, poetry, music, ritual, the visual arts, the theatre, must singly and together create the most comprehensive art of all, a humanized society, and its masterpiece, free man. . . . Art can offer the purest escape from the threatening tedium of totalitarianism."

Vision and curiosity — the one is expressed by the works of art which surround him, the other by the books and photographs whose selection and accumulation have been the most consuming passion of his life. The library, comprising about 55,000 volumes, which he describes as "the completest biography of myself," covers nearly every field of art and literature as well as all the ancillary material, historical, philological, and critical, for rendering the arts intelligible, suggestive, and inspiring. A person properly prepared who would use the I Tatti library, he declares, "could not help coming out as a cultivated appreciator of all that art is and of what it has done to humanize mankind."

It is in order to make this laboratory of traditional classical humanism useful to our present harassed, hustled, and dreary Western world, which "excludes leisure, tranquility, permits no unexciting pursuits, no contemplation, no slow maturing of ideas, no perfectioning of individual style," that he has offered I Tatti with its contents and a substantial endowment fund to Harvard University. It would be Berenson's wish to see a community of some sixteen fellows, no younger than twenty-five nor older than thirty-five, four changing every year, chosen from America and Europe who would spend half their time in Florence, the other half traveling in what was "the ancient Oecumene, not going farther east than the Euphrates and not farther south than Egypt and the great desert of North Africa." He would have them liberally provided with funds so that they could have complete leisure in their four years of tenure "to be creative writers and teachers in the interpretation of art of every kind, including the verbal as well as the visual arts and not excluding fiction and verse. Research," he adds, "for the lust of mere research is not to be encouraged."

The memorandum outlining the terms of his proposed bequest contains many practical and precise requests which are being carefully weighed by the Harvard Corporation. As a philosophical commentary on education in the arts it is destined to become a classic. B.B. modestly summarizes the proposal by saying, "In a sense I venture to confess that I would like the fellows of I Tatti to continue what all my life long I have been trying to do but have only faintly succeeded in doing. I would like them to take as models Goethe and Winckelmann, Ruskin and Pater, Burckhardt and Woelflin, rather than mere antiquarians or attributors of the type of Cavalcaselle, Bodmer and their likes. I would like them to write about the way artists and their works have been appreciated through the ages rather than to concentrate on the material history or the provenance of the given work of art. In short I want this institute to promote aesthetical and humanistic rather than philological and antiquarian interests."

These then are the fruits of this unusual life which at its sunset is beset by useless fears and regrets. So great a gift to the cause of humanism would of itself be enough to justify the pretensions of a more meager intellect. But in this case we have the art together with the artifact. Bernard Berenson's career is a witness to the power of his mind and eye; the disposition of his written words and the sources which inspired them is legacy enough for any man.

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What's made living more fun

THAN IT WAS 80 YEARS AGO?

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Or maybe the *Linotype,* which made books and magazines really amazingly low-priced, has done as much as anything to better living conditions? It certainly helped spread higher education, and gave the poor man his chance.

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LIMBO CULTURE

BY W. H. AUDEN

The tribes of Limbo, travelers report,
On first encounter seem to live as we do;
They keep their houses practically clean,
Their watches round about a standard time,
They serve you almost appetizing meals:
But no one says he saw a Limbo child.

The language spoken by the tribes of Limbo
Has many words far subtler than our own
To indicate how much, how little, something
Is pretty-closely or not-quite the case,
But none you could translate by Yes or No,
Nor do its pronouns distinguish between persons.

In tales related by the tribes of Limbo
Dragon and Knight set to with fang and sword
But miss their targets always by a hairsbreadth,
Crone and Young Simon pass a crucial point,
She early by a second and he late,
A magic purse forgets the legal tender.

"And so," runs their concluding formula,
"Prince and Princess are nearly married still."
Why this concern, so marked in Limbo culture,
For inexactness? Are we to conclude
"To live in Limbo" means "to love myself,"
Which, as we know, cannot be done exactly?

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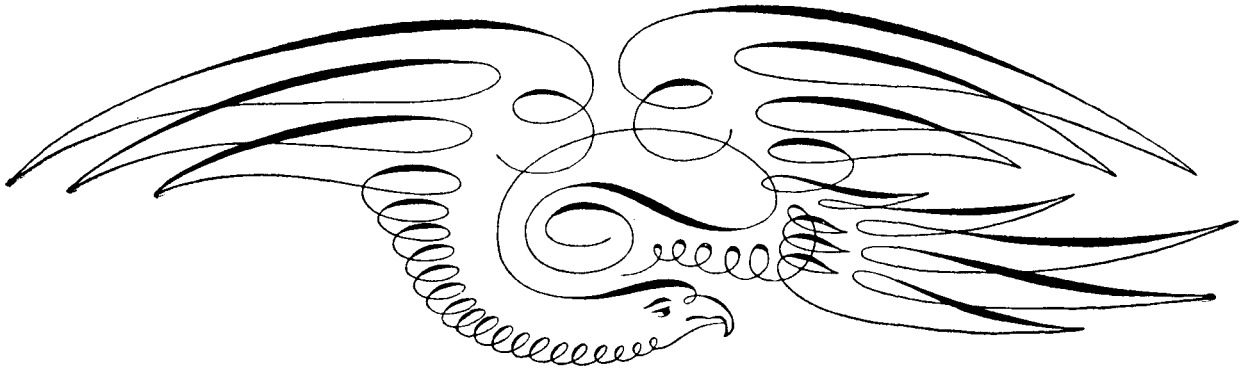

BIRD OF FREEDOM

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

Is the bald eagle, the American symbol of freedom, on its way to extinction? Until very recently the great bird was being systematically wiped out of the skies above Alaska, and even now its southern refuge is disappearing. EDWIN WAY TEALE, *the naturalist, author of* NORTH WITH THE SPRING and AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA, *reminds us of a responsibility which should not be faced only by the Audubon Society.*

SINCE a late-June day in Philadelphia, just a century and three quarters ago this year, the bald eagle has been America's most celebrated bird. On that day, June 20, 1782, the Continental Congress selected it as the emblem of the nation. Its image since then has appeared on United States currency, has formed the central figure of the Great Seal, has been part of every treaty and important document of state. During most of these 175 years, however, the bird itself has been warred upon and pushed along the road toward extirpation. In all the forty-eight states of the Union today probably fewer than a thousand pairs of these great birds are still alive. Revered in image and persecuted in life — that has been the paradoxical story of the American eagle.

Yet no other native bird, in repose or in the air, approaches it as a symbol of dignity and power and freedom. Clinging to some lofty perch, it habitually sits erect, its white head of impressive size held high, its yellow eyes surveying with that piercing, concentrated gaze peculiar to its kind the scene spread out below. In every line it imparts an impression of majesty, of unflinching independence. And this is the eagle quiescent.

It is the eagle active, soaring in a wide, windy sky on a day of brilliant sunshine, that becomes transcendently the symbol of our freedom. Many years have passed since the day, but I remember vividly one such bird as it mounted above my canoe floating on a forest lake in the Adirondacks. With wings outspread, riding the updrafts in effortless ascent, white head and tail gleaming in the sun, it left the earth, the lake, the forest, the mountains behind. My paddle forgotten, I watched it recede into the shining sky of that August day. It shrank to sparrow size, this bird with a wingspan of nearly seven feet. As long as I could see it, it turned endlessly in spirals and graceful curves, writing its poetry of motion on a blue page of the sky.

Above all other birds it is the soaring eagle, with its size and weight, that gives the most abiding impression of power and purpose in the air. It advances solidly like a great ship cleaving the swells and thrusting aside the smaller waves. It sails directly where lesser birds are rocked and tilted by the air currents. A number of times on the lichen-splotched rocks of Hawk Mountain, in Pennsylvania, I have held soaring eagles in my glasses as they rode by. Sometimes they were level with my eyes, sometimes above, sometimes below. But always in passing they presented the same appearance of stability, of superiority to small disturbances, of moving ahead calmly poised in an unstable element.

And so the eagle has moved across the sky above many events in our history. It no doubt

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circled over Ponce de León when he roamed Florida searching for the Fountain of Youth. It no doubt met Henry Hudson when he sailed into the river that bears his name. It looked down on the Jamestown colonists and knew the rock-bound New England shore where the *Mayflower* came to anchor. It saw Bunker Hill and Fort Ticonderoga. It watched the pioneers roll west. It flew at Kitty Hawk before the Wright Brothers. And it was patrolling the Potomac when Washington became the nation's capital.

Unlike the golden eagle, a cosmopolitan that embraces virtually the full circle of the Northern Hemisphere, the bald eagle is almost exclusively the bird of a single continent. On that long-ago June day when, unknown to itself, it became the country's emblem, the American eagle inhabited all but the more arid interior portions of the land. The decades since have marked a long retreat. The eagle trees, with their immense nests of sticks, that were landmarks of a former time are now, in numerous regions, but fading memories in the minds of older inhabitants. Two far-removed places, Alaska and Florida, today hold the bulk of the bald eagle population. The former is a reservoir of the northern subspecies, the latter of the southern subspecies.

On the Fourth of July, in 1831, a crowd gathered in what is now Cortland, New York, to witness a novel event. The local silversmith, an ardent admirer of Henry Clay, had engraved on a metal clasp a greeting to his hero. This he attached to the leg of an American eagle. Shouts and musket fire started the bird in the general direction of Clay's Kentucky. Seven days later and 725 miles to the west, on a high bluff on the far bank of the Mississippi near Dubuque, Iowa, an Indian's bullet brought it down. The week's wandering of this pioneer banded bird supplied the earliest precise information on the wide-ranging character of an eagle's flight.

KNOWLEDGE of the life and ways of our national bird has been curiously slow in evolving. It was ninety years after the flight of the Cortland eagle, 140 after the action of the Continental Congress, before any serious scrutiny was made of the day-to-day home life of the bald eagle. In the 1920s, Francis H. Herrick, a professor at Western Reserve University, began recording in notes and photographs the activity at nests on the Lake Erie shore, near Vermilion, Ohio. He worked hidden in blinds at the top of towers erected beside the eyries. One of these structures, anchored in concrete and containing four tons of steel, ascended to a height of ninety-six feet. The temperature within the khaki blind rose as high as 104 degrees and once, in a sudden storm, lightning struck a neighboring oak. Out of years of carefully amassed notes Herrick produced *The American Eagle.* Published in 1934, this book contributed greatly to a better understanding of the habits and character and ecology of the "bird of freedom."

During more recent years a Canadian, a retired Winnipeg banker, Charles L. Broley, has been advancing this knowledge still further. In retirement Broley turned to the strenuous hobby of climbing trees and banding Florida eagles. At seventy-eight he is still ascending lofty pines and pulling himself among the upper branches of hundred-foot cypresses. In January, 1939, he banded his first eaglet. Since then the number has risen to more than 1200, with 150 banded in a single year, 1946.

Far out on the Kissimmee Prairie, north of Lake Okeechobee, I once accompanied this remarkable man on one of his banding expeditions. He was then nearly seventy, keen of eye, athletic and agile, arranging his rope ladders and working his way nearly eighty feet up the trunk of a long-dead pine and over the stick ramparts of the nest to reach the eaglet on top. Some of the trees he ascends are half eaten through by fire. Others are so old they go down in the next storm. Several times in the back country Broley has been mistaken for a revenue officer, and on one occasion he nearly lost his automobile in a grass fire set to drive him off. When he began banding he was arrested as a suspicious character three times in one month. One day on the Gulf coast, among dry palmettos, he stepped back to look up at a nest and trod squarely on a coiled diamondback, his heel, providentially, pinning its head to the ground.

As the life of an eagle is long — some estimates place its longevity at as much as a hundred years — the fruits of Broley's activity may continue to be harvested for decades to come. Hardly had this ex-banker taken up his hobby before it yielded an important and wholly unknown fact about Florida eagles. One of the first birds he banded was killed, a few weeks after it left the nest, at Columbiaville, New York, 1100 miles to the north. Later returns from Maine, from the Maritime Provinces, even from 200 miles above Broley's old home, Winnipeg, Canada, have confirmed the fact that Florida eagles wander far to the north, perhaps even into the Arctic, during summer months.

In the latter days of August and the early part of September each year, scores of bald eagles pass Hawk Mountain, moving south. Other migrating birds are leaving their nesting areas behind. But the eagles are heading home. In Florida they nest

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mainly in winter, from mid-November into April. The northern eagles, able to endure privation and cold, do not migrate; they merely shift slightly southward in times of special hardship. Around the Great Lakes nesting usually begins in March.

To most birds a nest is a comparatively flimsy, temporary affair, used but a few weeks and abandoned forever. But American eagles, mated for life, use the same nest year after year. It is the center of their existence. Few creatures evidence so great an attraction for home. During wartime years one pair stubbornly clung to its nesting tree even though it stood in the middle of a practice bombing range. The Great Eyrie, near Vermilion, Ohio, was occupied for thirty-six years without a break. In southern Georgia I was once told of an eagle tree on an island that had formed a landmark for three generations of natives in following the water trails that led into the heart of the Okefenokee Swamp.

On rare occasions eagles have made their nests on the ground, on cliffs, even in the haymow of an abandoned barn. But normally they choose the top of a lofty tree, adding material each year, so the mass increases as the tree grows old. Herrick estimated that the Great Eyrie weighed about two tons when it crashed to the ground in a March storm in 1925. It was twelve feet high and eight and a half wide. An even larger nest, without doubt the largest eagle nest in America, fills a treetop near St. Petersburg, Florida. This mass of sticks has been accumulating for forty years. It rises for twenty feet, ending in a flattened top nine and a half feet across.

It is at the time when the nests are repaired, the time of courtship and mating, that the aerial prowess of the American eagle comes into full display. Not content with picking sticks from the ground, it often hurls itself, with outstretched talons, against dry branches, snapping them from the trees. At other times it hovers above a treetop, closes its wings, plummets down, and lets its weight and momentum break off the dead limb.

For the watching earth-bound man, however, the supreme thrill of these days is provided by the aerobatics of courtship — twisting climbs, inverted flight, thunderbolt dives with half-closed wings. At its climax the great birds grasp talons and plunge through space, turning over and over like a wheel in the sky as they fall. Two of my friends have witnessed this event. Their luck is associated in my mind with the confession of Izaak Walton: "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or wears better clothes than I do. I envy no body but him and him only, that catches more fish than I do." As Walton felt about the more fortunate anglers, so I have felt about these more fortunate friends of mine.

Before the eggs are laid — usually two, sometimes one, rarely three — the eagles cover the sticks of the nest with a deep mattress of dry grass and dead vegetation. In harvesting this material they fly low, raking their talons across open fields. On rare occasions they utilize some source of supply already gathered together. In one instance an eagle flew off with a small haycock, in another with half of a muskrat house clutched in its talons. The males have a propensity for bringing home whatever oddity strikes their fancy. In Florida nests Broley has found electric light bulbs, clothespins, old shoes, gunny sacks, a family photograph in a heavy frame, wax candles, air plants, magazines, and pieces of bright-colored cloth.

A songbird's brood is fledged and gone in a few weeks, but the eagle spends more than a third of a year raising its young. For five weeks the two birds take turns incubating the eggs. As parents they are among the most solicitous in the world, tearing food into bites of just the right size for the growing eaglets, sheltering them from the sun with outspread wings, crouching low over them in storms, shielding them with their bodies from rain and hail. When smoke from a palmetto fire billowed up around an eagle tree Broley once heard the mother bird keep up a continuous murmur as though reassuring her eaglet. Another occasion when these impressive, austere-looking birds revealed an almost human quality was when a pair returned to their Florida nest-tree after a summer in the north. They came back in the evening and a man living close by heard them "talking all night long" as though excited and delighted to be home again.

For the eaglet the flat top of the nest is a practice flying field. Here it waves its wings for minutes at a time, strengthening their muscles. Here it flaps a foot or two into the air. As its twelfth week approaches, and the white fuzz of its earliest days has been replaced through several juvenal molts with dark brown feathers, it lifts itself repeatedly several feet above the nest and hovers there like a helicopter. The time of its first flight is near at hand. This usually begins when one of the parents, a fish in its talons, swings close, screams, then veers away. In its hunger the young bird starts in pursuit and finds itself suddenly launched into full flight. So well have wing-waving and nest-hopping conditioned its muscles that this initial aerial journey may continue for a mile or more. When only a few days out of the nest it is able to mount to a great height in the sky.

At this time the young bald eagle is completely

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brown, resembling the golden eagle except for its lower legs, which are bare instead of feathered. Three years pass before the fledgling reaches maturity and attains the white head and tail, the yellow bill and legs and eyes, of the adult. The head of a bald eagle is fully feathered, not bare. In its name the word "bald" is used with the older meaning of "white." Paradoxically, on the day the young bird leaves the nest it is larger than either parent. The contraction of bones and more strenuous exercise account for the later reduction. But during its first months of flight it may exceed its parents by as much as a pound in weight and a foot in wingspan. It is this fact that is believed to have deceived John James Audubon into describing what is now known to have been an immature northern bald eagle as a new species, his long-mystifying "Bird of Washington."

YEARS ago I stood beside a cage at the Bronx Zoo and rashly tried to outstare an eagle. Its yellow eyes, with their untamable depths, never wavered. In the end that gaze, so fiercely concentrated, produced a curious illusion, the impression that there was weight and substance and penetration in its glance. Soaring in the sky, a bald eagle has been observed to detect, and head directly for, a fish floating on the surface of a lake three miles away. Its keenness of vision is one of its most important aids to hunting.

Ever since the earliest accounts of American natural history, the robbing of the osprey has been featured in every recital of the hunting habits of the bald eagle. The twisting attack, the dropping of the fish, the plunge of the eagle to snatch it from the air before it strikes the water — these have been told innumerable times. They have tended to obscure the fact that the American eagle is resourcefully varied in its own hunting for food. In plunging after a swimming fish it sometimes submerges entirely. An eagle can, although it rarely does, alight upon the water, ride the surface like a gull, then take off again with no great difficulty. Audubon tells of seeing an eagle wading in a shallow stream in Pennsylvania and striking at fish with its beak. During winter, northern birds have been observed waiting for fish beside holes in the ice. Each year, usually in February and March, they search for food along the Hudson River, riding on ice cakes as far south as New York City.

In their hunting, eagles have plucked flying fish from the air above warm southern waters and have swooped down to snatch up rodents plowed from fields by tractors. Beneath the eagle tree on the Kissimmee Prairie I noticed nearly a dozen empty turtle shells. Rabbits, squirrels, woodchucks, weasels, snakes, birds of various kinds, all find a place on the eagle's menu. But almost invariably the bulk of its diet consists of fish. Rarely does it build its nest far from water.

Dead as well as living fish and mammals are acceptable to the eagle. More than a century ago when immense numbers of gray squirrels left an area of overpopulation and many were drowned swimming the Ohio River near Wheeling, West Virginia, Alexander Wilson noted bald eagles for days afterwards feasting on their stranded bodies. There seems little doubt that many of the smaller farm animals brought to nests by eagles were already dead and discarded in the fields when found. Careful observations in Alaska, where the bald eagle has been under long and bitter attack by commercial fishing interests, indicate that most of the salmon taken are dead or exhausted after spawning — fish that already have come to the natural end of their lives.

No doubt the eagles of Alaska, the greatest concentration anywhere in the world, do feed on live salmon as the millions of fish swim upstream at spawning time. But so they had been doing for thousands of years while the salmon remained undiminished in numbers. Uncontrolled fishing, increasing canneries, illegal seining by man, not the infinitesimal fraction subtracted by the eagles, have been the obvious causes of the dwindling supply. Benjamin Franklin condemned the bald eagle as "bad" because, he said, it did not hunt its own food. Alaskans condemned the bald eagle as "bad" because, they said, it did. Which reveals much about the absurdity of the homocentric viewpoint in evaluating the morals of wildlife.

ALOFT in the sky the American eagle is a bird supreme. It is master of virtually every other creature that flies. But often it keeps its power in reserve. Confident in its strength, it seems slow to anger. With powerful wingbeats it will flap along in dignified aloofness surrounded by a flock of screaming, diving crows. It submits to the attack of kingbirds and even, as Herrick once observed, of the thumb-sized blue-gray gnatcatcher. Some, witnessing these events, have called the eagle a coward. But always, when aroused, it can whirl on any attacker, scattering a flock or annihilating an individual.

Man with his gun is the eagle's only potent enemy. Experience has taught it to be wary. While Broley ascended to the nest in the Kissimmee tree, I watched the parent birds circle beyond gunshot, uttering not the scream popularly associated with the eagle but a curiously small, rusty-

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hinge creaking call, their note of alarm. They made no effort to attack the man. This attitude, too, has been attributed to cowardice. It might just as fairly be called a sign of intelligence. The eagle learned quickly that the price of life and liberty was vigilance in remaining beyond the range of guns. This caution has played an important part in the survival of these birds at a time when many factors have combined to reduce their numbers.

As a small boy in the dune country of northern Indiana, soon after the turn of the century, I used to spend hours clinging to the roof of a low farmhouse watching eagles that passed high overhead toward the Lake Michigan shore. At that time there were eagle trees in the dunes. Today no bald eagle nests in the region. The bird itself comes there only as a wandering or casual visitor.

As early as 1904, John Burroughs was writing in *Far and Near:* "I see fewer eagles along the Hudson River than I used to see fifteen years ago." Throughout the land the great birds have been shot for fun or to produce a stuffed trophy or in a self-righteous war on "vermin." Egg collectors have robbed their eyries. Farmers have chopped down their nesting trees. Game commissions have done little to provide protection. Everywhere the decrease of the eagle has been the handiwork of man. Only a small proportion of Americans today have ever seen the emblem of their country soaring high above them, wild and free.

From 1917 to 1952, a period of thirty-five years, every bald eagle in Alaska lived with a price on its head. Its destruction was rewarded with a bounty. For each pair of talons, the territorial government offered first fifty cents, then a dollar, finally two dollars. During these years more than $100,000 was paid out in such bounties. Before the slaughter ended, about 115,000 American eagles had been destroyed.

It was not until 1940, 158 years after it had been honored by the Continental Congress, that the eagle received legal protection in all of the forty-eight states. And 170 years had passed before, on July 1, 1952, protection was extended to the bird in Alaska. Federal statutes now provide for a fine up to $500 for harming an American eagle. Thus the long persecution of our national bird is over — officially. Nowhere now is a price set on its head. Everywhere under the Stars and Stripes the bird is protected by law.

But other factors, more difficult to control than bounties and firearms, still work against the eagle. The spread of mechanized civilization, the growth of population, changing environment, the destruction of nesting sites — these are producing a profound effect among the birds in some areas, particularly in Florida. In a recent letter Charles L. Broley reports that along the coast between Tampa and Englewood where, only a decade ago, he counted more than eighty nests producing young, this year he could find but two. In the past fifteen years, he estimates, the number of active nests in Florida has dropped from about 450 to fewer than 200. Immature birds have become relatively scarce. In the early 1930s more than 50 per cent of all American eagles passing Hawk Mountain in the fall were immature birds. In recent years, however, this figure has dropped to about 20 per cent. It is Broley's belief that well over half the adult eagles in Florida today are too old to reproduce.

From mid-December to mid-February, each winter, concentrations of American eagles build up along the Mississippi in the Illinois-Iowa region. As many as fifty or a hundred may congregate in one place. But these birds are drawn from a vast nesting area to the north still relatively unaffected by the spread of population. It is in the eastern states, to some extent around Chesapeake Bay but most of all in Florida, that the impact of human expansion is producing the most abrupt change in the status of the eagle. As the wave of building has swept down the west coast of Florida, felling many of the ancient nesting trees, there is evidence that some of the birds have retreated to inland cypress swamps. It may be that among stands of such trees in sanctuaries like the Everglades National Park the Florida eagles will find an undisturbed and permanent nesting place.

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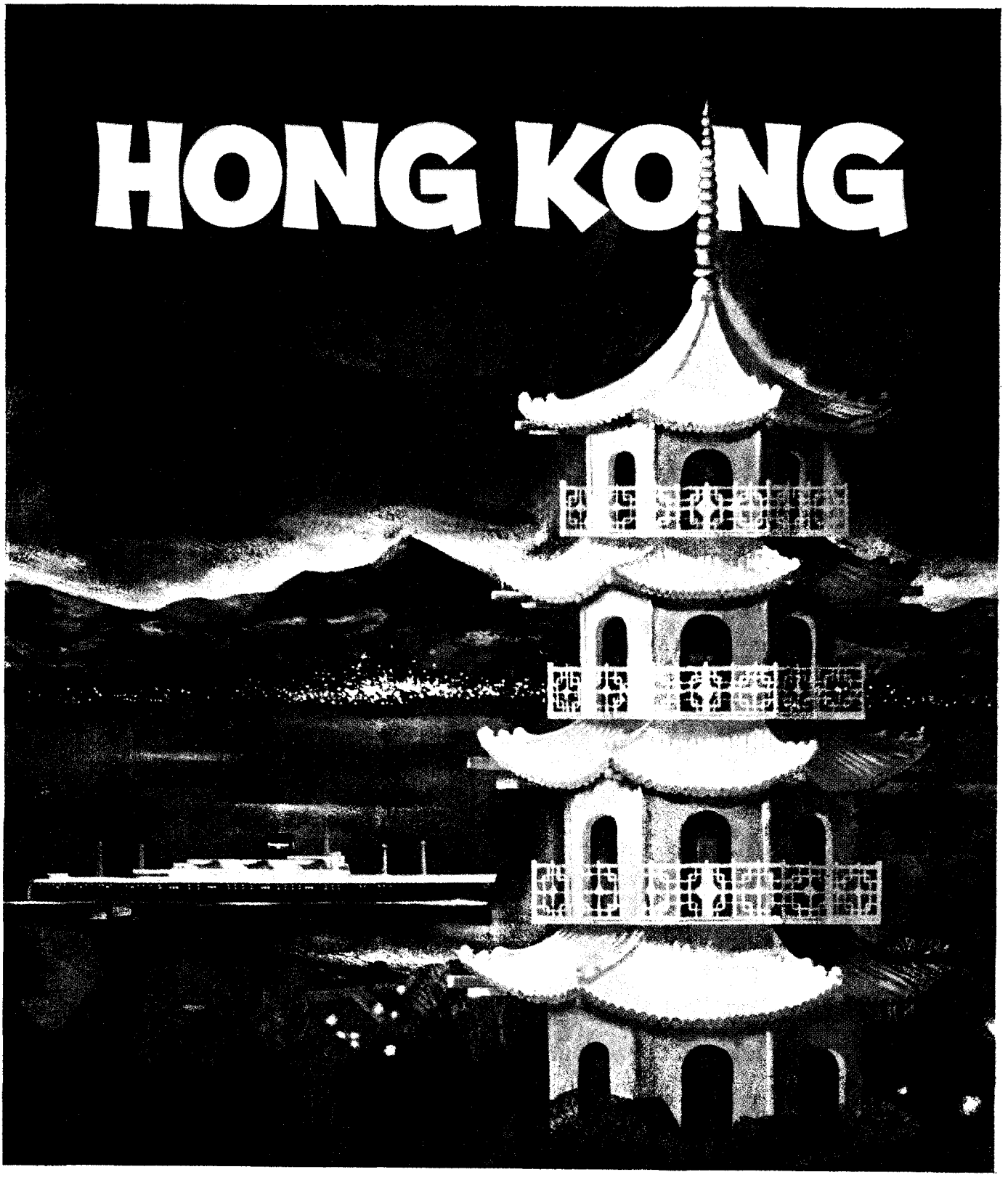

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THE PASSING OF KEYNESIAN ECONOMICS

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

A political scientist with undiminished belief in the potential of the American economy, SUMNER H. SLICHTER *is today Lamont Professor at Harvard University and an analyst of business trends whose forecasts are carefully listened to by management and labor alike.*

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES ranks with Adam Smith and Karl Marx among economists in the influence that his views have exerted on the general public. He had the vision to see that economics lacked a general theory of demand, and he proceeded with boldness and brilliance to construct one.

His theory produced the startling conclusion that highly developed industrial countries suffer from a chronic deficiency of demand, and that this deficiency is bound to grow worse as countries become richer. Hence, Keynes called upon government to assume a new responsibility and a new function — that of closing the growing gap between the power of progressive economies to produce and the size of effective private demand. Keynes suggested two general lines of action — that of controlling the size of the gap through changes in the distribution of income and that of offsetting the gap through greater government spending.

Keynes's theory contributed invaluable tools of analysis to economics and started hundreds of able economists in many lands studying the important problems that the theory opened up. No one in the history of economics has done as much as Keynes to stimulate good work. But Keynes's theory has turned out to have been wrong in all its essentials. Although intended to be a "general" theory, applicable to all conditions, it was unduly molded by the depressed thirties, the period when Keynes composed it. Advanced economies do not suffer from a chronic deficiency of demand — they suffer from a chronic *excess* of demand. It would be hard today to find an advanced economy that is not struggling to control demand, and most of them are having only partial success.

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It is among the undeveloped economies, precisely where Keynes did not expect to find a chronic shortage of demand, that unemployment is endemic and most severe. Keynes's theory that unemployment is caused by an excessive disposition to save obviously does not explain the high unemployment in countries which are too poor to have any savings at all. The high unemployment in undeveloped countries is best explained by Marx's theory of unemployment — that men lack work because savings are insufficient to provide the growing labor force with the tools of production.

THE CONSUMER'S ROLE

Why has Keynes turned out to have been so completely wrong? He made two basic mistakes. In the first place, he assigned to consumers a relatively passive role in determining the demand for goods. In the second place, he overlooked the fact that the development of investment opportunities is itself an expanding industry carried on for profit and able to supply the community with a rapidly growing number of investment outlets.

Keynes thought that consumers play a rather passive role in determining the demand for goods because he believed that the amount spent on consumption depends pretty completely upon the size of the national income. Hence, the dynamic influences in the economy, the influences that make the national income and the total demand for goods change, must be found, according to Keynes, outside the spending habits of consumers. Keynes found a single dominant dynamic influence in the rate of investment, which by rising and falling determines whether the economy expands or contracts. As business increases or cuts its buying of investment goods, incomes will rise or fall, and as they rise or fall consumption too will rise or fall.

Had Keynes lived in the United States, he would perhaps have seen that consumers do not let their consumption be determined so completely by the size of their incomes. American consumers, with their strong desire to live better and with their freedom from customs and traditions that decree what ways of living are suitable for people in certain stations, have always been ready to cut their rate of saving, to draw on their capital, or to go into debt in order to buy new things.

Particularly in recent years, consumers have developed a growing willingness to incur short-term debts in order to buy goods. Since the boom year of 1929 there has been an almost sevenfold increase in consumer credit, from a mere $6.4 billion at the end of 1929 to a whopping $41.9 billion at the end of 1956. During this period consumers were obviously not limiting their spending by their incomes. Their spending was being determined, as one would expect it to be, by their total resources, which include their credit, not merely by their incomes. Instead of playing the passive role ascribed to them by Keynes, consumers have been a powerful dynamic influence accelerating the expansion of the economy.

THE ETHICS OF BORROWING

Consumers have been encouraged to play a dynamic role in the economy by the rapidly growing consumer credit industry. This industry is based upon the discovery, only recently made, that consumers are far better credit risks than anyone had dreamed them to be. As a result, there has been a rush by finance companies, banks, mail order houses, automobile dealers, department stores, airplane and steamship lines, and many others to persuade consumers to buy goods on credit. At first consumer credit was limited to tangible goods with a rather definite resale value, such as automobiles or household appliances, but now one may finance trips and vacations on the installment plan. And the proportion of sales made on credit steadily rises. Sears Roebuck reports that in 1954, 39 per cent of its sales were made on credit. Last year the proportion was 44 per cent. With consumers behaving as American consumers are accustomed to behave, Keynes's fear that people will insist on saving too much seems farfetched.

Incidentally, with the discovery that consumers are better risks than had been previously suspected, there has developed a marked change in attitudes toward personal loans — a real change in the ethics of borrowing. Time was when personal indebtedness, except for a few emergencies and to provide the necessary furnishings for a home, was regarded as imprudent or reckless. Today it is seen that debt is a stabilizing and stimulating influence, and that it is a good thing for most young men, particularly married men, to have at least a moderate volume of debts that they are paying off.

THE DEMAND FOR CAPITAL

Although Keynes thought that the dominant dynamic influence in the economy is investment, he conceived of businessmen as a surprisingly unenterprising and helpless lot — unable to do much about the scale of investment. Keynes was obsessed with the fear that, as the country's stock of capital became larger and larger, outlets for savings would be harder to find, and he expressed

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his fears quite eloquently. He said that he felt sure that the demand for capital is strictly limited in the sense that it would not be difficult to increase the stock of capital to the point where its ability to produce a return would fall to a very low figure.

Keynes's belief that the return on capital would drop very drastically as the stock of capital increased must be ascribed to his failure to appreciate the significance of modern technology. Though a man of affairs, and a highly successful one at that, he failed to see what others saw, the large and growing capacity of industry to discover investment opportunities — a capacity that is far greater in highly developed countries than in undeveloped ones and that grows as the economy becomes richer and more industrial. Technological discoveries are the most important single influence on investment in advanced industrial economies, and yet Keynes's brilliant work contains no discussion of technological research.

THE INDUSTRY OF DISCOVERY

It is ironic that at the very time that Keynes was proclaiming his pessimistic views on the shortage of investment opportunities, the rise of technological research was producing a revolutionary change in the economy. Technological research was becoming an industry. It is convenient to call it the industry of discovery. It consists of many captive laboratories which work only for the company which owns them and a rapidly growing number of firms which do research under contract. The industry of discovery is one of the most rapidly growing industries in the country. Industry spent $116 million of its own money on research and development in 1930, $234 million in 1940, and about $1.5 billion in 1953, and it has been making even larger outlays under government research contracts. Outlays on research and development would grow even faster were they not limited by the shortage of engineers and scientists.

The revolutionary nature of the rise of the industry of discovery is not appreciated even by economists. Until recently, discoveries have been made mainly in two ways: by the efforts of operating men (incidental to their regular work), who have seen opportunities to improve methods of production or products, and by the efforts of "inventors" who, using their own resources and often driven by much stronger motives than hope of gain, have made industrial applications of scientific knowledge. The revolutionary change is that it has become possible to find a large number of problems or areas of investigation on which money may be spent with a reasonable expectation that the outlay will produce enough useful information and understanding to justify the expense. This means that it has become possible to apply the economic calculus — the balancing of expected expenses against expected gains — to an important new area of human activity, and to have the organized pursuit of gain take over a field of activity where formerly there had only been haphazard individual activities.

Of course, there can be no guarantee that a particular inquiry will produce the required knowledge within the estimated time and cost. When economic calculations are applied to research, the application has to be made in a somewhat different way from the application of economic calculations to the use of known and tried methods of production. Economists as yet do not understand the process by which highly uncertain costs are balanced against highly uncertain returns. But the evidence that some sort of calculus is being applied is found in the enormous growth of research budgets. Industry is not throwing its money away; it is spending on research and development because it has good reason to think that the outlays will prove profitable.

One result of the rise of the industry of discovery is the revelation that the economy was devoting far too small a part of its labor and capital to efforts to develop new products and new methods. The large and rapid shift of resources into technological research is enormously increasing our capacity to develop investment opportunities. An even more important result of research becoming an industry is that we have created an enormous vested interest in expanding research.

Many thousands of able men now make their living by disturbing our lives and by forcing us to discard old equipment, old methods, and old ways of doing things. The more they disturb us, the better living they make. And the vested interests of the people who live by making discoveries cause them to strive to improve the methods and instruments of investigation, thus steadily raising the capacity of the economy to develop investment opportunities. The danger that Keynes feared — namely, that we shall run out of investment opportunities — grows more remote every day, and it becomes most remote in the highly developed economies, precisely where Keynes erroneously believed that it would be greatest.

THE OUTLOOK FOR PRODUCTION

How does the world look when Keynes's theory of demand, constructed in the midst of the great depression, is replaced with one based on the developments of the last twenty years? On the whole, it appears to be a far better world than the

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one described by Keynes's theory — though not a world from which tough economic problems are absent. The specter of chronic unemployment, slowly growing as wealth increases and as the rate of saving rises, has pretty completely disappeared, at least as far as the industrially developed countries are concerned. Only a series of major blunders in policy could produce the chronic unemployment that Keynes dreaded. Consumers are a far more dynamic influence than Keynes ever suspected, and industry has far greater power to create demand for goods, mainly through technological discoveries, than anyone a generation or so ago dreamed it might have — and this power is growing.

Of great importance is the fact that the real world also has a far greater capacity to increase productivity, and hence consumption standards, than does the world of the Keynesian theory. Keynes does not discuss the prospects of technological progress, but implicit in his view that investment opportunities will be scarce is the view that technological progress will not be very rapid.

A few followers of Keynes have attempted to reconcile Keynes's pessimistic view of the shortage of investment opportunities with optimistic conclusions concerning the rate of technological progress. They argue that rapid technological progress may co-exist with a chronic shortage of investment outlets, provided inventions increasingly take the form of reducing the amount of capital required per worker. As a matter of fact, however, most inventions are of the opposite sort: they increase the amount of equipment that can be effectively controlled and operated by a worker. Keynes himself did not argue that the shortage of investment opportunities would be the result of a preponderance of a particular form of invention — he simply was not aware of our rapidly growing capacity to make discoveries. Hence, the real world of rapid technological change in which we live is one where the outlook for more production and higher standards of consumption is far brighter than in the world of scarce investment opportunities postulated by Keynes.

A CHRONIC EXCESS OF DEMAND

This is not to say that the real world is lacking in perplexing economic problems. In place of the problems of stagnation and chronic unemployment, the real world is confronted with the problem of a chronic excess of demand, the result of the growing capacity of industry to develop new products and processes. But if demand has a strong tendency to outrun productive capacity, the government will need to maintain rather steady control over the creation of bank credit.

The policy of credit restraint, that has received so much discussion this last year, will be in effect not for a few months but for most of the time in the foreseeable future. The policy of credit restraint is unpopular with a substantial number of shortsighted people who do not like to be prevented from spending all the money they could easily spend if credit were easier. Hence, one of the hazards of life in a period of chronic excess of demand is the danger that public opinion will force the government to abandon the policy of credit restraint. Such abandonment would produce a runaway boom that would end in collapse.

RISING WAGES AND RISING PRICES

Even tougher than the problem of curbing the tendency for demand to outrun productive capacity is the problem of the tendency for wages to rise faster than the productivity of labor, causing a slow rise in labor costs and thus a slow rise in prices. This is a problem that is produced by the combination of full employment and strong trade unions. No one as yet knows a satisfactory way of checking the tendency for rising labor costs to force up the level of prices. A policy of credit restraint can prevent prices from rising faster than labor costs. Indeed, a sufficiently drastic credit policy can prevent prices from rising as fast as labor costs, with the result that unemployment is created, the bargaining position of unions is weakened, and the rise in labor costs is eventually halted. A few extremists advocate such a drastic credit policy. It is safe to predict, however, that such a policy would not last long. Protests from the unemployed and their friends would soon force a relaxing of the policy.

Other persons suggest that rising labor costs can be prevented by persuading unions to practice self-restraint and to abstain from exercising all the power that a sellers' market gives them. But unions are competitive and power-seeking organizations, and they live in a community in which the spirit of competition pervades all manner of activities. The rivalry among unions in winning gains for their members is no greater than the struggle for sales and prestige among soap companies, automobile manufacturers, or makers of tires, radios, or cigarettes. In a community where competition is a way of life, unions alone can scarcely be expected to abstain from trying to outdo one another.

Some people suggest that the way to stop wages from outrunning productivity is to spend more money on technological research. This procedure may partly answer the problem, but it cannot be counted on to do so. The difficulty, as experience shows, is that most technological dis-

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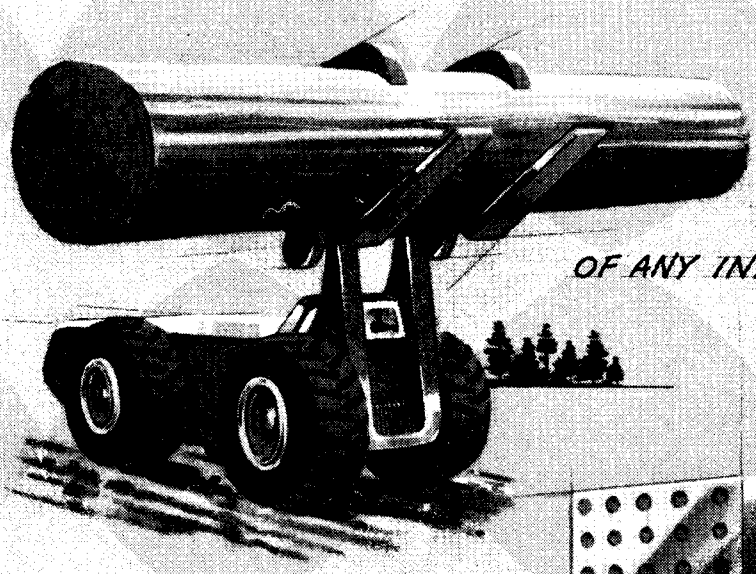

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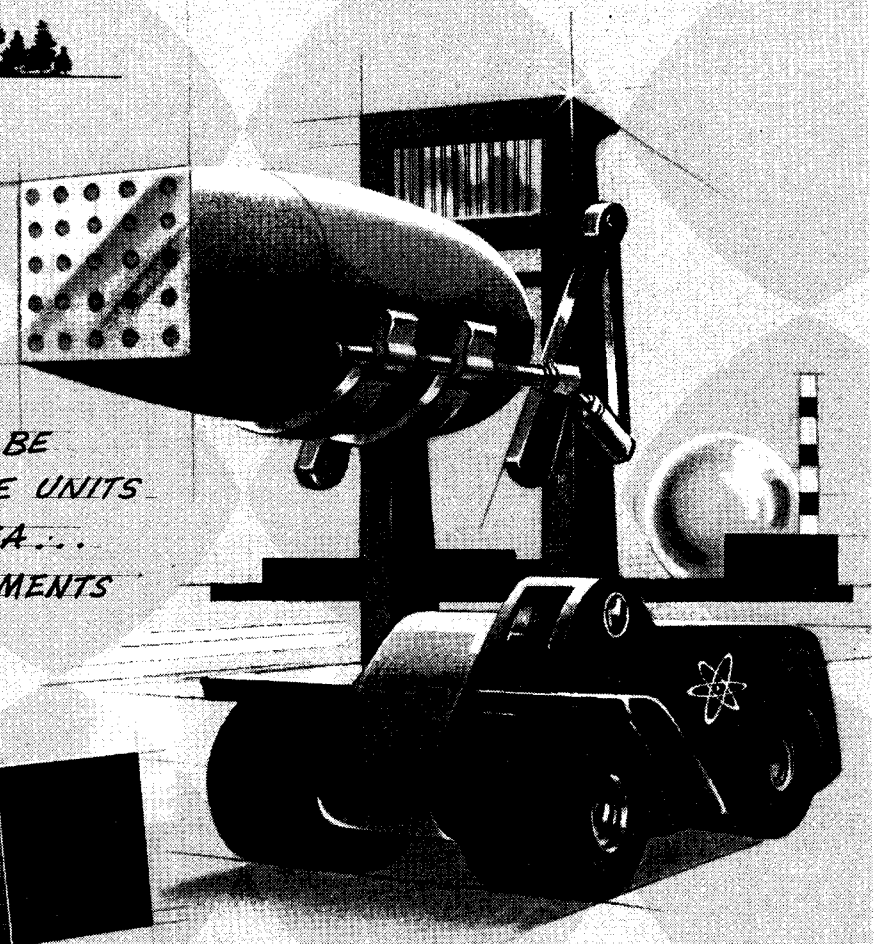

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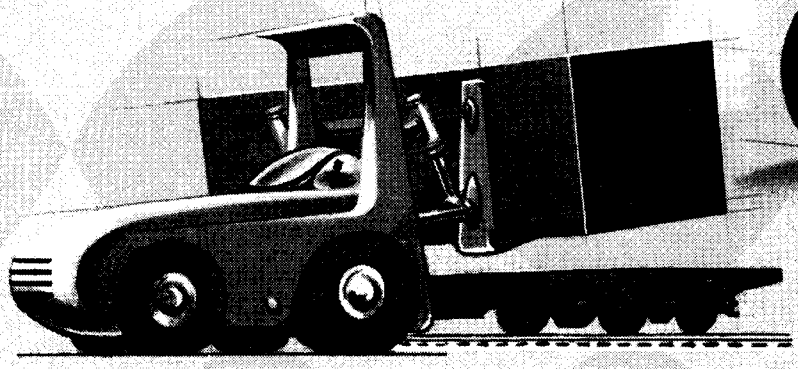

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coveries increase the demand for capital goods by creating new investment opportunities. Thus they tend to make markets even more favorable to sellers.

There are, however, some types of technological changes that increase productivity without requiring the use of more capital. These are capital-saving changes. Examples of such changes are better selection and training of employees, better scheduling of work, better setting of production standards, better control of raw materials, better maintenance of equipment. Greater emphasis upon these capital-saving changes will raise the productivity of labor while not increasing the demand for goods, and thus will help productivity to keep pace with the rise of wages.

Changes in the corporate income tax would stiffen the resistance of employers to the demands of unions and would thus retard somewhat the rise of money wages. One reason why employers do such an indifferent job of bargaining is that under existing corporate income tax laws, the government in effect pays 52 per cent of any wage increase. The backbones of employers might be stiffened by amendments to the corporate income tax law that would require employers to wait for a year or two before counting wage increases as deductible expenses in computing their liability for the corporate income tax.

Only experience will show to what extent industry and the public will support these several ways of checking the tendency for wages to outrun productivity, and only experience will show the effectiveness of these measures. In the meantime, we shall probably have to live with a slowly rising price level, and the rise in prices may continue indefinitely. The upward creep of prices will itself create problems, but they will be far less serious problems than we experienced from the roller-coaster course of prices during the nineteenth century and most of the first half of the twentieth century. And the problems of a slowly rising price level may be regarded as the price we pay for two desirable conditions that are fundamentally responsible for the creeping price rise: full employment and strong trade unions.

All in all, the real world appears to be a much better place than the world of Keynesian theory — at least better for most people. It is true that the Keynesian problem of stagnation is more amenable to treatment by policy than the real world's problems of excessive demand and creeping inflation. But surely it is preferable to be struggling even with incomplete success with the problems of excessive demand and creeping inflation than to be confronted with a chronic shortage of investment opportunities. Fortunately, there is no incompatibility between creeping inflation and the capacity of the economy to raise productivity.

Undoubtedly, the greatest superiority of the real world over the world of Keynesian theory is in the attitude of people toward the basic economic institutions of capitalism and private enterprise. Keynes was not seeking to overthrow capitalism — on the contrary, when he proposed that the government take on new responsibilities and functions, he hoped to save capitalism. Nevertheless, widespread and continued acceptance of Keynes's theory of demand would have been disastrous for capitalistic institutions. People could not keep up strong faith in institutions that were unable to provide the community with the needed number of jobs, and institutions in which people lacked confidence would be bound to wither and decay and to be replaced by others.

NEW CONFIDENCE IN FREE ENTERPRISE

The discovery that our economy has far greater capacity to increase the demand for goods than Keynes suspected has naturally produced a great resurgence of confidence in capitalism and private enterprise. Rising confidence in the effectiveness of capitalistic institutions has had the interesting result of causing radicals and conservatives alike to abandon extreme positions. As attacks on capitalism have moderated, the defense of capitalism has become less doctrinaire. In the United States there has been a marked growth of "middle-of-the-road" opinion. The same thing has happened in Western Europe where the Labor and Socialist parties have shifted from advocating nationalization of industry to championing the welfare state — the operation of private enterprise within a comprehensive framework of public policies — and where the principal conservative parties have also accepted the welfare state.

We should be grateful that the world is what it is rather than what Keynes pictured it as being. It is a world in which the energies and aspirations of men are stimulated by expanding opportunities rather than depressed by the constant threat of chronic unemployment. Most important of all, it is a world in which the rapidly growing industry of discovery is creating the possibility of a great cultural revolution. For the first time in history, the high productivity of some countries is enabling their people to have sufficient income, sufficient education, and sufficient leisure so that the good life is ceasing to be the privilege of a favored few and is being brought within the reach of all members of the community.

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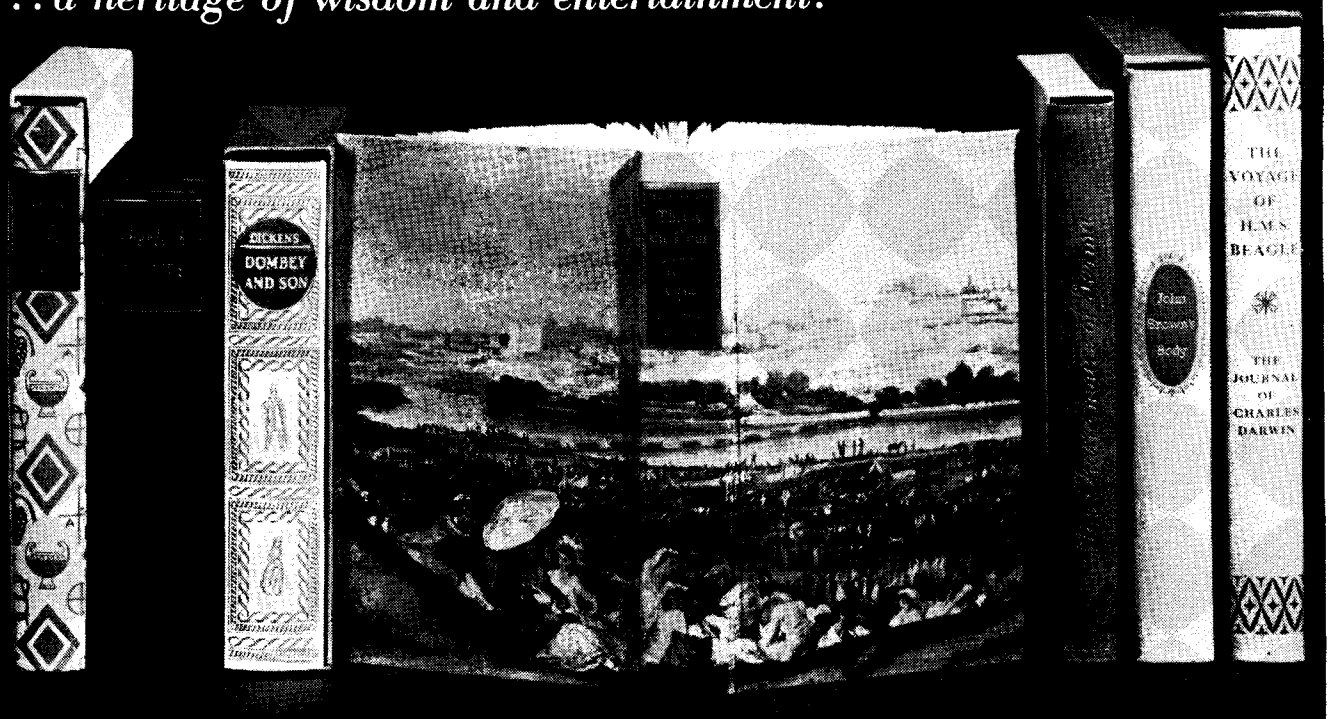

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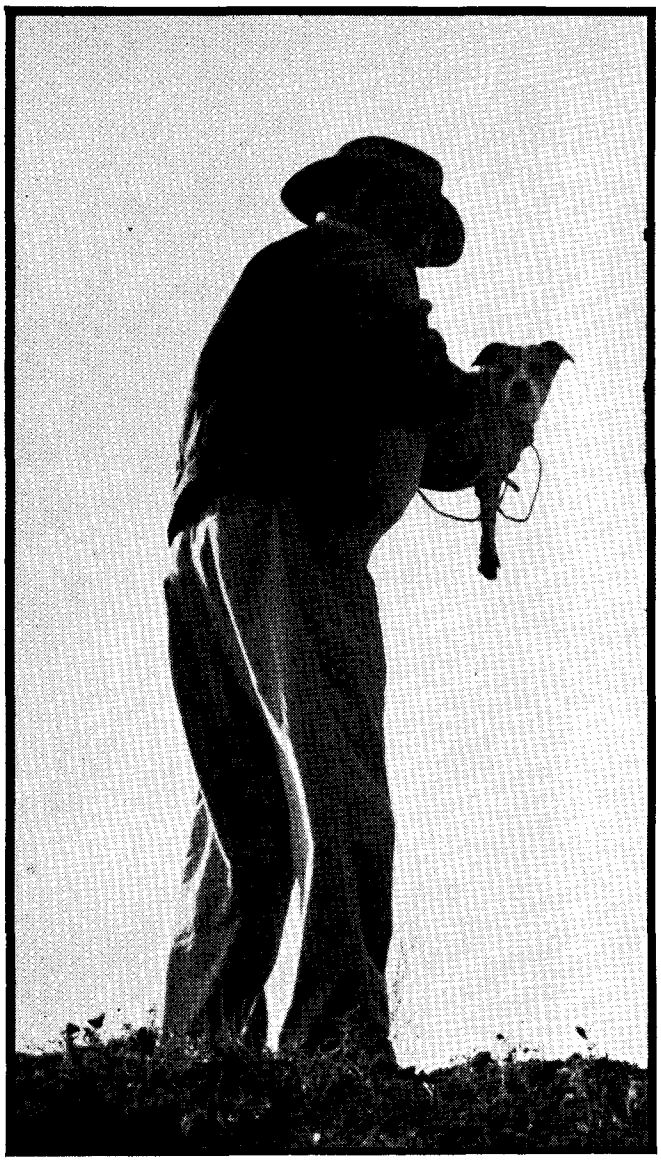
Man and Best Friend Breaking Law



Perhaps George Welkoff's most serious crime—though it was not the one for which he was convicted—was just being different. His speech, for instance. Broken English, with one of those off-beat, Middle-European accents that sometimes mark a man for ridicule. And the sadness that was about him always, as if he carried within him the miseries of eternity.

To the casual—or the ungenerous—observer, Welkoff's way of life must have appeared grubby, even sordid; no family, no friends, completely lacking the drive and motif we think of as the "American way." But then, George Welkoff was not an American. And his neighbors—some of his neighbors at least—didn't like it.

There had been a family once, though the neighbors didn't know it. A son, Zifko, killed by the Communists; a wife, dead now, and a daughter, Zacharina, living still but lost to Welkoff in the dark terror of Iron-Curtain Bulgaria. There had been status, too, during the twenty years Welkoff served Bulgaria as an army officer.

How had he come to America? Not quickly, nor easily. It had taken him seven years, working his way first through Austria, then Germany. He arrived in the United States in 1950 and settled in Hellertown, Pennsylvania.

Living was hard. There were no white-collar openings for a 54-year-old ex-officer of the Bulgarian Army, and a physical handicap precluded manual labor. Living was hard, but possible. Odd jobs here and there and the proceeds from the sale of vegetables grown in his garden. Survivors of the war in Europe know how to live meagerly.

And there was one friend.

Some people—the same ones, perhaps, who would have said Welkoff wasn't much of a man—would have said it wasn't much of a dog. Just a stray. Maybe there was a look of eternal misery about him, too. The man befriended him, took him home. He became Welkoff's dog. And the neighbors—some of the neighbors at least—didn't like it.

On the evening of July 31, 1956, George Welkoff was arrested by officers of the Hellertown Police Department. The charge: Violation of a Pennsylvania statute prohibiting aliens from owning dogs. Welkoff's dog was taken to the pound, earmarked for destruction. Nobody had ever enforced the law, of course. It was one of those steeped-in-time fiats that are so silly they aren't worth the legislative bother of wiping them off the books. So George Welkoff was arrested and the neighbors—some of the neighbors at least—were very pleased.

There is no way of determining whether the Justice of Peace who heard the case thought the law was silly. But he found Welkoff guilty and he fined him. Fine and costs came to $35.80 and Welkoff didn't have it. So George Welkoff, this 60-year-old displaced person who had broken the laws of the Sovereign State of Pennsylvania, was sentenced to 32 days in County Prison.

James McCombe, a Bethlehem, Pa., newspaperman, reported the story the day after Welkoff was jailed. Now the whole community knew the troubles of the old man and his dog. It made a good many people uncomfortable. But it made one man mad. He was Vincent Leun, a Bethlehem Steel executive. Nothing about the story fitted into Leun's concept of American justice. He did something about it.

Vincent Leun paid Welkoff's fine and had him released from prison (he had already served two days). He claimed Welkoff's dog from the pound and took it into his home until Welkoff could legally acquire it. He received a few anonymous threatening letters, but they were far outnumbered by signed letters from people who supported his action.

Mr. Leun did another thing. Letters he wrote to the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature resulted in repeal of the law which sent George Welkoff to jail.

Now, George Welkoff is a man who is endowed with inalienable prerogatives of freedom of speech, trial by jury, the habeas corpus, and the right to own dogs.

The story of how Vincent Leun helped right an injustice typifies the love of freedom and justice which lies at the heart of America. Such everyday examples provide reassurance that the common principles held by Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln are still very much alive in twentieth-century America.

The American Traditions Project of the Fund for the Republic has compiled hundreds of true stories of contemporary Americans whose actions have advanced freedom and justice. Some of these stories have been published in an illustrated booklet, "The American Tradition in 1957." Free copies are available. Write to the American Traditions Project, Box 48462-ATA, Los Angeles 48, California.

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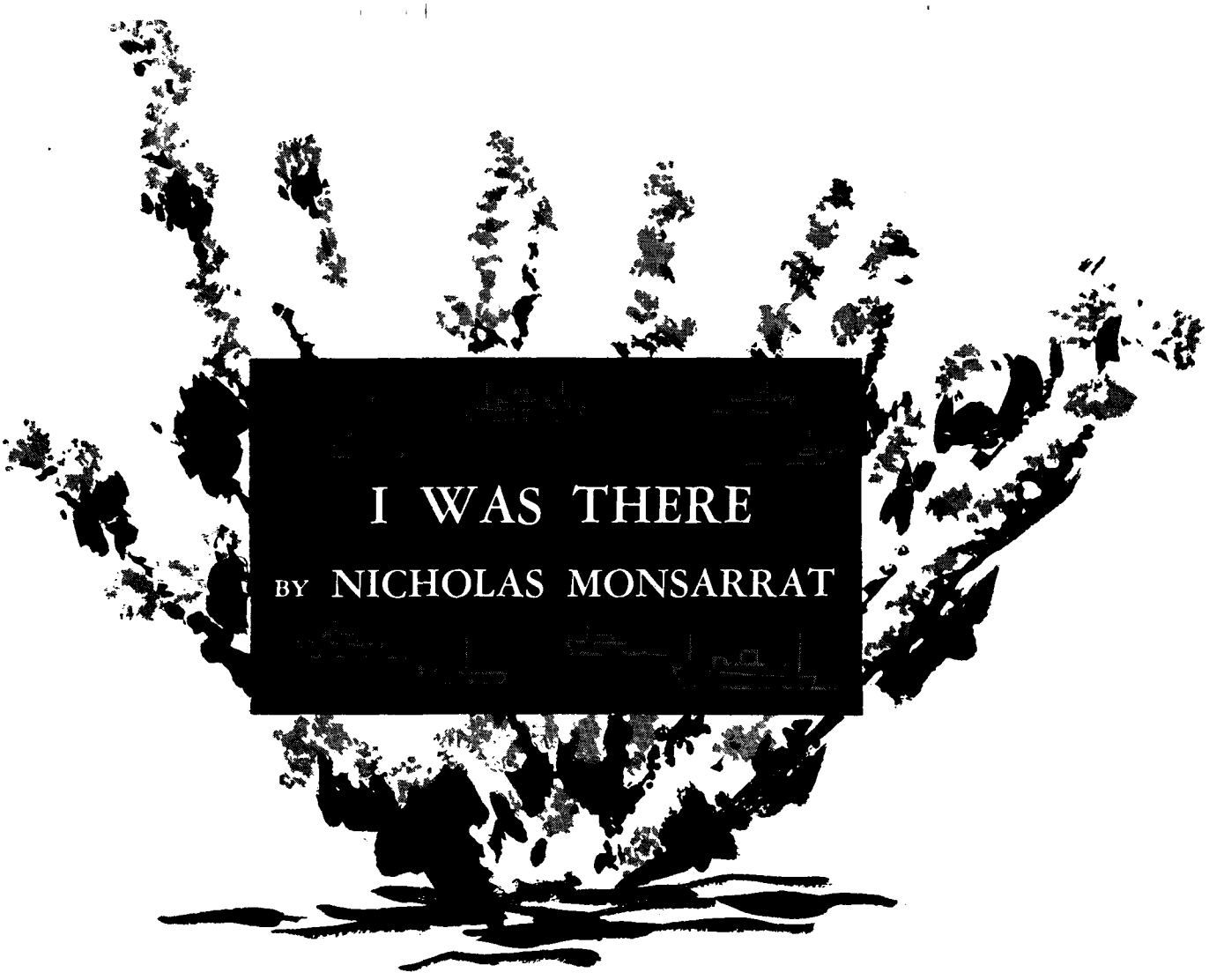

I WAS THERE

BY NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

An Englishman who served as a lieutenant commander of escort vessels in the Second World War, NICHOLAS MONSARRAT *writes in the great tradition of the English seafarers. His novel,* THE CRUEL SEA, *touched millions of readers here and in England at the war's end, and because of it we asked him to recall that moment of supreme crisis when England stood with her back to the wall — the Battle of Dunkirk.*

SHE was a lovely boat, and a thousand times during that long trip across the Channel and up the French coast, from Southampton to Flushing, I found myself wishing she were mine. But country lawyers in a small way of business don't own sixty-ton diesel-powered yawls like the *Ariadne:* if they are lucky, they get the job of delivering them from their builders to other, more fortunate people. That was what I was doing, that June evening, and not hurrying the job either; we had a fortnight to make the trip, ironing out the snarls on the way, and none of us wanted to cut that fortnight short.

"Us" was three people altogether: myself, on holiday from the dry-as-dust legal business of an English market town; George Wainwright, about whom I knew nothing save that he was on the fringe of London's theatrical world and an excellent small-boat navigator; and Ginger, who tripled as steward, deck hand, and running commentator. "Call me Ginger," he had said, in a cheerful Cockney voice, as soon as we met on the dockside. "My mother was scared by a carrot."

I had left it at "Ginger"; he was the kind of man who didn't need a second name.

This was the sort of holiday I took every year, signing on with a yacht-delivery service and pulling strings to wangle the best boat and the best trip I could. It was the only way I could get to sea nowadays; the war had taken my own boat, and the post-war my bank balance. George Wainwright told me, airily, that he was "resting between shows," though I fancy he was glad enough to pick up free quarters, and £20, for making what was virtually a pleasure cruise. He was a big man, sinewy and tough; I had the impression that he had done a lot of ocean racing at one time, in other people's boats, though I couldn't

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imagine him in any conceivable part in any West End play.

Ginger, the steward, didn't volunteer anything about himself. He never stopped talking, for all that. The crew on these "builder's delivery" jobs was usually a scratch lot, though it struck me that this time we were remarkably assorted. Middle-aged lawyer, forty-year-old actor, a redheaded Cockney who might have been fresh out of jail — the crew of the *Ariadne* seemed to have been picked at random from the Yellow Pages. But we had made her sail like a champion, all the same.

We had made her sail to such good purpose that now, with two days in hand, we were loafing along on the last hundred miles of the journey. Earlier, we had come smoking up the Channel before a force 6 gale; *Ariadne*, handling beautifully, had logged a steady ten knots under her storm canvas. But then the wind had fallen light, and the leg from Dover to Calais had become a gentle drifting under hazy sunshine, while the decks and the sails dried out, and we made what small repairs were necessary. Nothing had gone wrong that didn't always go wrong in a boat fresh from the builders — a leaking skylight, some chafed rigging, a cupboard door that wouldn't stay shut in a seaway. By and large, she went like a dream — as far as I was concerned, an envious dream of ownership that I would never live in reality.

George Wainwright and I had taken turn-about at the wheel, with Ginger filling in for an odd trick or two, to give us an extra margin of sleep. We had lived on tea, corned beef, beans, and something which Ginger called "cheesy-hammy-eggy" and which, for cold, hungry, and tired men, was a banquet in itself. Rum, twice a day, completed our paradise.

Now, towards the end of that paradise, we were punching eastwards against the ebb tide, at six o'clock of a magic evening. *Ariadne*, under all plain sail, could not make much of the light air; we were barely holding our own, creeping up the flat coastline with the sun warm on our backs. I had the wheel, letting the spokes slide through my fingers with a sensual joy. Ginger, standing with his head poking out of the cabin top, was drying cups and saucers. George Wainwright, his elbows planted on the chart, stared landwards through his binoculars.

"We're not making any headway," he said, presently. "Barely a knot, I should say."

"Suits me," said Ginger. He could never resist a comment on anything, from UN politics to juvenile delinquency. "I've got all year."

The water gurgled at the bow. The sail slatted, empty of wind. "We might as well anchor," I said. "The tide will be against us for another four hours. What's the depth here?"

George Wainwright glanced at the chart. "About four fathoms. Sandy bottom. She'll hold all right."

"We'll anchor till the flood," I decided. "Give us a chance to catch up on our sleep." I eased *Ariadne* up into the wind, and our way fell off. Ginger went forward to see to the windlass.

"How far are we off shore?" I asked George.

"About a mile," he answered. "The tide sets us inwards."

"And where, exactly?"

"Off Dunkirk."

Dunkirk. . . . As the anchor chain rattled down through the leads, and *Ariadne* swung and settled to her cable, I was conscious of an odd foreboding. It was true that we were a mile off Dunkirk: I recognized, as if from a hundred photographs, the oily swell, the sloping beaches, the flat mainland enclosing a loose-knit gray town. Here were the waters, full of ghosts, full of sunken ships and dead men, which a decade earlier — no, it was now nearly *two* decades — had resounded to a murderous uproar. In my mind's eye I saw them all again: the straggling lines of men wading through the shallows, crying out for rescue or waiting in dull stupor to be picked up; the burning town behind, the Stukas overhead; and the small boats darting in and out — going in light, coming out laden to the gunwales — on an errand of mercy and salvage that went on hour after hour, day after day. That was what Dunkirk would always mean to me — a name at once grisly and proud, a symbol, a haunting from the past. I was curious to know what it meant to the other two, and I did not have to wait long to find out.

Ginger, having secured the anchor, came aft again; George Wainwright looked up from his chart, where *Ariadne's* observed position was now marked by a neatly penciled cross. There was no need to wonder which of them would speak first. It would have been an easy bet to win.

"Good old Dunkirk!" said Ginger jauntily. He wiped his hands, greasy from the windlass, on a bunch of cotton waste and looked round him at *Ariadne's* benevolent anchorage. "Makes you think a bit, don't it?"

"How do you mean, Ginger?" asked George Wainwright.

"All this . . ." Ginger waved his hand round vaguely. "It's seventeen years ago now, but by cripes it's like yesterday! . . . The bombers coming over as thick as bloody fleas, the lads waiting. . . . I'll never forget it, not as long as I live. By cripes, skipper!" — he turned to me, his creased leathery face alight — "I could tell you a yarn that would curl your hair. A yarn —"

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. . . a yarn which, as the sun sunk to the westwards, and *Ariadne's* wavering shadow lengthened and faded on the tranquil waters off Dunkirk, recalled all the horrors, terrors, and triumphs of those mortal days. Ginger told it well; I knew that he must have had many audiences, many chances to polish and perfect.

The lads, he said (and we could all see them as lads, beefy Lancashire lads from the mills, gray-faced lads from the Yorkshire coalpits, likely lads from Bermondsey and Bow) — the lads were fed up. The officer had promised them they'd be taken off that night, and they'd been content with that, after a week's dodging the bombers on their way back to the coast, and they'd settled down on the beach to wait. But they hadn't been taken off, not that night, nor the next, nor the next. That was the army for you — waiting about, nobody knowing what was happening, all a lot of bull, put that bloody light out! . . . First they had waited on the beach; then at the water's edge; then chest-high in the water itself.

The straggling line inched its way outwards from the shallows to the deep water. Link arms, there! said the officer; so they linked arms, and with the other hand held their rifles above water. Because you'll be using those rifles tomorrow, said the officer. Keep them dry, keep them ready for instant action! 'Ark at 'im, said the lads.

They waited in the shallows and the deeps. It was cold at night; then it was hot; behind them the town was burning, and the perimeter force kept blazing away with everything they'd got, and the Stukas circled, and swooped, and roared away again, leaving behind them a salty human flotsam — men mixed with sand, men mixed with water, seaweed, other men, all draining slowly away as the tide ebbed. Where's the bloody air force? asked the lads, scanning the alien sky between waves of noise and pain. Tucked up in bed with anyone they can get hold of. . . . Heard from your missus lately? . . .

It was cold at night, then it was burning hot. Men got hit, and dropped out; men got cramp, and floated away; men went mad, and tried to hide beneath the waves. There were other straggling lines within sight, like feelers weaving and groping towards home. Their own line grew thinner; sometimes part of it disappeared altogether, as if by weight of noise and pressure. Close up! said the officer. And no smoking there! Might give away our position.

The officer was the last to go. He was one of the lads himself, only a bit lah-di-dah. . . . When it was their turn to be taken off, the boat from the destroyer, bobbing inshore after a stick of bombs had straddled the shallows, drew alongside the wavering line.

Look lively! said the sailor at the helm, as cool as fresh salad, and they looked lively — as lively as they could after three days of it. There was one lad going off his head with the noise and the sun, and he tried to clamber on board, suddenly screaming with mingled pain and joy, and the officer came up behind and gave him a heave into the boat, and then himself crumpled up like a sodden newspaper and disappeared without a trace.

They fished around for him, couldn't find him, suddenly abandoned the idea and drew swiftly away. Better to save twenty lives, they reassured themselves. . . . But it was funny how surprised he had looked, after three such days, just before he faded out.

Dusk came down like a blessing. *Ariadne* rode to her anchor proudly; she was gleaming new, and the white of her doused sails seemed to hold the sunlight long after it had dipped below the horizon. I would have needed a lot of things — a lot of luck, a lot of horse sense, a lot of drive I had never had — to possess a boat like this. But somehow, sitting relaxed in the cockpit, nursing a rum-and-water, I found it easy to imagine that it had all happened, and that she was mine.

The lights of Dunkirk were coming on one by one. George Wainwright took an anchor bearing from them, satisfied himself that we were not dragging, and sat down by my side again. He raised his voice, against the lap and gurgle of the tideway.

"That was a good yarn of yours, Ginger," he said. "I know exactly how you must have felt. . . . But it was just as bad for the little ships that had to come close inshore and take the troops off. If you want to hear a story . . ."

. . . a story about a big man in a small boat (and looking at George Wainwright's broad shoulders as he lounged at the after-end of the cockpit, we both knew that it was *his* story). Hundreds of little ships played their part in the evacuation of Dunkirk; everything from old paddle-wheel ferries to ship's lifeboats, nursed across the Channel by a man and a boy. Their job was to run a shuttle service — to come close inshore, load up with troops, and bring them out to deeper water, where the bigger boats and the destroyers were waiting.

Some of the little ships kept it up for three or four days. The two-and-a-half-ton sloop *Tantivvy* was one of these.

Tantivvy (said George Wainwright) was nothing to look at, though she was the owner's pride and joy. She'd sailed across from Dover with the rest of the mob, following a call on the radio which asked for every small ship that could stay afloat

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to report for emergency duty. The motley fleet fanned out like a crazy Armada, then converged on Dunkirk. Dunkirk, with its pall of smoke, its mass of shipping, its hurricane of gunfire, was something you couldn't miss.

Tantivvy, drawing less than four feet, could get within half a mile of the shore; and there she anchored, and presently launched from her upper deck a small pram-dinghy, propelled by a large man whose bulk left room for, at the very most, two other passengers. . . . All day, and most of the night, the dinghy plied to and fro, taking off two soldiers at a time from the waiting hordes, loading them onto the deck of *Tantivvy*, and then going back for more.

There came a time, towards dawn, when *Tantivvy* had fifty passengers. They sprawled in the tiny cabin, gray-faced, dead to the world; they lay about on the upper deck, soiling it with their blood; they sat with their backs to the mast, staring at nothing, waiting for peace. After his twenty-fifth trip, the big man looked at them and said, "Not many more, I'm afraid."

One of the soldiers, still awake and still able to talk, waited for a lull in the bombing and called out: "Let's get going, for God's sake!"

"We might manage two more," said the big man, resting his swollen, aching arms on the oars.

"Don't be a bloody fool!" said the soldier, in a cracked voice. "You'll lose the lot of us if you do. We're damn near sinking already."

A bomb fell with a screaming *crump!* and a shower of dirty water, close beside them.

"Well . . ." said the big man. His face was deadly tired, his eyes puffy and discolored.

He climbed on board, secured the dinghy to the sternpost, and started up the tiny motor. "Help me with the anchor," he said to the soldier.

The two of them shambled forwards, picking their way between half-dead men who, even when kicked out of the way, could not spare them a glance. They heaved on the anchor and finally brought it home. The big man stood upright and then suddenly stiffened.

"You stupid bastard!" he said to the soldier.

"What?" said the soldier, in amazement.

There was an enormous explosion ashore, and the small boat, gathering way, rocked as the hot shock-wave reached them.

"*Don't you know better*," asked the big man, with murderous sarcasm, "*than to walk on a wooden deck in those blasted hobnailed boots?*"

THERE was a breeze coming up from the southward, sending the small ripples slap-slapping against *Ariadne's* shapely hull. An hour before moonrise, it was now very dark; Dunkirk's glow was reflected in the sky overhead, but between the town and the boat there was a waste of inky black water, deserted, featureless. It was as if the soldiers had all been picked up and we were free to go.

In the glow from the binnacle, Ginger's perky face was somber. Perhaps, for him as well, the ghosts were still thick around us. If only for our comfort, I knew that I had to tell them about the triumphant part, the end of the story . . .

. . . the end of the story, which I could see now, as clearly as the others had seen theirs.

She was an old destroyer, a bit cranky in her ways (which were the ways of 1916, not 1940), and bringing her alongside at Dover, feverishly crammed with shipping, was not easy. Not if you'd been on the bridge for thirty-six hours, and made two trips to Dunkirk, and dodged the bombers all the way there and all the way back, and waited offshore, sweating, while eight hundred sixty-two men scrambled, clawed, and bullocked their way on board. Not if you had to go back, as soon as this lot was landed, and do the whole thing over and over again till there were no more soldiers showing above water.

The old destroyer slipped between two trawlers leaving for a routine minesweep, stopped in her tracks with a sudden boiling of foam aft, and edged sideways towards the quay. The lines went snaking ashore, the windlasses took in the slack; presently she was berthed, and the hum of the main engines ceased. The captain walked to the back of the bridge and looked aft along the length of his ship.

This was the dividend, this was what the excursion had been for. There wasn't an inch of the deck that was not covered with men — men in khaki. On the trip home, they had lain there as though stunned or dead; now they were stirring, moving towards the gangway and peering down at the Dover dockside as if they could scarcely believe their eyes. Their uniforms were filthy, their faces unshaven, their many bandages bloodstained; they looked like a wretched scarecrow army in some hollow Shakespearean comedy. About half of them had rifles. There was no other equipment.

The destroyer-captain thought, if this is what's left of the British Army, then God help us.

They began to disembark, shambling down the gangplank like men sleepwalking in a dream of death. They collected in groups, and then in ragged lines, filling the whole quayside. There was a bunch of them directly below the bridge, standing as if in a shattered trance.

Suddenly one of them, a small lance-corporal, looked up at the bridge, and then directly at the destroyer-captain himself. For a moment they

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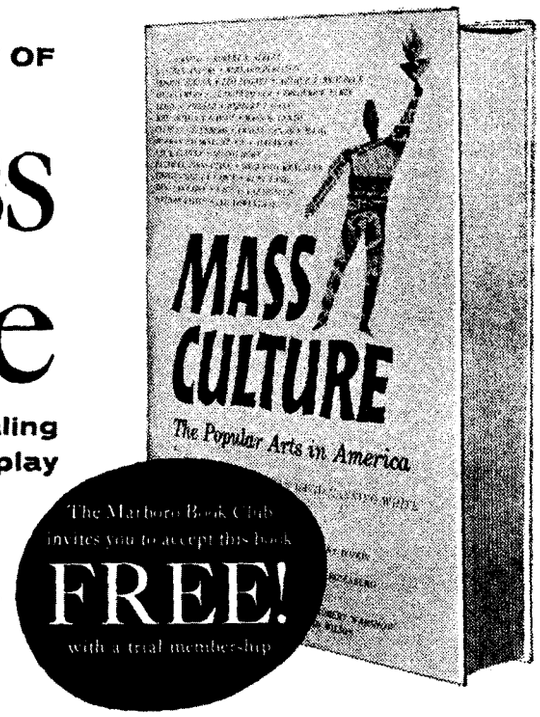

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held each other's eyes, as if they were seeking some rare, unheard-of element that could bridge the ground between a stunted Cockney soldier and a tall, beribboned Royal Navy captain; and then the small lance-corporal grinned, and looked round at his weary comrades, and shouted, on a cracked note of energy: "Come on, lads! Three cheers for the bleedin' Nyvy!"

They could hardly be called three cheers; they were like the thin rise and fall of a groan, or a spectral sighing from an army of ghosts. But they did emanate from those bedraggled ranks, and they did reach the gaunt, teak-faced destroyer-captain on the bridge.

The captain, when he went ashore, was the elder son of an earl; and, when afloat, an unbending disciplinarian who had been known to deal out exemplary punishment for a sloppy salute. It was a difficult moment, covered by no textbook, no family code, and indeed no war so far. But he also had something important to express, and he did the best he could. He leaned over the wing of his bridge, stiff as a rod in spite of his weariness, and enunciated very clearly:

"My compliments to *you*, gentlemen — my *best* compliments."

THEY liked my story, I could tell that; it reminded them that the Dunkirk disaster could be read two ways. In the binnacle glow, Ginger's face grew cheerful again, and George Wainwright took a swig of his rum as if toasting Victory herself. The night breeze, from landwards, brought a warm homely smell of Flanders fields. At anchor off Dunkirk, we had mourned long enough; for the tragedy had a happy ending after all.

"That's what we tend to forget," said George, echoing my thoughts. "We *did* take off more than three hundred thousand of them, and they *did* get back again, in the end."

Looking up after the long spell of talking, I became aware that the lights of Dunkirk were no longer on *Ariadne's* starboard beam, but traversing slowly round astern of her. The Channel tide was flooding.

"We're swinging, skipper," said George Wainwright, noticing at the same moment. "The tide's with us now. The wind's got some weight in it, too."

I clicked the switch of the navigation lights, and the friendly red and green eyes brought *Ariadne* to life.

"Let's get under way," I said.

"Now you're talking!" said Ginger. "This place gives me the creeps."

We were all standing up, ready to go about our tasks — hoisting the foresail and the main, getting up the anchor, putting ourselves and *Ariadne* to work again.

"Of course Dunkirk is haunted," said George Wainwright, suddenly. "But it gave us something to be proud of, all the same."

Some quality of wistfulness in his voice prompted me to ask a question which had been in my mind ever since the three of us started talking.

"Tell me something," I said. "*Were* you at Dunkirk?"

It was light enough to see him grin. "Not actually, old boy," he answered. Suddenly he *did* sound like an actor, and rather a good one too. "I was touring with ENSA at the time. *Private Lives* — eight shows a week. I wasn't actually *at* Dunkirk."

It seemed right that he did not sound sheepish. . . . I turned towards the slight figure clambering up to the fo'c'sle deck.

"Ginger? Were you?"

"Not me!" I might have been charging him with picking pockets. "1940, wasn't it? — I was in the glasshouse already. Asleep on sentry go, the man said. What a liberty!"

I knew what was coming next.

"Were *you* there?" George Wainwright asked me.

I didn't want to embarrass either of them; in any case, I couldn't be sure that, even now, they were telling the truth. One of them was an actor, the other a liar; they lived, congenitally, in opposite corners of the same dreamworld. And I myself led such a dull life nowadays.

"Afraid not," I answered. "Bad heart, you know. . . . I was doing civil defense work in London, all that summer. I wasn't at Dunkirk either."

But the moment of revelation did not make us ashamed among ourselves, nor were we truly liars, whether we were lying or not. For our last three answers had all been wrong. Every Englishman was at Dunkirk.

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Progress and the thinking man

WE at General Motors owe much to the five good men and true who in 1857 founded the "new magazine" which "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" neatly titled "The Atlantic."

Not that Dr. Holmes' "One Hoss Shay" precisely inspired our later efforts in improving vehicular transportation; or that Emerson contributed directly to our development of the internal combustion engine; or that Longfellow's metrical music predicted our progress in Diesel design.

Yet *The Atlantic* — way back then — served as a motive force for thought. Not the derivative thought of older cultures — but our own native American variety. Its founders' transcendental faith in man's ability to grow in mental stature sparked the cerebral motors of the early nation.

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For, as our president, Harlow H. Curtice, phrases it: "Material progress and intellectual progress are indivisible aspects of our growth as a nation dedicated to the principles of freedom, opportunity and dignity for the individual citizen."

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And it is why — as we begin our Fiftieth year of industrial progress — we salute the 100-year-old institution on Beacon Hill — which, for generations, has inspired so many Americans to think — and to put their thoughts into the practice which makes for progress.

GENERAL MOTORS

From the Progress of the Past — The Promise of the Future

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Your dreams CAN come true!

The hands of time move steadily on for all of us, and at length the day arrives when we enter our retirement years of well earned leisure.

Perhaps we have looked forward to these years. Perhaps we have dreaded them. But certainly they can be among the most rewarding of our life—IF we have prepared for them. And the wise man 'prepares' through the medium of life insurance, for life insurance is the one way of guaranteeing *future* security while providing *immediate* protection.

Make sure that you will be financially able to do exactly as you please once your time is your own. Make sure *today* that your life insurance will take care of your *tomorrow.*

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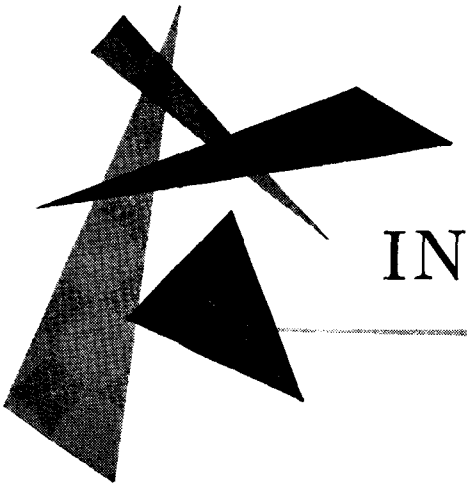

IN BROKEN TIMES

BY AGNES DE MILLE

After fifteen years of failures and frustrations as a dancer and choreographer, AGNES DE MILLE *scored her first international success in her ballet* RODEO, *in which at its opening in the Metropolitan she danced the lead. On the strength of this she was invited by Rodgers and Hammerstein to do the dances for* OKLAHOMA! *At this point she and Walter Prude were married, and after an abbreviated wedding trip and a few hectic weeks together at army camps, she joined that great company of women who were living on letters from overseas.*

WHEN he bade me good-by, Walter handed me his laundry and promised to rejoin me in two days, and "Don't," he said, "don't go anywhere for longer than forty minutes without letting your mother know where to find you."

So I took his wash to the Chinese laundry and spent some more futile hours hunting for a portable gift. Mother had been smarter: she had contrived him wrist warmers and a chess set he could hold in the palm of one hand and an extraordinary hot-water bottle that worked with chemicals. I could find nothing. I was not to see him until Wednesday, and there seemed to be little to do. So I turned, as always, to the practice barre, and buried myself in Carnegie Hall. There, in the animated decay of that compost heap, amid the rotted, the forlorn, and the germinating, with lungs jumping and sweat pouring, once more I warmed my heart. I didn't have to explain to dancing colleagues. I could say, "Stand further back," or "After you," or "Which leg?" and much had been exchanged in the way of brotherly endeavor and encouragement.

When class was done, there was still the rest of the afternoon to be got through, so I went into the Carnegie drugstore and began writing a letter — an important one which was to say everything I had not yet made clear and was to last through the war and be carried in his duffle bag. I phoned Mother as requested, and she said no news but to come have dinner with her and not to mope, a suggestion that struck me as a sheer impossibility. There were, I figured, forty-eight more hours to be got through somehow before we met again.

I found myself standing and talking to emptiness in all sorts of places, frequently the open street, until at last I slipped into "Aunt Clemmy's" restaurant below my studio and had a lugubrious meal, swallowing hard on the soup and blotting the magazines with bad tears. Around nine the place shut up and I was forced to leave. And so, wearily, I went upstairs.

Someone seemed to be inside talking.

He was there, in greatcoat and muffler, sitting at the phone. "Never mind," he said into the phone, "my idiot wife has just come in," and he hung up. Then he stared at me without moving. "Darling," he said, "we had two hours. Now we have twenty minutes." All the while I had been downstairs weeping, he had been upstairs phoning every number in my telephone book. He had reached the M's — Motley and Mainbocher.

He lay down on the bed without taking off his coat. He was not even smoking. I sat beside him and held his hand. "How long?"

"Two years, probably."

"Mightn't you have a furlough sooner?"

"No."

So then the time came and I tied a handkerchief around my head and went with him in a taxi. I did not get out at the Pennsylvania Station. He took his great bags and became a khaki back and went through the doors.

We had had in all — in broken times — just ten weeks.

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It was not until two nights later that I heard the great ship calling all through the dawn as the convoy put to sea. For two days and two nights it lay in the river. He was within sight of my house and unable to send a message. How many men lined those rails, staring at the dimmed lights of apartments and hotels while the ships around them silently and invisibly gathered? And the women within the city listened and listened and then they heard it, and when daylight came they phoned one another. This was the pattern throughout the war; the cessation of all news and the waiting and then a sound or a radio message and the women phoning at dawn.

Martha Graham called in the morning. "We must now love him with all our hearts. I'll be over later."

With the morning came an unexpected visitor, an admiral, the husband of a lifelong friend. I received him in my bathrobe, too listless to dress. I gave him the paltry little bottle of Scotch I had managed to find, and he sat down genially.

"Now, what do you suppose I did last night?"

I shook my head.

"I went to see *Oklahoma!*"

"That's nice," I said.

"And whom do you suppose I was with? Don't try to talk. I'll tell you. The skipper of Walter's convoy, and I called to explain that he is one of the best admirals in the fleet and one of the most experienced and careful — a brilliant seaman — and his war record is splendid. Walter could not be in better hands."

I was breathing again.

"And I'll tell you more because I know you'll keep your mouth shut. He's going to the European Theater and not to the East, and he's going to be stationed first in a not too exposed position."

"England?"

"The admiral liked your dances very much. And now don't you open your lips to anyone, not even your mother or your sister, or anyone at all. And thank you very much for the whisky."

My sister Margaret, who was a veteran in the experience, said to me that day, "Now you begin living in the future. You'll plan and arrange, but whatever you do plan and whomever you meet will be held in trust. You will experience nothing fully at the moment. But you will not lose it; it will be here for you later."

Martha Graham came, as she said she would.

"As long as you have him, nothing ever again will not be fun," she said.

"I'm not pretty and no housekeeper at all."

"He loves you."

"I don't know how I'll look by the time he gets back."

"He loves you. My dear, my dear, he's gone to dreadful things. Keep close to him. Hang on with all your hope."

"I don't know how to get through two years."

"He has to get through the two years also, don't forget. Millions of women feel just the same. Of course, that doesn't help you. Nothing really helps. There's only this. Everyone's in it. Would you asked to be spared? Would you want to live outside the passion of these times?"

"No," I said, and entered the waiting with my sisters.

Two weeks after he'd gone, it seemed he had been gone six months; a year later it seemed the same, neither more nor less. It never got worse, it never got better. It stretched.

The women developed instinctive means of communication between themselves. Compulsions seized us to talk about our men, quite as though they were new babies, to strangers, to anyone, to read snatches of letters aloud, hugging the personal sections to our dresses in secret gloating and brooding; needs to hear the men's names mentioned, to have their luck toasted at table (even by strangers), to seize on any little token — a chocolate bar, a tin of peanuts, chewing gum, a book — to snatch it and mail it, explaining carefully why and naming the man by name; needs to compare situations with any woman — saleswoman, waitress, bus conductor. We met and knew one another, utter strangers standing side by side reading headlines at the news stalls; we met waiting at the post office holding our packages; we met in the grocery shops weighing Christmas boxes (five pounds maximum for each man) and watching one another, deciding what could be afforded and what not, and recognizing the look that anything could damn well be afforded, even the very poor deciding this.

This is not the way the history books will tell the war story, but this is the way we knew it.

Soldiers were given definite psychological training and preparation, and when they were sent overseas they were more or less ready. But no one prepared the women. We were given orders, though. We were told that the least we could do for the folks who were really taking the brunt was to be gay and to write only that life progressed vigorously back home. On the other hand, we were urged not to let them think they were not missed hourly. This imposed a nice balance in style.

We were told that what we who were left at home could do in the name of shared suffering was to live the best possible common-sense lives, tell the truth, mind our business, and keep ourselves in order for the weary ones. But we woke in the night frightened. We awoke so frightened we were

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amazed. We stopped in the day and bit our lips with anger and helplessness. There were sudden tempers and tears; there were unpredictable shortness of speech and collapses of energy.

Any sign of emotion or tenderness unmanned us instantly, any kindness or any cruelty. A Christmas carol was just damned-well unbearable, and when the turkey was carved, every woman avoided every other woman's eyes as she fought not to make a spectacle of herself. The sight of a new baby stopped us cold. There were idiotic scenes of no dignity, as, for instance, the time I discovered that a picture of me was going to be published in *Life* and that it was highly unflattering. I rushed to the editor's office and wept and explained that my husband was handsome and overseas, that we'd just been married, and that I could not risk having such a picture of me broadcast; and I wept so hard, the editor tore the negative in front of me.

Again, there was the first wedding I attended after his departure — two members of the Ballet Theatre Company — and again my silly uncontrollable weeping started, Lucia Chase, who was a widow, and I clinging together until Antony Tudor pulled us apart and kissed us and made us laugh. As a bereft mother explained it, "There is a knife standing in each heart and it needs but the careless touch of a finger or a breath to twist the blade."

And some of the touches were not so careless. For dark, personal reasons many people could not resist this chance at cruelty. There were the intellectuals who demanded aggressively if we believed in war and asked across our dinner tables whether we relished the idea of being the widows of dead heroes. There were men of peace who fulminated against destruction and argued that no idea was worth fighting for that leveled Cassino or Dresden. There were the men who wrote pornographic books and sold them as exact campaign experiences. There were the newscasters who, after the fourth Martini, swore with something akin to professional pride that the war would last another eight years. There were our consciences urging us to throw up everything and join the forces, accepting any routine job at all, and the ensuing nightly struggle for wisdom and sanity.

There was the constant obscene and morbid curiosity as to just how we were managing to bear up. Many a wife has hung up the telephone or walked away on an indecency — mainly from other, less involved women. We who were in it never, under any circumstances, violated one another's privacy. This much we could do for one another.

The loss was total — one part of it was not more unbearable than another, whether one lay frightened in the bankrupt bed, wondering as the great nights stretched open all around, or whether one heard a passing remark in the street and realized there was no one to share the joke.

How the months rolled by! How the months stood heavy! Every morning I adjusted the little headache that was the token of my loneliness and his proxy. It lived in my brain like a mouse. It was a very little headache, but it was almost never absent and it nibbled on the string of my life.

I spent what time I could alone. There were many hours to be alone, in hotel bedrooms, in restaurants, walking in strange streets, in churches. Sometimes I reread my marriage lines.

I remained throughout this progress snappy, hysterical, changeable, and frantic. Learning to love is difficult for some, particularly for anyone who had put such a reliance on hating. Anger demanded nothing but energy and was replenished in manifold ways, with brilliance of speech, bright cheeks, flashing eyes, racing blood, and adrenalin to the heart, and always with action antic in spite and the quick battle laugh. The fever engendered was almost like ecstasy — almost, but never quite. Work withered, friends fell off, and when the great need arose, I could neither trust nor give — not wholly, not enough, not without caution or asking for a tallied account. I kept saying like a litany: "All the world's a mirror, and all the men and women merely me." I'd been, it seems, too long before the ballet glass. I had broken the glass and, like the girl in the fairy story, I was frightened.

Sometimes I perceived clearly and sometimes I raged. The adhesions of habit make bitter breaking; it is a tearing of the mind, tissue by tissue, a ripping to exposure, and one returns and returns to patch up the hurt ends into the old web. I think this is what is meant by being reborn, and there is nothing less likely or harder come by.

It seemed to me that I had devoted years to running away, lashing through time, fitful and ambitious — chasing, chasing — never stopping, careful never to make a mistake or be caught, and here I was, ringed by death, swung out in catastrophe, with another life in my keeping. If I fell this time, both fell, and as we dangled between lives we tried to weave as though with breath and by will alone a cord of perceptions that would outlast time. What we were was of no account nor in what ways we had failed; but what we hoped to be, that was the power. And that was still the mystery. There had been no time for gay ways of learning, for doing things together, for sharing work or play, for meeting friends. Perhaps somehow this lack would make the suspension easier,

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there being for us no daily patterns to rupture. But oh, how bitter was the deprivation of the first experiences! Never to have seen a job of work through or shared any neighborly experience. There were going to be no little jokes and no daily teasing, and no physical kindness to ease the learning. We were going to have to make a marriage by faith, to become seasoned and experienced partners while we had forgotten the sound of each other's voices. And so we tried.

It was only at night, when I was quiet and listening to the war news, that I knew peace as I sat with my glass of sherry, writing to the A.P.O. number. Only then, and when his letters came.

The message that he had arrived safely was delivered on Christmas Eve, three weeks after his departure. I was in Chicago with Ballet Theatre. The mail clerk and the porter and a bellboy all called together as I entered the hotel lobby from a long rehearsal. I grabbed the desk and fought for breath, and they said, "That's fine, Miss. That's all right now. That's fine. You can have your Christmas." The message was from an unknown place and read simply, "Arrived Merry Xmas." That was all.

The first letter came two weeks after that, and the postman climbed the stairs and beat on my door in Greenwich Village. "Wake up. There's news!" Thereafter he did just this when there was such news, or sometimes he ran after me down the street calling and waving. I would turn and race to meet him, and there, like water in the desert, was the beloved handwriting — and I would look forward to the unknown message instead of the already memorized ones.

The first letter said in part: "I read the letter you put in my knapsack. I was sitting up on deck looking out over [deleted by censor] in the cloud-strained moonlight. Men lined the rail the length of the ship. There was a little space between each man, enough to show how profoundly alone he was and how private he wished to be with his thoughts. I could almost collect those thoughts in my hands, they were so palpable. At night when my boys are all asleep, knotted into strange, deformed shapes in their too short bunks or spread around grotesquely over barrack bags and blankets on the deck, I look at them in the unearthly glow of the blue emergency light, hear them moan and mutter in their sleep, and I wish them very well indeed."

In the studio there was a stillness now, the sound of no one. The mechanical punctuation of a telephone meant only that I was not out of communication, but when it stopped, the stillness settled. Sometimes a soldier's cap passing down the street brought a reflection of excitement. I recalled how it had been. I recalled with my senses, as when memory rouses to smell or sound. Occasionally, very rarely, because there had been so little time for the depositing of clues, I came upon a tangible hint, like a cigarette, or a button, or a telephone number on the back of an envelope — and I marveled, as I always do, how the shell endures when the unique life is gone.

An unexpected neighbor moved in to bear me company through this trial and to fill the loneliness; and it was music.

In the flat directly overhead a young man, then unknown, Grant Johannesen, began practicing for his Town Hall debut. So now when I came home I heard, as I stepped into the closed emptiness of my rooms, the stern and hearty reminders of endeavor. There were scales, all kinds of scales, in octaves, descending, ascending, chromatic, arpeggio. His hands were strong, his touch firm and kind. No radio can do this — no recording. The living sound was clean of all electrical insistence. It was personal and temporary and it would pass away and never be repeated. And there were mistakes, thank God. It was a human performance.

He played Brahms, all the great intermezzi — the Brahms that Walter so loved — and I sat below in the first chair I had bought as a start toward a permanent home and listened with tears of gratitude and benison slipping from my tight eyes. Then I went upstairs and left a note under his door to thank him.

The war raged in every quarter of the globe, but life seemed to be stilled inside my studio as I sat alone. In the daytime working, at night with the curtains drawn, the fire lit, the traffic quiet, and no phones, I sat writing my long letters, which were my only moments of vitality. And I fell asleep with his letters spread over the coverlet or in a packet under my hand. I fell asleep planning what it would be like when this trance-like state was over, when the suspension would be ended — this strange death in life with all decisions postponed, all conclusions and developments arrested.

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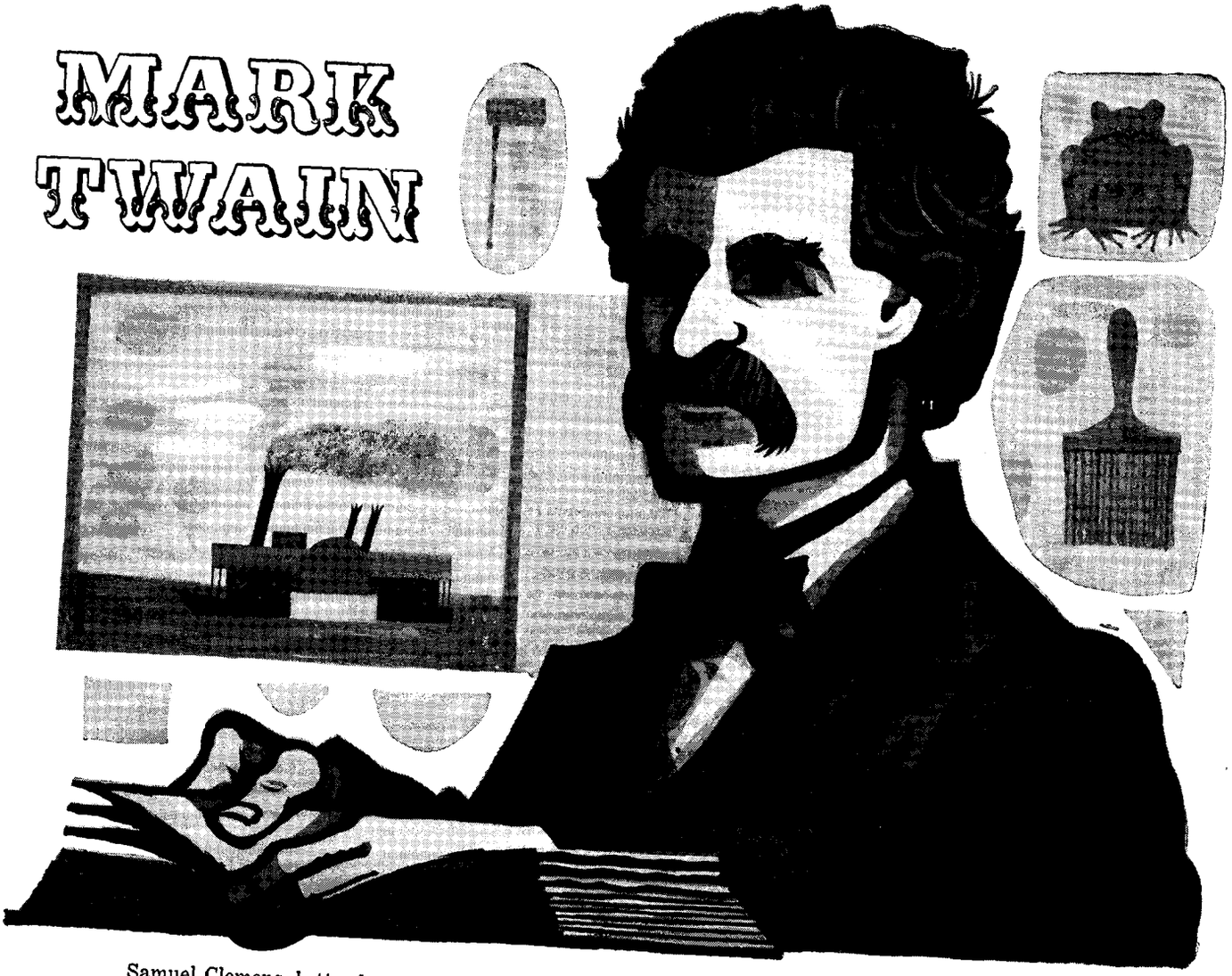
MARK TWAIN



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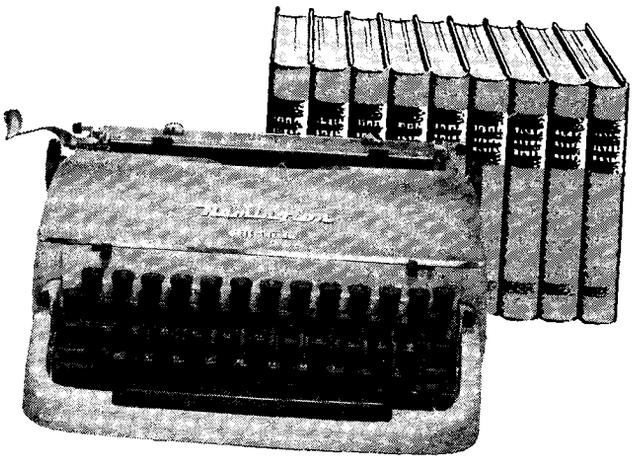

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A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

It seems vainglorious and proud
Of Atom-man to boast so loud
  His prowess homicidal
When one remembers how for years,
With their rude stones and humble spears,
Our sires, at wiping out their peers,
  Were almost never idle.

Despite his under-fissioned art
The Hittite made a splendid start
  Toward smiting lesser nations;
While Tamerlane, it's widely known,
Without a bomb to call his own
  Destroyed whole populations.

Nor did the ancient Persian need
Uranium to kill his Mede,
  The Viking earl, his foeman.
The Greeks got excellent results
With swords and engined catapults.
  A chariot served the Roman.

Mere cannon garnered quite a yield
On Waterloo's tempestuous field.
  At Hastings and at Flodden
Stout countrymen, with just a bow
And arrow, laid their thousands low.
  And Gettysburg was sodden.

Though doubtless now our shrewd machines
Can blow the world to smithereens
  More tidily and so on,
Let's give our ancestors their due.
Their ways were coarse, their weapons few.
But ah! how wondrously they slew
  With what they had to go on.

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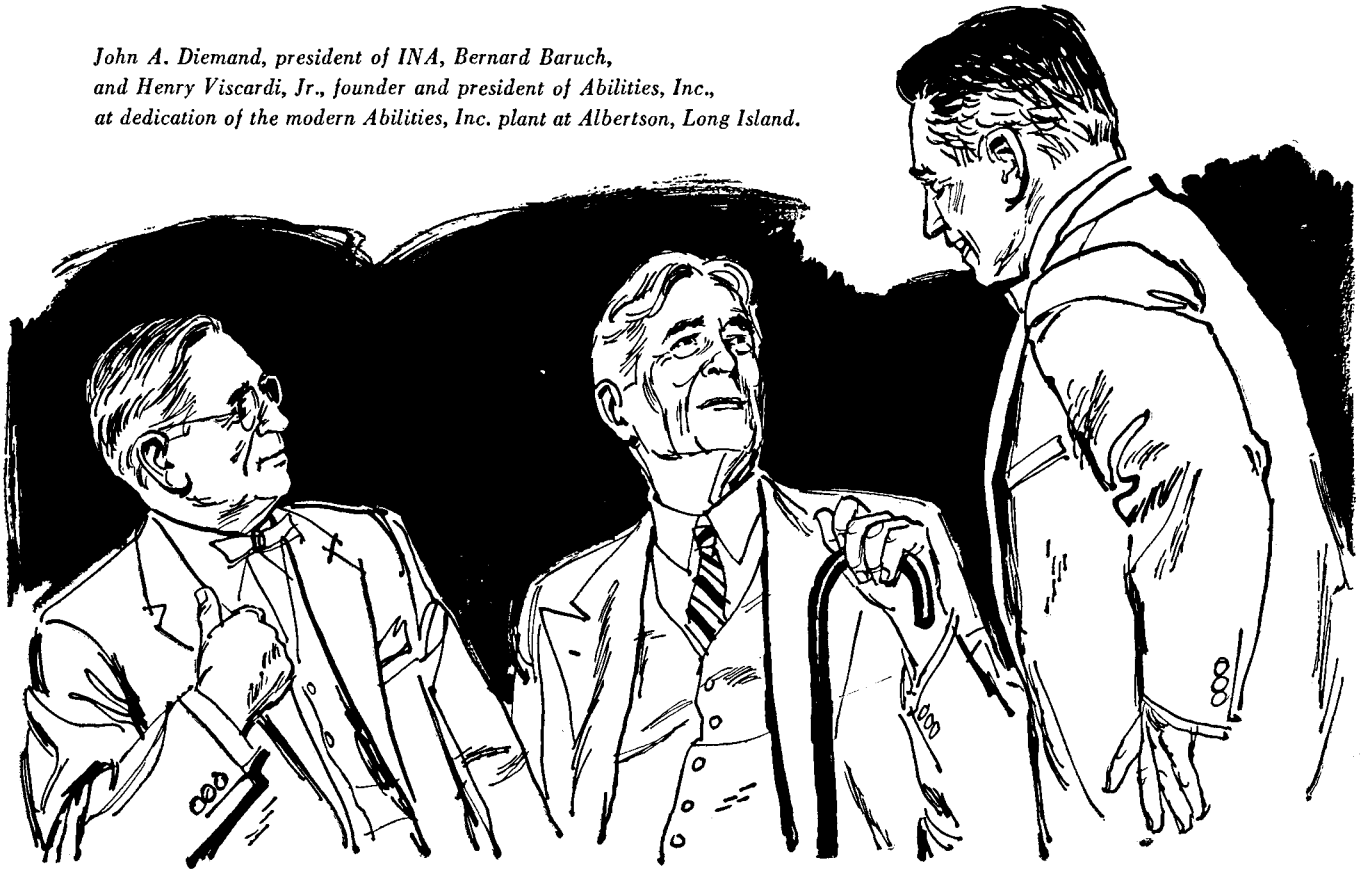
John A. Diemand, president of INA, Bernard Baruch, and Henry Viscardi, Jr., founder and president of Abilities, Inc., at dedication of the modern Abilities, Inc. plant at Albertson, Long Island.



WHO ARE THE HANDICAPPED?

Should we call men 'disabled' because their legs are missing? Should we deny them opportunity because they are paralyzed by polio? Must they live on charity because they are deaf, blind or palsied?

Abilities, Inc. doesn't believe so.

It believes that 'handicapped' men and women can create opportunity for themselves. This credo, put into practice, has shattered a myth — that only the so-called 'able-bodied' can hold productive jobs in industry.

Abilities, Inc. is a corporation made up entirely of 'disabled' people—management, office staff, labor force. It is a going concern, operating successfully, busy manufacturing highly technical equipment. It pays prevailing wages and competes with other companies.

Every day of its productive life, Abilities, Inc. hacks away at the myth. Its remarkable record of employee absence, sick leave and injury lost time has 'able-bodied' plants panting to catch up. The figures earned a 21 per cent reduction in Workman's Compensation insurance premium rates!

Abilities, Inc. is one of the better risks on the books of INA. There was a time—recently — when men like these were counted uninsurable. Today it is an inspiration, and good business, to insure this willing team.

INA is making grants to Human Resources Corporation, a division of Abilities, Inc. doing research in human engineering. This is good business, too. The results will widen and lengthen our vision in settling into gainful jobs the people we once called 'handicapped.'

Abilities, Inc. is one of the heartwarming thrills of the insurance business. INA is proud to be associated with it, to insure it and back it and publicize its stimulating progress. It is part of INA's mission in serving the people of the United States.

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This reservoir of time and energy enables every wage earner to seek the rewards of books, theatre, opera, painting, sculpture, ballet—sports and hobbies too.

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PRESCOTT THE AMERICAN THUCYDIDES

BY SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

The author of the definitive life of Columbus, ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA, *a historian renowned for his history of the American Navy in the Second World War, a sailor who saw active duty on eleven different ships and who retired with the rank of rear admiral,* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON *is a Bostonian skilled in the great tradition of Prescott and Parkman.*

In 1774 Horace Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann, "The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will perhaps be a Thucydides at Boston."

There was; and three quarters of a century later Walpole's friend Miss Berry, then a venerable vestal of eighty-seven, had the satisfaction of meeting him in London. His name was William Hickling Prescott, and he was being received by political, social, and literary England in a manner that no American writer has experienced before or since. Macaulay gave him a breakfast party at the Albany; the Lyells took him to Royal Ascot; Oxford conferred on him an honorary D.C.L.; and the Earl of Carlisle entertained him and Queen Victoria at Castle Howard. Prescott sat next but one to her at dinner, and described her in a letter to his wife as "very plain, with fine eyes and teeth, but short and dumpy, with a skin that reddens easily with the heat of the room. I observed that the Queen did great justice to the bread and cheese."

This "American Thucydides," as people were beginning to call him, was then at the height of his fame. His three greatest works, *Ferdinand and Isabella*, *The Conquest of Mexico*, and *The Conquest of Peru*, had appeared, greeted with enthusiasm by the critics of both continents including even the snooty Scots reviewers, and they had been eagerly bought by the public. Prescott was then a tall, well-built gentleman of fifty-four, with an infectious smile and hearty laugh that charmed everyone. A pair of well-trimmed sideburns, in the fashion of the day, framed a strong, handsome countenance with a fine Roman nose, brown eyes, and a ruddy complexion. He was lively, agile, an excellent horseman, and a fast walker; few except his intimate friends suspected that for long intervals he was racked by rheumatism and that one of his eyes was artificial.

This was in 1850, when Prescott was reaping the fruits of thirty-five years of courageous struggle to overcome a grave physical disability. It is a curious coincidence that the only other American historian, Francis Parkman, to be mentioned in the same breath with Prescott, had to undergo a similar experience.

Let us take a look at him at almost the start of the struggle. It is the year 1817. Son of a Federalist lawyer and judge, grandson of Colonel William Prescott of Bunker Hill fame, young William had gone through Harvard College gaily and easily, but lost an eye as a result of a brawl in college commons. The infection had spread to the other eye and acute rheumatism set in. After the local physicians had almost killed him with "copious bleedings and other depletions," he had been sent to Europe in search of better medical aid than

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could be had in America. First he spent a winter with his maternal grandfather, Thomas Hickling, the United States consul at St. Michael's in the Azores, and there he became sensible of the beauty and mystery of the Old World. He then made an attenuated grand tour of Europe, consulted the best eye specialists in Paris, and returned to live in his parents' house, a big square mansion with a garden on Pearl Street, Boston. There the old malady returned. We may picture Prescott confined for days, sometimes weeks, to a dark room on the top story, a devoted sister reading aloud to him by lying on the floor where she could catch the light that came in over the threshold, since any stronger light gave the young man excruciating pain.

Yet Prescott refused to admit defeat, and gave careful thought to what he should do for a profession. And he wooed and won a girl of his own social circle, Susan Amory. They were married on his twenty-fourth birthday, and for the next twenty-four years lived with the elder Prescotts. The Amorys were one of those American Loyalist families — more numerous than is generally supposed — who managed to retain their property and social position through the turmoil of the American Revolution. Susan was a beautiful girl with a somewhat bovine character. "She didn't go out much — as an Amory she didn't have to," as a granddaughter remarked; she was content to rear a family and to watch tenderly over her husband's health and interests. He was completely and romantically devoted to her. She inherited the sword of her grandfather, who had served in the Royal Navy on board one of the British ships that supported the assault on Bunker Hill, and William inherited that of his grandfather, who commanded the provincial troops in that battle; so they had the two mounted and placed on the wall of the Prescott library. These were the famous "crossed swords" which Thackeray saw on his visit to Boston and which inspired *The Virginians*, as the opening paragraph of that novel relates.

Even before he married, Prescott decided to fit himself for what he called "the literary life," although as yet he had little inclination to any particular branch of that far-spreading tree. It was not really necessary that he do anything, considering his infirmity, his social position, and his father's generosity. But in Boston every young man was supposed to "make an effort," as the phrase went; Prescott himself later observed that an American who neither made money nor cultivated letters might "as well go hang himself; for as to a class of idle gentlemen, there is no such thing here." That was true in general; but even in Boston there were young men of means who did nothing in particular, and not too well at that, flitting about between New York, Newport, and London. Henry James has immortalized the type of American who rejected his native country as a hopeless Boeotia and moved to Paris or Rome to dabble in the arts or pursue some pallid branch of scholarship. Prescott was made of stouter stuff.

As a scholar he had to start from scratch, having carried away from Harvard little more than a good knowledge of Latin and Greek. After many false starts and physical relapses, and with the guidance and advice of his older friend George Ticknor, he settled at the age of twenty-nine on a history of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

There were two main reasons for this choice. He wished to show his compatriots that their history had a richer and more varied background than the Virginia Colony, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Protestant Reformation. He wished to prove to the world that an American could produce a work at once scholarly and literary that would bear comparison with the best of England, France, Germany, and Spain. He was eager for the good opinion of European scholars. They might brush off anything he could write on United States history as inconsequential; but they would have to listen to a work which was the result of prolonged research, a nice weighing of conflicting authorities, and a thorough knowledge of classical and modern languages; especially if it were well presented.

When Prescott made the great decision for Ferdinand and Isabella in 1826, ten years of almost unremitting labor were ahead of him. The material difficulties that he surmounted were even greater than his physical handicap. The way to perform the task with the greatest economy would have been to have settled in Madrid, as his friend the American minister there advised him to do. He could have worked there, or in London or Paris, far more effectively than in Boston, and have been nearer to specialists who could have kept his one good eye working. But Prescott was determined not to be an expatriate, even temporarily. He felt that he owed it to the memory of Colonel Prescott, and to his family and friends, to prove that an American could produce a literary and scholarly work of the highest quality right in Boston.

Yet how could that be done in Boston? There were no collections of old Spanish books there or anywhere else in the United States. Ticknor, blessed with ample means, imported the essential books as rapidly as he could find them and gave Prescott the run of his library; but Prescott was not content to "make new books, as apothecaries

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make new mixtures, by pouring out of one vessel into another," as Tristram Shandy once remarked. He must have the original sources, and with few exceptions these were still in manuscript. In those days there was no multi-volumed set of *Documentos Inéditos;* the Las Casas *Historia General de las Indias* had never been printed, nor the better part of Oviedo, nor Andres Bernaldez's chronicle of the Catholic Kings. These and hundreds of other manuscripts had to be copied for him in longhand. The cost was not excessive, since there were plenty of unemployed intellectuals in Europe who were glad to do such work for starvation wages; the trouble was to find responsible scholars to direct research in public and private archives and to supervise the copying. Therein the United States consuls and diplomatic officials gave indispensable aid, and Dr. Friedrich Lembke, a German who had written a history of Spain to the year 800, consented to carry on vicariously for Prescott in return for a modest retainer.

Eventually, books and copies of manuscripts began to pour in to the paternal mansion on Pearl Street, where they were placed on shelves in the son's attic study. And he managed to surmount his physical handicap by methodical living, by having most of the material read aloud to him by a secretary who learned to pronounce Spanish, and by a simple device called a noctograph, which had been invented in London to enable the blind to write. This was a sort of slate crossed by a grid of stout brass wires between which, with an ivory-pointed stylus, one could write on carbon paper, which made an indelible impression on another sheet of paper placed underneath.

When, after ten years of work, the manuscript of *Ferdinand and Isabella* was completed, it was set up in type at the author's expense and four copies printed for his close friends to criticize. These privately printed copies were hawked about English and American publishing houses for months with slight success. Finally a short-lived firm called the American Stationers Company of Boston agreed, for a thousand dollars, to print 1250 copies of the three-volume set to be retailed at six dollars, if the author would foot the bills for the stereotype plates; and Richard Bentley agreed to publish a small edition in London.

Ferdinand and Isabella appeared in Boston on Christmas Day, 1837, and in London a month or two later. It was an immediate and astounding success on both sides of the water, partly because it came as a complete surprise. The author's name was unknown in Europe; and so well had Prescott kept his secret in Boston, where everyone was supposed to know everyone else's business, and so gay and unrestrained had been his social life, that not more than six persons outside the immediate family knew what he had been doing. It was commonly supposed that he was reading for his own amusement. Only a week before *Ferdinand and Isabella* came out, an elderly relative stopped Prescott on the street to upbraid him for frittering away his life, and to tell him it was high time he amounted to something!

Prescott could have boasted, like Lord Byron, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." To a German who had called it folly to publish Spanish history in the United States, "where the taste was for nothing higher than a periodical," Prescott wrote that 3300 sets of *Ferdinand and Isabella* had been sold in the first sixteen months; "that is pretty well for 'Brother Jonathan,' is it not? . . . The publishers indeed are quite as much surprised as I am."

He gained the favor of the critics by his vivid and spirited narrative style, arresting as a historical novel, yet with each detail authenticated in a footnote. I shall not attempt to analyze his style, because it is to be enjoyed and admired, not plucked apart. Certain modern critics regard it as artificial (of course every style, even Hemingway's and Joyce's, is that); and certainly nobody would think of imitating it today. But he was a master of *narrative*, which history essentially is, a fact which too many modern historians have forgotten. And the quality which gave his works permanent value, and which appealed most to the more discriminating critics, was (as Roger B. Merriman wrote) "the scrupulous care and integrity with which he used his materials, and the pains that he took to find the exact truth. All his statements are supported by abundant references; if there is any possible doubt as to the interpretation of his authorities, it is fairly expressed in the footnotes; in short, one may be certain of the source for every fact which Prescott gives, though one may differ with him over the significance of it."

Before his first work appeared, Prescott had decided on the next two, *The Conquest of Mexico* and *The Conquest of Peru*. Washington Irving, who had planned to do a *Mexico* himself, magnanimously dropped it in favor of the younger historian. Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, completed in 1843, was an even greater success than his first book, and has remained his best seller. Over 20,000 sets of it were sold during his lifetime; and as he had paid for the plates himself he collected substantial royalties. But the profits from each book were plowed into preparations for the next; into copying, salaries to secretaries and researchers, purchase of books and manuscripts. Only his inherited and invested income of somewhat over

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twelve thousand dollars a year enabled him to carry on.

Almost everyone who reads his works assumes that Prescott visited the scenes he wrote about, so vivid and convincing are his descriptions of scenery, battlefields, and the like. But, owing to his infirmities, he never went nearer South America than Washington, D.C. His lack of physical contact with these countries was compensated by a historical imagination, well controlled by the facts as related by Bernal Diaz and the early Spanish chronicles, and developed by correspondence with people who knew these countries at first hand. The most useful to him in that respect was Madame Calderón de la Barca, whose *Life in Mexico* has become a classic. She was Fanny Inglis, a charming and witty Scotswoman who had a private school in Boston and became a close friend of the Prescotts. After her marriage to the Spanish minister to the United States, who was later transferred to Mexico City, she continued to interchange letters with Prescott; and it is probably owing to her devotion that he was able to write his accurate and striking descriptions of Mexico City and Teotihuacan under the Aztecs.

It was also a subject of astonished praise that a Boston Protestant like Prescott could write so understandingly of Catholics and Catholicism, even asserting that there was something to be said for the Inquisition. He was the first English-speaking historian of Spanish lands whom a loyal Spaniard could read without disgust. For, Unitarian though he might be by conviction, Prescott judged historical characters by the standards of their day, not by those of nineteenth-century liberalism. He regarded the Catholic Church as one of the world's great religions, which was here to stay and not on the way out, as many liberals fondly imagined. And like other New Englanders who retained a "pious disbelief" after rejecting the Church, he found anticlericalism distasteful and the raillery of Voltaire disgusting.

Even more gratifying to Prescott than the acclaim of the critics was his popularity among all classes of American readers. When, shortly after the Mexican War, he visited Washington, he was delighted to hear from the Secretary of the Navy that the bluejackets of the U.S.S. *Delaware* had petitioned him to add *The Conquest of Mexico* to their ship's library; and that the secretary had not only done that, but ordered a set to be placed on board every ship of the United States Navy.

And there was one humble reader whom Prescott obtained many years after his death, whose story would have gratified him immensely. That was Edward E. Ayer, a young Middle Westerner in the First California Cavalry, U.S. Army, who in 1862 was guarding the Cerro Colorado silver mine in Arizona against attacks by the Apache. Colonel Colt, of revolver fame, had given the mine a small library, and in it trooper Ayer discovered *The Conquest of Mexico*. He read it through twice, "and was astonished to find that history could be so interesting." After his discharge from the Army, Ayer was given by his father an interest in a country store in Illinois. On visiting Chicago to lay in a stock of goods he called at a bookshop and asked if they had a copy of this fascinating history. They had, and *The Conquest of Peru* as well, but the price was $17.50 for the set. Young Ayer — he was still only twenty-three years old — had only $3.50 to spare, but he offered to pay that for Volume I of the *Mexico*, and to buy a volume every month. The proprietor let him pay the $3.50 down and gave him the five volumes to take home. "My return was a triumphal procession," wrote Mr. Ayer almost fifty years later. "I was certainly the happiest boy in the world." And the world knows that Mr. Ayer became one of the greatest of American book collectors, to the ultimate benefit of the Newberry Library of Chicago. The place of honor in that library's Ayer Collection is given to these identical copies, which the owner eventually had sumptuously rebound in London at a cost over tenfold that of his original investment.

PRESCOTT never wholly recovered from his physical disabilities, but he never let them get him down. Fortunately one of his secretaries recorded in detail his regimen, a Spartan one which would have crushed the life out of a less valiant and buoyant man. The scene of it is the house still numbered 55 Beacon Street, Boston, which the historian bought after the death of his father and where he wrote most of *The Conquest of Peru*. His atelier, as he called his study, was on the third floor, rear; one viewing the outside of it today from the little street that runs behind Beacon would suppose that a recent owner had installed a picture window there, but the two large panes of plate glass were put in by Prescott in order to afford his weak eye maximum light.

The historian rose before seven, winter or summer, mounted one of his saddle horses and rode for an hour and a half, to Jamaica Plain or Cambridge. This he called "winding himself up." After breakfast he shaved, bathed, and changed, while Mrs. Prescott read aloud to him from a novel by Scott, Dickens, or Dumas. Prescott not only enjoyed a good novel; he learned from them how to make his histories tridimensional by including chapters on manners and morals — social history, as it is now called. At ten o'clock he went out for a half-hour walk and at ten thirty started work in

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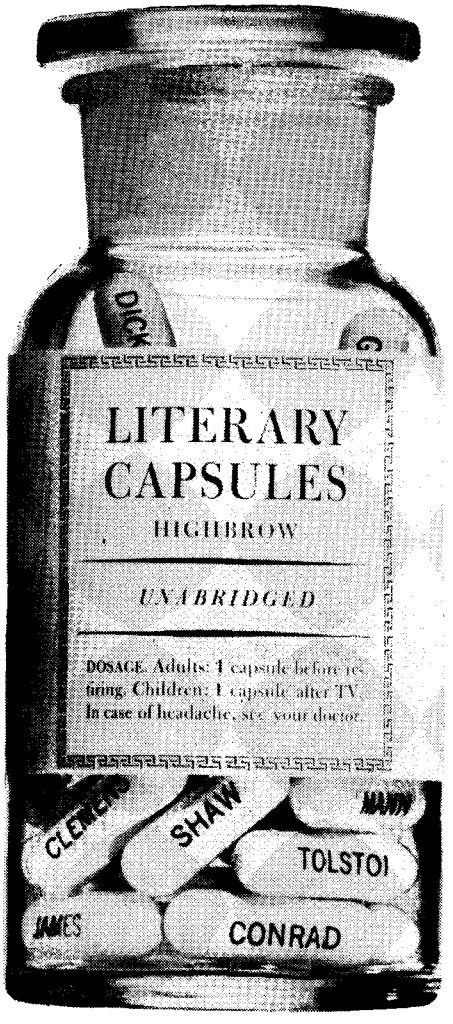

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his atelier. After glancing at the headlines of the morning paper, he had the secretary read aloud items that he thought would be interesting — but seldom found them so. Then came the correspondence. The secretary read letters that poured in from all parts of the world, and Prescott dictated the replies. Next came accounts. These were finished by noon, when the historian walked downtown to make purchases or talk to his friends; for all Boston, even the wharves, lay within twenty minutes walk of his house.

Returning at one, he began the real business of the day. The secretary read aloud from memoirs and other documents pertaining to the book then being written, Prescott interrupting frequently to dictate notes or to discuss the persons and events described. After all sources for the chapter at hand had been gone through, the secretary read aloud repeatedly the notes he had taken, and was often called upon to reread some of the sources. This process went on for days. Prescott was then ready to compose. He outlined the entire chapter in his mind, sometimes while sitting silent in his study, but more often when walking or riding. He wrote the first draft very rapidly, on his noctograph. The secretary numbered each sheet as it was finished and copied it in a large, round hand so that Prescott could read it himself. His memory was so remarkable that he could commit a chapter of forty or fifty printed pages to memory, mull it over on horseback, and decide on alterations and improvements. He would then dictate to his secretary the changes to be made in the manuscript and have the whole reread to him. Finally he dictated the footnotes.

This same secretary, Robert Carter, wrote after the historian's death, "Mr. Prescott's cheerfulness and amiability were truly admirable. He had a finely-wrought, sensitive organization; he was high-spirited, courageous, resolute, independent; was free from cant or affectation of any sort. . . . He was always gay, good-humored and manly; most gentle and affectionate to his family, most kind and gracious to all around him. . . . Though not at all diffident, he was singularly modest and unassuming. He had not a particle of arrogance or haughtiness. . . . Praise did not elate him, nor censure disturb him. . . . He was totally free from the jealousy and envy so common among authors, and was always eager, in conversation, as in print, to point out the merits of the great contemporary historians, whom many men in his position would look upon as rivals."

Prescott dined at home at two thirty or, if with friends, at three o'clock, the then fashionable hour. He enjoyed good food, well cooked, and limited himself to exactly two and a half glasses of sherry or Madeira. At dinner he relaxed, drew out his family and friends in conversation, and never talked shop. After dinner he smoked one of the Havana cigars with which he was kept supplied by his Cuban admirers, while Mrs. Prescott read aloud again. Another half-hour solitary walk followed, and at six o'clock the secretary returned for a two-hour evening session in the study. At eight the family had supper, and at ten thirty the historian retired.

The evening session of work was omitted if Prescott attended one of his club meetings or went to an evening party with his wife. The memory of one of these was preserved by President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. "Prexy," in his old age, was asked by a young man whether he had ever heard Daniel Webster speak.

"Yes, once," said Dr. Eliot. "I was six or eight years old. My father was entertaining him at dinner, and I hid in a corner of the hall on Beacon Street to catch a sight of the great man. In the procession to the dining room Mr. Webster led in Mrs. Prescott, a remarkably handsome lady; and just behind them were Mr. Prescott with Mrs. Webster, who was exceedingly plain. As they passed me, Mr. Webster, who had been talking with great animation to Mrs. Prescott, turned half around and said in his booming voice, 'Prescott, what do you say to our swapping wives for this evening?' "

Besides the Beacon Street mansion, Prescott maintained two other homes — the ancestral farmhouse at Pepperell and a summer place at Nahant. At Pepperell he spent the spring and fall of each year, drawing strength from the soil that his ancestors had tilled for over a century; here the final chapter of *The Conquest of Peru* was composed. The house was rambling and unpretentious, but Prescott's friends and their children and his children's friends were often entertained there; life was free and easy, with riding, driving, and long walks, and charades and games in the evening. Prescott's favorite spot was a hill behind the house, with a superb view across the Nashua Valley to the rolling country of New Hampshire, dominated by the grand Monadnock. He had a seat built on the hill and used to sit there for hours, meditating and mentally composing; Monadnock had the same fascination for him as for Emerson and Thoreau. This mansion still stands.

The summer place was a flimsy wooden cottage, long since torn down, on the rocky peninsula of Nahant, north of Boston. In the eighteen-thirties and forties Nahant was a leading American summer resort, where many of Prescott's friends such as Longfellow, Sumner, Eliot, and Appleton passed the season, together with hundreds of visitors from

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New York, Philadelphia, and the South. Life at Nahant was no unmixed blessing for Prescott. He was pestered by visitors in working hours. The cottage, which he named "Fitful Head" after the dwelling of Norna in Scott's *Pirate*, lay on a cliff overhanging Swallows' Cave and so near the water that the piazza was sprinkled with spray in every gale. "It is a wild spot," he wrote to his friend Fanny, "and the winds at this moment whistle an accompaniment to the breakers that might fill a poet's cranium with the sublime. But I am no poet. I imagine myself however in some such place as the bold headland in the Algarve, on which Prince Henry of Portugal established his residence when he sent out his voyages of discovery."

The Conquest of Peru was completed by the end of 1846. The reviews were even more favorable than those of *Mexico*. But this historian was not one to rest on his laurels. He started promptly on *Philip the Second*. The work was interrupted by eye trouble and rheumatism, by tours to Albany, New York, and Washington, and by his visit to England in 1850. His English friends had long been urging him to come; but remembering the rigors of his early voyage to Europe in a sailing vessel, "bumping and thumping over the qualmish billows," he put it off until he could sail in a Cunarder, which made the voyage in only twelve days. One of his sons accompanied him, but Mrs. Prescott could not face an ocean voyage.

Prescott, like Irving and other American writers of his day, has been accused of being too deferential to the English by critics who mistake good manners for obsequiousness and regard a rude arrogance as the mark of sound Americanism. His letters are full of racy Americanisms like "OK," but for publication he tried to write the King's English, since he sought English-speaking readers all over the world. And to an English correspondent who sent him a long list of alleged Americanisms in *The Conquest of Peru* he replied, politely but firmly, that "realize" had become a verb, that "snarl" was a perfectly good noun for a tangle, and that "counterblast," to which his friend objected, had been taken from the famous tract of King James I against tobacco. Prescott was always sturdily American; if anyone doubts that, let him read in his collected *Miscellanies* his gently sarcastic remarks on Englishmen visiting America or his letters describing the scenery of England, which he thought "too tame." He longed to see "a ragged fence, or an old stump," as in his "own, dear, wild America."

In politics he was a steadfast liberal. His father had been a high Federalist, a member of the Hartford Convention; and the son, like almost everyone of his social standing in Boston, started as a Federalist and became a Whig. Boston society then took politics very hard and ostracized anyone who deviated from the accepted doctrine; George Bancroft, for example, was regarded as little better than a traitor after he joined the Democrats and accepted office under Polk, and Charles Sumner, until Brooks's assault made him a martyr, was generally looked upon as the most dangerous sort of radical. But Prescott always maintained an intimate friendship with both men. Instead of becoming a reactionary late in life, in 1856 he voted for the first Republican presidential candidate, John C. Frémont, and for Anson Burlingame for Congress, although his friend and neighbor Nathan Appleton was the Whig candidate. There is no doubt that he would have supported Lincoln in 1860 if he had lived.

The first two volumes of *Philip the Second*, published in 1855, met with the same favorable reception as did Prescott's earlier works. Work on the third volume was interrupted by a stroke, but it was finally published in 1858. He had started on the fourth and last when on January 27, 1859, he suffered a second stroke in his Beacon Street home and died within a few hours.

The entire community was moved by grief. Memorial meetings in Prescott's honor were held by the historical societies and academies of which he had been a member, as far West as Illinois and as far South as Maryland; all the noted orators, from Edward Everett down, held forth. He died "a man without an enemy; beloved by all and mourned by all," as Longfellow wrote in his diary. And Charles Sumner, writing from France, said, "There is a charm taken from Boston. Its east winds whistle more coldly around Park Street corner."

Yet in Boston, where Prescott had so splendidly fulfilled Horace Walpole's prophecy of an American Thucydides, there is not now, almost a century after his death, a statue, a tablet, or even an inscription to tell the visitor that here lived and worked the greatest of American historians.

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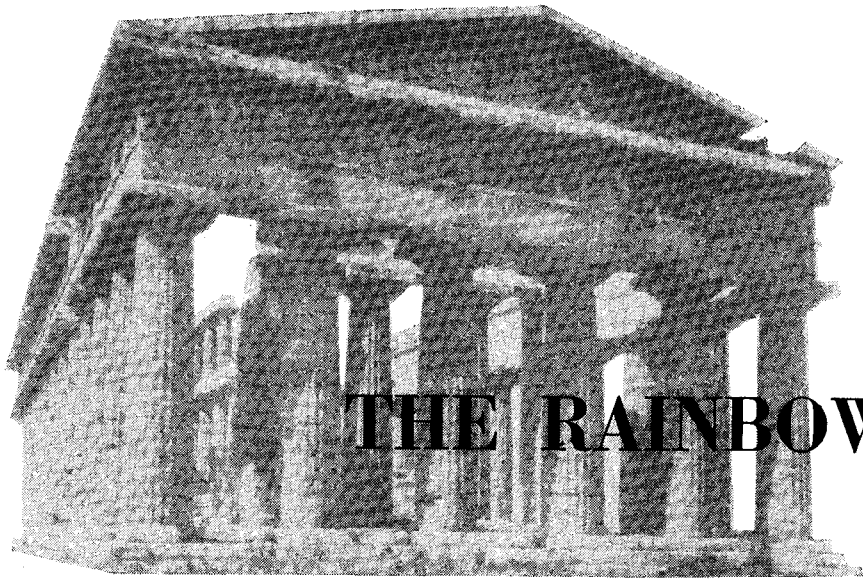

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by RICHARD LIVINGSTONE

SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE *succeeded his friend and teacher Gilbert Murray as the pre-eminent classicist at Oxford. Throughout his career the classics have supplied the inner illumination for his teaching, whether to undergraduates, to adults, or the troops to which he lectured during the war years. President of Corpus Christi College (1933–1950) and vice chancellor of Oxford University (1944–1947), Sir Richard has been a welcome visitor on many an American campus.*

THE chief task of education is to make human beings, to develop the aptitudes and attitudes necessary for successful living. How can a classical education develop them? That is the subject of this article. "Of course it cannot," is the obvious and, I would add, unthinking reply. "Why, these peoples are antiquated. Their problems were different. Their civilization, compared to ours, was primitive. They had no airplanes, automobiles, railroads, no atomic power or electricity, not even steam." All these things can also be said of the New Testament, of Shakespeare, of Molière, even of Goethe. But are they for that reason antiquated? The criticism of the classics which I have mentioned is due to a failure to distinguish knowledge and wisdom. Knowledge gets out-of-date — often very quickly — especially scientific knowledge. But wisdom does not. Like gold, it keeps its value, however long ago some human mind dug it up.

"Still," it may be said, "a classical education is no equipment for the modern world. Perhaps it is suitable for a life of thought, of literature, of teaching; but not for politics, for a public career, and still less for business." Let me appeal to illustrations taken from my own country. At the annual meeting of the English Classical Association the presidential speech is given in alternate years by a scholar and by some public figure whose education was in the classics and who in his later life can give an address on them which will be suitable to a gathering of scholars. Among the presidents of the last fifty years have been two prime ministers, eight cabinet ministers, a lord chancellor, a lord chief justice, two masters of the rolls, a president of the Royal Society of Science, a president of the Royal Academy of Arts, the chairman of one of the five great British banks; and, to come to recent times, the education of Sir Oliver Franks, lately British ambassador in America and now chairman of Lloyds Bank, was in the classics both at school and university. No, one cannot argue that a good classical education is in fact a bad preparation for life in the world.

But what is the explanation of this paradox? How can the study of two long-dead peoples be

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any preparation for living in our modern age? This is an interesting problem, not only in itself but because it raises the general questions: What is a good education? What ought we to be seeking when we go to school or college or when we educate ourselves? What insights, what outlook, what training of the mind?

THERE are two types of teachers to whom we have reason to be grateful. There are those who teach us facts, who introduce us in a methodical way to a subject, lay solid foundations in it, and on these foundations raise the tower of knowledge, foursquare and firmly built. We owe much to them. But there is another, rarer type, to whom we owe more still — those teachers who have an attitude to life, an outlook on the world, that we have not met before, who open our eyes to a new point of view and teach us to see life in a new way. That is the most valuable education one ever gets; and one can recognize it not so much perhaps by the impression it makes at the moment as by the way in which the mind recurs with growing understanding and gratitude to an inspiration which the passage of time does nothing to dim. The Greeks belong to this rarer type of teachers. They give, or can give, two things which everyone needs, two things which education must give if it is to be education at all; first, a certain intellectual habit and attitude of mind; second, a view of life. If education can give these two things, a right view of life and the right mental habits, it will have given us the chief equipment which we need for our voyage through the world. My suggestion is that Greek can give these two things. If so, it has a very important connection with the modern world, and it is the connection between ancient Greece and modern civilization with which this article deals — the mental habits and the attitude to life which can be learned from the Greeks. First their mental habits. What were they?

If we wish to know the nature and quality of a man's mind, we can discover it by studying his life and observing what he has achieved. So too with a nation. If we wish to know its quality, capacity, nature, genius, we have only to study what it has done, and then to ask what that nation must have been like to do this. What did the Greeks do?

In Norse mythology there is a legend of a rainbow bridge, made by the gods so that men who had earned the right could cross the deep and sundering gulf between Midgard, which is the earth, and Asgard, which is heaven. That legend reflects man's sense of the two worlds, human and superhuman, to both of which he belongs, and his instinct, often sleeping, never dead, to pass from the lower to the higher world. Earth and heaven, barbarism and civilization; those are worlds between which a deep gulf lies. But the gulf can be bridged. In Norse mythology the bridge is built by Odin and the Aesir; in history and fact it was built by the Greeks with a double span, the bridge of goodness and the bridge of wisdom, by which men pass from barbarism to civilization, if not from earth to heaven.

It was not an easy bridge to build. Consider, very briefly, the Greek achievement — in the form of two contrasts. If we had lived in Greece in 650 B.C. we would have thought that the sun and moon were gods, that thunder and lightning were divine weapons, that the arrows of Apollo caused influenza, that corn was the gift of Demeter, that each mountain, tree, and river was the home of a spirit. Four hundred years later we would have known that the earth was a sphere rotating on its own axis and revolving round the sun; the circumference of the earth had been determined accurately within fifty miles; a recent astronomer had catalogued eight hundred fixed stars; and two hundred years earlier a scientist had argued that the universe was constructed of atoms in infinite space. There we have one of the great transformations of the world, one of the great steps forward in the history of man: the creation of a rational, scientific attitude to the universe. That is a bridge which the Greeks built between 600 and 300 B.C.

Human history shows nothing comparable. It is not of course the actual amount of knowledge achieved, of facts discovered. It is to have created, out of ignorance and superstition, the idea of science, the notion of a rational world. We have done infinitely more in detailed scientific discovery. But ours has been development; theirs was origination. Greek science — by which I mean the idea that the universe is rational and is capable of being explained and understood — was created in a world in which science, as we understand the word, did not exist; and to have originated science is greater than to have developed it.

That, to recur to my metaphor, is one span of the bridge leading from barbarism to civilization which the Greeks built for us — the span of reason which leads to knowledge. Now let me turn to the other span. The fact that in the dark chaos of ignorance and superstition the Greeks conceived the idea of looking at the universe and life with the eye of reason shows that they must have had unique intellectual genius. But they created something else besides science and philosophy: they created a great human ideal; and from that fact we can divine that they had a rare spiritual genius too. We have seen the contrast between man's attitude to the universe before and after Greek

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thought, and how the Greeks built the bridge by which mankind crossed from a nonscientific view of the world to a scientific view. But they built an even more important bridge — the bridge by which it passed from barbarism to the life which caused Goethe to say that of all men the Greeks had dreamed the dream of life best.

Think of the early Greek world as we see it in the poems of Homer, a world with its splendid virtues but also full of injustice, cruelty, and superstition, a world that knew human sacrifice and believed in gods who, even as men, would have been discreditable. And then contrast with it the Greek world of the fifth century B.C., and see how in the interval the Greeks had created out of a primitive society a great spiritual life. It may seem a surprising suggestion that Greece can help us in the field of conduct, of morals. People don't always think of her in that light; art, literature, thought — yes; morality — no. But Greece and Christianity are the two supreme masters of the ethical, the spiritual life. There and nowhere else in Western civilization do we find what the modern world has largely lost: a clear philosophy of living.

Think, as I suggested, of the world of Homer; then look at two pictures: the first an ideal for the state, the second an ideal for the individual. The first, from the second book of Thucydides, is Pericles' political ideal for Athens:

> Our constitution is called a democracy because it is in the hands not of the few but of the many. But the laws secure equal justice for all in their private disputes. As for social standing, our practice is that a citizen who has recognized ability in some field gets public preferment — it is a question of his abilities, not of his rank. As for poverty, our practice is that if a man can do good work for the community, humbleness of condition is no bar. . . . Open and friendly in our private intercourse, in our public conduct we keep strictly within the control of law . . . we are obedient to those in authority and to the laws, more especially to those which offer protection to the oppressed.

Has any finer definition of the democratic ideal ever been written? Has any nation gone beyond that? Or contrast with the ideals of the Homeric age this conception, from the *Theaetetus* of Plato, of what human life should be. "Evil, Theodorus, can never pass away, for there must always be an opposite to good. It has no place in heaven, so of necessity it haunts the mortal nature and this earthly sphere. Therefore we ought to escape from earth to heaven as quickly as we can; and the way to escape is to become like God, as far as this is possible; and the way to become like him is to become holy, good and wise."

Between 700 and 400 B.C., beside the transformation of human outlook by the creation of the scientific spirit, is another of the great transformations of the world — the creation of a rational and worthy spiritual ideal for men. During those years a real civilization emerged with incredible rapidity; amid heavy clouds a patch of the clearest sky appeared, in which of the three great lights of the human firmament — Goodness, Beauty, Truth — two at least, Beauty and Truth, shine as brightly as they have ever shone since. There is only one other movement in the spiritual history of Western civilization in any degree comparable to it in importance — what was done in Palestine between the age of the Book of Judges and the age of the New Testament.

WHAT qualities make the Greek achievement possible? How could a people pass, in a few centuries, from Homeric to Platonic morality, from primitive views about the universe to thinking that it was composed of atoms in infinite space?

Two qualities do much to explain this achievement; and they can be divined in some Greek sayings taken from the sixth and fifth centuries B.C., if we look behind the saying to the outlook of the man who said it. "I would rather discover one scientific fact than be King of Persia" (as we might say, a Rockefeller or a Ford). "Why are we born? To contemplate the works of Nature." What sort of men were the speakers of these words, Democritus and Anaxagoras? What do these phrases reveal? A passionate interest in the world and curiosity about it — their own word to describe their feeling, "wonder," is better. These men do not want money or fame or pleasure, but they find the world about them extraordinarily interesting, and it seems to them a sufficient occupation to contemplate and study it. People who felt like that were singularly well-equipped to create science and philosophy. We recognize in those sayings the secret of perpetual youth, and feel in them the greatness of man — something divine and immortal emerging in this frail, sensuous, mundane, petty creature. The Greeks say in effect about the pursuit of knowledge what Antony in Shakespeare says about something very different: "The nobleness of life is to do thus." That attitude of wonder in the presence of the world is a continuous quality of Greek thought.

Then there is a second quality, which again is revealed in two sentences, if, as before, we look behind the words to the spirit of the man who uttered them. "The greatness of man consists in saying what is true, and in acting according to Nature, listening to her" (Heraclitus, sixth century B.C.). The second instance is a sentence from Plato:

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> I am one of the people who would like to be proved wrong if they say anything which is not correct, and would like to prove others wrong if they are in error; and I should not find it more disagreeable to have my own errors pointed out than to prove others wrong, for it is a greater gain to be set free from the greatest of evils (error) than to set others free.

The speaker of these words was not a common type — how many of us think it an advantage to be shown wrong? In those two passages another secret of how the Greeks came to create science and philosophy and a rational view of life is apparent. They found the world and life intensely interesting, but also they desired to see both as they really are. That again is a continuous quality of Greek literature, the instinct to see things accurately — not to rest in prejudices and preconceptions. How difficult, how salutary, how liberating! Few things are more needed in politics, amid the cant of Party, in the work of education or administration — indeed everywhere — than this desire, without bitterness or cynicism, to see things as they are. There again we see the divine in man, something human and also superhuman.

These attitudes: curiosity, the capacity for intense interest, and the power

> To bear all naked truths,
> And to envisage circumstance, all calm,

are the essential qualities for achievement in science and philosophy. (But in what field of life are they not of supreme importance?) No people have ever used the eye of the mind so steadily and effectively as the Greeks. It meets us everywhere from Homer to Epictetus. Even the earliest Greek literature shows that instinct to see things without prejudice or prepossession, which is a forerunner of reason. Thus Homer writes of a war between Greeks and barbarians, but we could not tell from the *Iliad* whether he was Greek or Trojan. Thus Thucydides narrates the war in which his country was ruined; but it would be difficult to tell, except for the rare passages in which he speaks in the first person, whether he was an Athenian or a Spartan.

It is by the use of reason that the Ionians broke loose from a savage's views of the universe and argued their way through a series of hypotheses to the atomism of Democritus. It is by reason that the Greeks achieved the most difficult of all tasks, that of seeing further than the accepted conventions of their age; thus Plato, in a state where women had no education or share in public life, declared that they should have the same upbringing as men and follow the same pursuits and occupations; thus, in an age when slavery was universally accepted, Alcidamas (fifth century B.C.) wrote, "God has set all men free; nature has made no one a slave"; thus, two centuries later in a world divided by race, culture, and government, Diogenes, when asked what was his country, replied, "I am a citizen of the world"; and Zeno, the founder of Stoicism, said, "Let us look on all men as fellow countrymen and fellow citizens, and let there be unity in our life, like that of a flock feeding together in a common pasture."

The Greeks reached these truths — Plato, the emancipation of women; Alcidamas, the abolition of slavery; Zeno, the unity of mankind — not under the pressure of social or economic trends, but by the power of reason, breaking the thought barrier of their time. It has taken mankind a long time to see as far; even today we have not seen as far as Zeno.

A TRINITY of virtues shines throughout Greek literature. I have mentioned two; the Greek writers find the world intensely interesting, and they try to see it as it is. The third virtue is *Sophrosyne.* The word is untranslatable — the most interesting words in any language are always the words which cannot be translated, like *spirituel* in French, or "comfortable" and "gentleman" in English, for such words are characteristic of their creators and give a glimpse of their inner selves. We generally render it as "temperance"; "self-mastery" is better; but "balance" perhaps would come nearest to its meaning. It is the virtue which keeps men in the middle of the road, checks their waywardness and extravagance, saves them from the falsehood of extremes, and gives their life and thought the harmony of a fine piece of music. The literal meaning of the word is "soundness of mind"; if you have *Sophrosyne*, you have health of spirit and intellect and character. Really it is reason in another aspect — the power to see things as a whole, each in its place and proportion. It is not a common virtue in human beings, as Shakespeare knew when he made Hamlet praise Horatio:

> A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are these
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please. Give me the man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core.

That is a good description of *Sophrosyne.*

Nor is *Sophrosyne* a common virtue in peoples: witness the excesses of the French Revolution and the Nazi madness. But, apart from such spectacular instances of popular delirium, the history of most nations shows less destructive but equally irrational lapses from sanity. We can all think of such cases. There are plenty in Greek history, for

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the Greeks were a passionate people; *Sophrosyne*, supreme in their thought and literature, did not rule their political life. One would not recommend the study of Greek history to anyone who wished to know what *Sophrosyne* is in action. If anyone wishes to see *Sophrosyne* in a statesman, he could not find a better example than Abraham Lincoln.

Sophrosyne is as necessary a virtue in literature and in thought as in practical life. Can we see clearly if our eyes are bloodshot with prejudice or passion? If one of them is blind, are we likely to get things in focus? There is plenty of unbalance in the literature of the last hundred years. It is obvious in the sentimentality and facile optimism of the weaker Victorian writers; but in a different form it is quite as common in the generation which reacted against the Victorians, practiced the Art of Debunking, and in a world often dreary and sordid was blind to the countervailing goodness.

The irony of it is that these modern writers of whom I am speaking profess to look at the world with clear eyes, to see things as they are. But no one's eyes are clear unless they see the good in life as well as the evil. To miss the good is unbalance too, unbalance of a more dangerous kind. It is not to be found in the great Greek writers. There is plenty of gloom in them, in Homer or Pindar or the tragic poets; but always, shining in the gloom, there is a sense of beauty and splendor in the world no less real than the tragedy and evil. It is best to see life as the Greeks saw it — for they saw it as it is — and to go into the world with eyes open indeed to its darker side, so that we may know what we have to face, but not to ignore the other aspect in which its growing good resides.

Yes, it may be said, but what exactly do we get by reading this literature and studying this civilization? In what way does it prepare us to live in the modern world? No doubt the Greek achievement was remarkable, indeed unique. But how does it help us now?

My reply would be that the people who did these things must have been a very remarkable people, a people with extraordinary qualities of mind, the sort of people one likes to meet, the sort of people one cannot meet without learning something from them; and when one reflects that the Greeks brought into the world the idea of science and the ideal of democracy, and when one considers their achievement in philosophy, in political thought, in poetry, in sculpture, in architecture, in the creation of an ideal of life, are not the men who did these things worth meeting? Are they not likely to be able to teach us much, not in actual facts, but if we ask from them what Elisha asked from Elijah — a portrait of their spirit? The most important thing in education is to live with the right people — in life, if we can find them; in the past, where they are easy to find. The Greeks, I think, stand highest among the right people.

No race has ever been so gifted, and taking them individually, some of its writers have no rivals. Can we think of anyone equal to Homer in epic, to Thucydides in history, to Aristophanes in his special field of comedy? There have been great philosophers since their time, but it would be difficult to maintain that any of them are equal to Aristotle and still less to Plato, of whom Whitehead said that "the safest general characterization of the European philosophical tradition is that it consists of a series of footnotes to Plato." Shakespeare no doubt is supreme among dramatists, but each of the three great Greek tragic poets is his superior in a particular field.

Greek studies are a training of the eye of the mind to see rightly, and that is a sufficient reason for regarding them as a good training for life. Only a small minority of those who pass through school and college will learn Greek, though especially in America it might well be a larger minority than it is today. But any educated person can read at least some of the Greek masterpieces in English. He will of course lose much; poetry can never be transmuted from one tongue into another without change and loss. And he will not know the Greek language, "A language doubtless the most perfect that has been contrived by the art of man" (Gibbon).

If I had to prescribe a course of Greek literature in English, I should include at least Homer's *Odyssey* (the *Iliad* is greater but it has a less universal appeal); some Greek plays, including *Agamemnon* (in McNeice's translation, the best that I know of any Greek play); and in prose, Thucydides, the *Apology*, *Crito*, *Phaedo*, and *Republic* of Plato (the last of these in Cornford's translation). These are indispensables. Anyone interested in dramatic criticism will not omit Aristotle's *Poetics;* and one would like to add his *Ethics* and *Politics*. Neither of them is easy reading, but Sir Ernest Barker's translation, with notes, has smoothed the path in the case of *Politics*.

The prose works which I have mentioned should be read in translations with short notes; otherwise the reader who knows no Greek is liable to miss a good deal. If he plunges into a bare text of, for instance, the *Republic*, his head is not likely to be continuously above water. There are, however, editions with notes of all the prose works, except the *Ethics* and the *Poetics*, notably Cornford's brilliant translation of the *Republic;* and in Greek drama Gilbert Murray's short introductions and comments add greatly to the enjoyment and appreciation of the plays.

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Clergyman and author, REINHOLD NIEBUHR *was ordained in 1915 and has been professor of applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary since 1930. Over the years, in his lectures as in his books, Dr. Niebuhr has carried on an intellectual crusade against the complacencies of an age of reason.*

PIETY AND SECULARISM IN AMERICA

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE coexistence of the "godly" and the "godless" of traditional piety and modern secularism has been a characteristic of Western civilization since the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The rise of modern science created a rift in a traditionally Christian civilization and generated a "secular" spirit, which was denounced by the pious as heresy and which was welcomed by the "enlightened" as the harbinger of a promising future for mankind, as the guarantor of every private virtue and public justice. Neither party was able to annihilate the other as simply as it had hoped. Western civilization thereupon became the realm of very interesting forms of interpenetration and coöperation, some advertent and some inadvertent, between piety and secularism. But in no nation has this coexistence brought more unique results than in our own. For here we are, in the twentieth century, at once the most religious and the most secular of Western nations. How shall we explain this paradox?

Let us begin by defining our terms. We are "religious" in the sense that religious communities enjoy the devotion and engage the active loyalty of more laymen in America than in any other nation of the Western world. We are "secular" in the sense that we pursue the immediate goals of life, without asking too many questions about the meaning of life and without being too disturbed by the tragedies and antinomies of life.

Our secularism is of two varieties. There is a theoretic secularism which dismisses ultimate questions about the meaning of existence, partly because it believes that science has answered these questions and partly because it regards the questions as unanswerable or uninteresting. There is a practical secularism, which expresses itself in the pursuit of the immediate goals of life. Our detractors in Europe and Asia think that our practical secularism expresses itself in "materialism" — that is, in the pursuit not of happiness but of comfort and physical security against all the hazards of nature and of history. If there should be a measure of truth in this charge, it would add a peculiarly ironic note to our contest with Communism. For we profess to be "godly" and the Communists are philosophical materialists, who think that piety deflects men from seeking the obvious goods of life successfully. But our "godly materialism" has been immeasurably more suc-

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cessful than their "godless" variety. One must hasten to add that not our piety but our secular and scientific proficiencies have greatly contributed to our superiority over the Communist pursuit of happiness.

Actually, our detractors are not quite right in accusing us of materialism. Our passion has been technical efficiency. We have been able to give ourselves to technics with greater abandon than any other nation. We are uninhibited by the traditional restraints upon the technical enterprise which obtained in European nations, including the first industrial nation of Europe, Britain. This passion for technical efficiency, together with the natural resources of a richly endowed continent and the advantages of a single continental economic unit, has given us a cornucopia. We are not displeased with the fruits of this cornucopia. They were not, however, the first concern of our enterprise. That was efficiency. We are somewhat embarrassed by the fact that we are the first culture which is in danger of being subordinated to its economy. We have to live [illegible] riously as possible in order to keep our produ[illegible] enterprise from stalling.

If religion has not only survived, but gained a new relevance in this secular environment, this curious development must be partly attributed to the limitations of both a theoretic and a practical secularism. A theoretic secularism is inclined to hold the pursuit of happiness as the final meaning of life. This pursuit of happiness easily degenerates into the pursuit of comfort and security. But a culture which gives itself wholeheartedly to these ends is bound to discover the limits of this frame of meaning for the life of man.

Not all, but many, forms of secularism try to comprehend human life in a too simple frame of meaning. They may not equate happiness with comfort and security, but they usually do not appreciate those dimensions of human striving in which joy and sorrow are curiously blended and achieve, not happiness, but fulfillment. American secularism, following the French Enlightenment, makes much of the "dignity of man." But it is usually oblivious to the "misery of man," which is equally, with his dignity, the undoubted fruit of the unique freedom which distinguishes him from the brutes. For the same freedom which makes man historically creative also gives him the capacity to be destructive and lifts him above natural vicissitudes to contemplate the vanity and brevity of life with melancholy. This glorious human creature undoubtedly dies as the animals do, but he is anxious about his life and his death. All the advances in medical science offer no cure for senility, nor materially alter the brevity of human existence.

To the misery of human frailty and brevity one must add the perplexities of a guilty conscience. They cannot be eliminated simply by living a "blameless" life, for our responsibilities involve us in guilt. No one anticipated in the nineteenth century that the responsibility of saving our civilization would involve us in the guilt of risking an atomic war. We do much evil in order to do good. Furthermore, there are forms of guilt which cannot be reduced to the proportions of neurotic guilt, subject to psychiatric ministrations. There are of course forms of neurotic guilt feelings which require psychiatric attention.

It is because a philosophy of the enlightened mind and a civilization of great technical power cannot solve these ultimate problems of human existence that the frame of meaning established by the traditionally historic religions has become much more relevant to the modern man than seemed possible a century ago. There is in these religions a sense of mystery and meaning which outrages the canons of pure rationality but which makes "sense" out of life.

Our national culture was not only more completely devoted to the promises of nineteenth century culture (the so-called "century of hope") but it was more efficient in fulfilling the prescriptions for happiness than any other nation. The reaction to unfulfilled hopes is correspondingly more obvious. This is particularly true because we are subject not only to the perennial antinomies and tragedies of life which our enlightenment and our technical efficiency have not been able to overcome, but also, as a nation, to frustrations in the days of our seeming omnipotence which we did not foresee in the days of our national weakness and innocence. We are less the masters of our fate in this day of American power than we were while we were still being rocked in the cradle of continental security. The whole drama of history is evidently more mysterious and meaningful, even as individual existence, more filled with beauty and terror, than the secular philosophies anticipated.

The nontechnical cultures of Asia and Africa will naturally regret the premature religious resignation which contributed to their technical backwardness and will try to achieve a more rational understanding of the complexities of life and a more adequate technical conquest of nature. But we have traveled that path of progress almost to its limit. The religious quest of ultimate meanings was therefore bound to gain new relevance among us.

These facts do not, of course, preclude the pos-

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sibility that the religious revival in our day may contain elements of rather frantic pursuits of the secular ends of success or power and represent religious versions of secularism. In the current debate between piety and secularism it is always well to bear in mind that neither piety nor enlightenment is as simply the guarantor of either private goodness or public virtue as the proponents of each side contend. The coöperation between secularism and piety has been fruitful on the whole because each side possessed more common virtue than the opponent was willing to admit. Partly, each side had a unique virtue which prevented the other side from pursuing its characteristic virtues so consistently that they degenerated into vices. The democracy of the whole of Western civilization, including our own, is obviously the fruit of such coöperation.

Genuine piety sets up an authority for the individual conscience which prevents the state or the community from becoming an idolatrous end of human existence. Religious faith makes a rigorous affirmation, "We must obey God, rather than men," in opposition to all tyranny. But, unfortunately, piety develops its own idolatries by claiming a too simple alliance between the divine will and human ends. The soberness of a secular pursuit of immediate ends and a tolerant appreciation of the fragmentariness of all human viewpoints is necessary for the "limited warfare" of parliamentary democracy. This spirit of tolerance and the contrasting spirit of fanaticism may each be the fruit of either religious piety or rational enlightenment, contrary to the assumption of each side that the evil fruit is the product of the other side and the good fruit the characteristic consequence of our own world view. It is as rare an achievement for the pious man to be charitable as for the rational man to be reasonable. Both achievements depend upon the recognition of the limited character of each one's vision of the truth.

Another religious reaction to a secular civilization has been developed in an unusual degree in America. Technical civilizations create great urban centers in which the individual is in danger of losing his identity in the crowd gathered together by technics but lacking the virtues of genuine community. Some of the current popularity of religion in our nation is undoubtedly due to the fact that religious congregations have been able to establish integral communities in the impersonal and technical togetherness of our urban centers. In these communities, the individual comes into his own as a person and lives in an environment of faith in which the vicissitudes of his existence are understood.

It is interesting that Americans are a more urban people than Europeans. They do not require roots in the country as do most Englishmen. It is also interesting that this urbanness has increased, rather than diminished, loyalty to the religious communities, though it was previously assumed that religious faith flourished on the countryside and withered in the sophisticated city. This did not prove to be so in America. The reason was probably that religious faith was, in more ways than one, used as an antidote to the simple meanings and fulfillments of a technical culture.

Two very different types of religious congregations, both uniquely American, contributed to the vitality of religious loyalty in our nation. And both also contributed to the uniquely American religiosity, which was at once more vital and more secular than European religion. The one was the sectarian church and the other the immigrant church. The sect church represented an exclusive religious community in Europe, emphasizing voluntary membership, lay responsibility, and a critical attitude toward all the traditional "means of grace" in the church — the sacraments, liturgies and theologies, and professional ministers — and an emphasis upon religious immediacy and personal religious "experience." The radical sect, whether individualistic or socially radical, always remained a minority group in Europe as compared with the churches of inclusive membership, frequently living under direct state auspices. In America, this sect conquered the frontier. Its religious immediacy and the mobility of its quasi-lay leadership (the Methodist circuit rider, for instance) were suited to the frontier. On the frontier, the sect became the dominant church in America. The traditional churches remained in their urban settings. But in less than a century, the sect churches colored the religious climate of the whole of America. In a sense, every church became a sect, at least in terms of emphasis upon lay responsibility and integral religious fellowship. The Methodist and Baptist churches are numerically the dominant churches in America. Most of them have grown respectable and only show vestigial remnants of the charismatic power by which they conquered the frontier.

But the same sect which revitalized religious life in America also secularized religious faith and prompted the criticism of European Christians, even to this day, that American faith is secularized. What validity does this charge have? Over a century ago Tocqueville, that perceptive French observer of the American scene, affirmed that the evangelical preachers of the American frontier were highly pragmatic in their exposition of their religion. They did not envisage "eternal felicity"

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as the end of the religious quest, he said, but rather commended religion as an aid in the pursuit of worldly ends such as "prosperity" and "civic peace and righteousness."

This disavowal of "otherworldliness" will seem very natural to American observers even today; but it was, unfortunately, accompanied by the frontier's rather sentimental "thisworldliness" — that is, by the hope that the frustrations of life as known in the Old World would disappear on the frontier, where "liberty and equality" seemed for the first time realizable ideals. Thus, the Enlightenment and evangelical Christianity were merged on the American frontier, and the result was that note of sentimentality which has characterized both political and religious thought in our nation ever since. "If one compliments an American," declared Tocqueville, "on the virtues of American life, he will take the compliment for granted and enlarge upon the vices and corruptions of European nations."

The heaven of evangelical Christianity and the utopia of the Enlightenment were blended on the frontier. But utopia was uppermost in the imagination of the frontier. And it was an achieved utopia, not a future one. America was a kind of kingdom of God. The final spiritual fruit of this frontier religious sentimentality came a century later when the "social gospel" thought the problems of life, including those of a technical civilization, would be solved if only people could be persuaded to love one another. The recalcitrance of human nature, expressed in Saint Paul's well-known confession, "the good that I would do, I do not do; and the evil that I would not, that I do," is obscured in this sentimentality, and all the hard problems of achieving justice in a community of self-seeking men are made easy by these hopes. Thus a great thinker of the social gospel could say at the beginning of this century: "The impulse to give justice is evangelical; but the impulse to get justice is not. There is an ominous desire to get justice which reveals that we have lost confidence in spiritual forces."

A dissipated evangelicalism relied on love, while the Enlightenment relied on reason, to achieve utopia on earth. But both the secular and the religious version of utopianism denied the real problems of human existence and expected dreams to turn into reality cheaply. That is why the religious revival in America is only partly a reaction to disappointed secular hopes and is partly a religious expression of those same hopes. Nothing could illustrate the bewildering confusion of secularism and religiosity in our nation more vividly. Perhaps we are so religious because religion has two forms among us. One challenges the gospel of prosperity, success, and achievement of heaven on earth. The other claims to furnish religious instruments for the attainment of these objectives.

THE other unique American religious force which made a community for the individual in the anonymity of the urban center was the church of the immigrant. America was refashioned by the hordes of immigrants which came to our shores in the latter part of the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth century. They brought their churches along with them. These churches were anchored in a culture in the land of the immigrants' birth. But in the American environment they became exclusive and without organic relation to the American culture. They generated much more lay activity than in Europe and became fellowships which performed the function of guarding the immigrant against the anonymity of an urban and strange culture and of preserving something of the Old World culture, including the language of the immigrant.

According to the thesis of Will Herberg's sociological analysis, *Protestant, Catholic, Jew*, the immigrant church proved a very ready instrument both for preserving and for adapting the culture of the immigrant to America. For the church became the means of his self-identification without a too obvious connotation of foreignness. The church was recognized as part of the "American way of life" and yet it was reminiscent of the culture of the home country. The immigrant church was therefore popular for other than purely religious reasons. In a different way than the sectarian church, it pursued religious interest for essentially secular reasons and became another instrument for the curious mingling of secularism and piety in America.

It must be added that the members of these immigrant churches were attracted to America partly by its free institutions but mostly by its economic opportunities. These immigrants were first employed as poorly paid workers in our expanding economy. But in time many of them rose into the managerial and owning class. Their religious faith did not inhibit them from pursuing the goals of economic well-being with absolute devotion. It may have actually supplied the discipline by which the economic activity could be more successfully engaged in. Thus the immigrant church, together with the sectarian church, was at one and the same time a refuge from a secular culture and a resource for the uninhibited pursuit of essentially secular ends of life.

Thus the religion of the immigrant achieved the same relation to secular ends, in a few generations, which required a century of development in New

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England, where the original Puritanism was transmuted into the "Yankeeism" of the New England businessman.

If this analysis of the unique relation of piety to secularism in our own nation is at all correct, it becomes apparent that we are more religious and more secular than any other nation not by accident, but by the effect of definitely ascertainable historic causes peculiar to the American experience. If the results are extravagant, it is always possible to console ourselves that the interpenetration of piety and secularism in our culture has been more creative in the political sphere than in the economic realm. In the political sphere the secular devotion to immediate ends, and the religious apprehension of ultimate authority beyond the realm of the political order, have saved us from both the authoritarian politics of traditional piety and the totalitarian politics of a consistent secularism, as developed historically from the French Revolution to the Russian Revolution.

In our economic life we may have extravagantly pursued the immediate ends of life with such consistency that religion tended to become both a refuge against the anonymous social togetherness of an urban society — a balm for the inevitable disillusionments in which the rational and the technical "pursuit of happiness" is bound to end — and (occasionally) a pious version of the secular pursuit.

The striking contrast between the relatively creative interpenetration of secularism and piety in our political life and the comparatively uncreative relation between the two in our economic life deserves a closing word.

We have seen that political democracy depended upon both piety and secularism, each contributing its characteristic insights to the organization of a free society. Secularism furnished the immediate and proximate goals of justice and prevented religion from confusing immediate with final goals of life and thus developing its own idolatries. Piety gave the individual a final divine authority which enabled him to defy tyrannical political authority.

In the realm of economics, on the other hand, an efficient economy was the product of a secularism which began by regarding happiness as the final end of life, continued by substituting comfort and security for happiness, and ended by regarding efficiency as an end in itself. The idolatry which substituted a means to an end as the final end of existence has tended to vulgarize our culture. Piety has not essentially challenged this vulgarity or futility. Sometimes it has provided asylums of fellowship for the victims of the cult of efficiency; sometimes it has been a resource for further efficiency; and only occasionally it has challenged the inadequacy of these immediate goals as containing the final goals of life and a fulfillment of the meaning of human existence.

Our gadget-filled paradise suspended in a hell of international insecurity certainly does not offer us even the happiness of which the former century dreamed. Only when we finally realize the cause of these disappointed hopes can we have a truly religious culture. It will probably disappoint the traditionally pious as much as the present paradise disappoints the children of the Enlightenment.

In that event piety will have recaptured some of the characteristic accents of the historic religions, which in their traditional form may have regarded historic existence too much as a "vale of sorrows" but which had the virtue of knowing that there could be no complete happiness in human life, because a creative life could never arrive at the neat harmonies which are the prerequisite of happiness. They knew that all human virtue remains fragmentary and all human achievements remain tentative. They knew that the meanings of life are surrounded by a penumbra of mystery and that life's joys and sorrows are curiously mingled. The great historic religions, in short, were rooted in the experiences of the ages, so that they could not be deluded by the illusions of a technical age.

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OSBERT SITWELL

THE DOOR KNOCKER

FURTHER NOTES ON MY FATHER

Author, connoisseur of modern art, and country squire, SIR OSBERT SITWELL *began in 1942 the writing of his monumental autobiography, a five-volume work which, on its completion with* NOBLE ESSENCES *in 1950, was described by the London* TIMES *as "an outstanding contribution to literature."*

IN THE dining room at Renishaw there hangs among the assembled portraits one which was not there when I was a child. It is not a work of art; in fact the tortoise-shell frame which contains it is responsible for any effect that it contrives to make; nevertheless it is plainly — I fear *plainly* is the precise and operative word — a painstaking, and a painsgiving, likeness. It represents a young girl, who carries perched on the crook of her left arm a rather mean-looking and curiously undecorative green parrot. The girl herself wears on her slightly smug, round face an expression of insipid, innocent surprise; I apprehend that she would look even more astonished could she be aware of the circumstances attendant on the last purchase of her portrait and its reappearance in this house.

We must, since one thing leads to another, begin at the beginning, or even before it, and touch on matters seemingly unconnected with the portrait, but which in reality shaped the course of small events which led to its acquisition — events which though minute in themselves are part of the chains and fetters of the inexorable law of cause and effect. During the winter of 1920–1921, the door of the house in which my brother and I lived in London lacked its knocker for a period of some three months, and any friends of ours passing would have been able to interpret the message which its removal carried: that my father was in London — in addition, if they went by frequently, they would have comprehended that he was paying a longer visit than was his wont, for in the same way that the presence of the Sovereign in a city is made evident by the flying of a standard over his palace there, so, albeit obversely, the taking down the knocker from the door of his sons' house signaled to those in the know that my father was in London.

The explanation of the periodic disappearances of this object was that I had found it in a lumber room at Renishaw, where it had reposed for years; it must have come from Italy, is made of bronze, and its shape — that of a ring slightly pulled out at the sides — is formed by two dolphins, face to face, fin to fin, their entwined tails closing the circle. Seeing it, I at once grasped how well it would look on the door which it now still embellishes, and took it to London without revealing to my father that I had done so, for though he had several years previously handed Renishaw over to me, he still liked to be consulted, and I knew from experience that the words which came most easily to his lips were "No, certainly not!" or, with a note of warning in his voice, "Oh, I shouldn't do that if I were you!"

All those dreary long winter weeks, therefore, I was obliged to conceal the knocker, my father having sought refuge in London for reasons which

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I will shortly disclose. In the days of which I write, Scarborough, ancient and historic borough and a modern pleasure resort, yet retained a marked character of its own. Many incidents of past years in the seaside town I could relate, and, though varied, they would be no less grotesque. Of them all, the Adventure of the Phantom Special Commissioner of Inland Revenue is perhaps the most exceptional — as unexpected as the episode in London to which, by making my father spend the winter there, it led up.

In those days we still had a house in Scarborough — Wood End — always referred to by a writer in the local press as "Sir George and Lady Ida's marine residence"; a description which ever summoned to my mind the image of some submerged and finny grot at sea bottom with huge fish darting in and out in strictest privacy: the words certainly served to make the place sound cool and remote. However, Wood End was not so isolated or lonely as the description suggests. Several taller houses overlooked its rectangular block, built of dark gold stone, set in a large garden and within range of all the sea's voices — its roarings, its tremendous thunder and lion-voiced threats, its occasional purring and light-hearted delusive promises.

It was some time during the late summer that my father first noticed one of the Special Commissioners of Inland Revenue, so he asserted and continued to maintain, skulking on the roof of the nearest house, observing him through binoculars. My father declared him to be a dignified-looking individual, wearing striped trousers, a morning coat, and a tall hat — no very suitable garb, I reflected, for someone literally "on the tiles" who must wish to escape attention. Apparently the stranger stood there for hours, patiently watching Wood End. At the beginning my father was furiously angry and would stare back through the spyglass which he always carried about with him when at Renishaw or Wood End so as to be able to obtain the distant view — in other words, in case he should see a chance of knocking down some building and beginning to erect another in its place.

I was never able myself to discern the mysterious stranger, and my own feeling was that he was either my father's Narcissus-like *Doppelgänger*, a projection from and of his own personality such as Edgar Allan Poe was concerned with in his story *William Wilson*, or else that victim of delirium tremens who had lived ten years before — and apparently was still living — in the house in question. From time to time the victim of the most oppressive alcoholic nightmares, he was probably, if it were he, scanning our garden for stray pink elephant or undulant boa constrictor; but my suggestions to that effect were contemptuously rejected. No, my father had guessed the identity of the prowler immediately, and once and for all. He did not believe in ghosts, but with his whole being he believed in the existence of his Special Commissioner. Nothing could shake him. When I said to him, "How can you be so sure that he is one of the Special Commissioners of Inland Revenue?" he resorted to the use of one of his favorite and most irrefutable replies: "*We happen to know.*"

The phantom continued to haunt him, so he decided to go away. He would not visit Renishaw as my guest, for the insolent intruder might follow him there, hide in one of the stables or outhouses and steal out unobserved, to watch and follow and pry, and, in fact — like the hosts of Midian — to "prowl and prowl around." Instead, he took the lease for the autumn and winter of a furnished apartment on the sixth floor of a block of flats in Knightsbridge; at least there he would not be overlooked and would be free from the daily persecution — as he had grown to regard it — that he had suffered at Scarborough.

So it came about that my door remained for several long months without its customary knocker. From his new and temporary eyrie, my father could pursue his many interests: he could be seen, if the Commissioner in question had followed him, leaving the building every morning for the reading room of the British Museum — where he was at last in the final round of a long hand-to-hand tussle with the Grosvenor pedigree — wearing frock coat and silk hat, the well-known air cushion like a life buoy on his arm.

Though the conduct of his life followed its customary course in London, the experiences of the last few weeks had left him in a more than usually suspicious frame of mind. When, therefore, he received a letter from a stranger, asking him to visit his house, my father's reactions were mixed. (The Commissioner again?) The correspondent claimed to be an ex-naval captain, lived somewhere at the top of Hampstead Heath, and had written to say that he had lately purchased at a sale a small portrait which had formerly hung at Renishaw and which depicted a Sitwell ancestress as a child. He never sold — he proceeded to write — anything he had bought, but on this occasion would like to make an exception and offer the picture to my father. He would be at home on Tuesday afternoon, and could show the painting.

This letter at once excited my father's predominant interest — in family history — and roused

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his latent fear that, since his life was of such great importance to the country, someone might attempt to kidnap him for ransom or even to kill him. There had been that odd incident, he recalled for my benefit, of the sample of cocoa that had reached him through the post (he had caused it to be put on the fire at once, but even then it had burned with a curiously colored flame and had made a spluttering noise). But at whatever cost to himself, he intended to inspect the portrait (which would it prove to be, Katherine Sacheverell, who had married George Sitwell; or Francis Sitwell's wife; or Mary Reresby? much depended on that); there was no point, however, in incurring needless risk, so he would take with him his man Robins, who could carry a harquebus — what did they call it now? — of course, a revolver! Robins no doubt would require considerable coaching beforehand in how to act and how to handle the weapon, but my father would give him a few hints, so he could not go far wrong.

The instructions which Robins received were that he was to sit beside the driver, to draw a revolver ostentatiously from its holster directly he arrived outside the house, and when my father alighted was to remain holding it in an obvious and menacing manner, at the same time lolling to show he felt no fear himself, till my father should give a signal. My father said he would know by the atmosphere of the house after he had been in it for five or ten minutes what course of action to follow. If all were well, he would make certain faces and gestures, which he had previously taught Robins to interpret, from a window or possibly from the garden; if he failed to appear within a quarter of an hour, Robins was to fight his way in at the point — or, rather, at the barrel — of his revolver, for if the owner were really an ex-naval officer, he might be a good hand with a cutlass.

The day came, the taxicab was hired, and they started; they arrived, and the house seemed an ordinary Hampstead dwelling, rather pretty. My father rang the bell and the door was opened almost immediately by a neatly dressed parlormaid. Robins watched the house and garden with anxious attention and was relieved, after some eight and a half minutes had passed, to see my father's face grimacing at him from a shrubbery just the other side of some oak palings, and to read its message and that of the accompanying gestures: "*All clear.*" What the ex-naval officer — who proved to be of a well-known type, bluff, hearty, adventurous, and intelligent — can have made of the highly unconventional behavior of his visitor, who in every other respect seemed so dignified and courteous, we shall never know. The taxi driver, for his part, from whom some reaction might have been expected, did not seem in the least astonished; he commented, as my father got out, "Nice gentleman, that, quite in the old style." But certainly my father, with his beard, as he had signaled across the fence from among the speckled laurels, laburnums, and privets of a suburban garden, must have looked rather strange, unusual today as a satyr in a glade. The adventure had, it is true, a happy ending; no one was killed, my father left the house with the picture under his arm, the ex-naval officer had acquired the twenty-five pounds he had asked for it, and in time I was able to restore the door knocker to its accustomed place. Nevertheless, the expedition had left a tender spot in my father's memory, for when one day, some years later, I asked him about it, he gave me a severe look and said, "Don't ask silly questions, dear boy."

At Scarborough, the trim, prim terraces, crescents, and gardens seemed in the springtime and summer months to offer a field for comedy and even for farce. The fact that my father had seven times been a parliamentary candidate for the borough and had in consequence called on every voter on at least seven different occasions — for those were the days of a more limited franchise, and a personal visit was expected from each of the candidates — provided wide opportunities for comedy; because in consequence we possessed innumerable friends and acquaintances of every sort in the town, and among them are two I must describe for the unfolding of this episode.

One of them, Sister Dorothy, was an acquaintance more than a friend, though circumstances often forced us to see her. For several years she had been in charge of Jezebel House, which my grandmother Sitwell had established as a home for wayward girls, and when that establishment shut, she settled herself comfortably on my religious Aunt Florence, who had, most conveniently, just become a permanent invalid. Sister Dorothy was middle-aged and buoyant. In appearance she seemed positively bursting with ill-health, though she contrived in the end to live to be eighty; except for the tea-fiend's protruding teeth, her face looked as if it had been roughly thumbed into shape out of an overripe tomato. Perhaps because she was a member of some sisterhood vaguely affiliated with the Church of England, and in order to stress her almost official status, she always dressed in the character of a nun.

Miss Susan Tugworth, the other person I have to describe for the purpose of what follows, was a real friend, whom I can remember from a very early age. My mother and the rest of the family

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were very fond of her, and she had become a figure in the house, my mother often employing her on various errands in which tact, trustworthiness, and a knowledge of people in the neighborhood were required. I first recollect the figure of Miss Tugworth when she came to teach me how to write the letter "S," pointing out to me that it was shaped like a swan. I still recall my efforts to make it look like one, and how the view outside was everywhere of swan's-down, because snow was falling and covered everything, even the trees, with white, soft feathers.

Miss Susan, the eldest of her family, was kind and sad and overworked, never from the weight of any particular job, but from the drift and variety of the small burdens which she had assumed, the different kinds of task which she had been obliged to undertake in order to earn a living for herself and her drove of sisters. They were in a genteel way bitterly poor, and lived in a small white house which had belonged to their father, an artist of some repute, known in his day for his pictures of tall, slender, and beautiful women, carrying on their shoulders Grecian water jars and posed among almond blossom and peach. By a mysterious decree of fate, however, he had drawn as his allotted share of children only the very opposite of the type he liked to paint. These sisters, stunted, short-legged, long-bodied, their long, dog-like faces blue with cold, were all of them charming in their own way — that is to say, they had charm, but not of the sort which he would have appreciated. Now he was dead, some of the daughters had married, and others were invalids. It had devolved, therefore, on Miss Susan to support the afflicted. She remained patient, with an air of almost amused resignation and humility before the tricks of destiny.

At the time of which I am writing, the First World War was over and my father was again filling our Scarborough house with miscellaneous objects he had bought in Italy and was pouring them into Renishaw as well — which, however, was large enough to absorb the contents of many vans. As to their aesthetic effect, not everyone felt it; for the English taste is both more sober and less funereal. Thus Henry Moat, my father's butler, whom readers of my autobiography will remember, plainly felt a distaste for these gimcrack but imaginative pieces. He was wont to say of them, as he did, too, of my father's alterations and decorations of rooms, "Everything for show, and nothing for convenience." If it had been left to him, all would have been of good, sound oak. My father often used to go to Renishaw for a short visit in the winter before the house was shut up — a process to which he always referred as "running over to Renishaw for a few days picnicking." And first, before quoting the letter which gives Henry's opinion of the furniture, I cannot refrain from presenting in its entirety a fascinating glimpse of the technique of this camping out.

The letters are addressed by Henry Moat from Wood End to Maynard Hollingworth, then subagent at Renishaw. Mrs. Westby, to whom reference is made, was for many years housekeeper at Renishaw.

> All been well Sir George and I will arrive at the Hall tomorrow evening the train arrives GC 8.32 please send to meet us Brougham and heavy cart Sir George would like Hot Milk and bread the moment he crosses the threshold (please tell Mrs Westby Hot water bottle in his bed) Sir Geo will dine in the train
>
> I am bringing 2 Chickens 2 Soles caviar Bacon plum Jam coffee Apples Biscuits Rice Loin of Mutton Blanc Mange Flour Tea and Mustard so will you please ask the good lady to order in the other things that she thinks is necessary. . . .
>
> P.S. Look out for a wire cancelling everything I will wire Mrs Westby if so.

Regretfully leaving unexplored the mysterious ceremony of the hot milk and bread, so reminiscent of primitive festivals recounted in Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough*, we turn to a matter more immediately in hand. In an earlier letter he writes: ". . . Sir Geo arrives monday at 2 oclock and would like you to have the cases unpacked in the morning already for him to go through I am going to ask him if he will allow me to go through them after him with a huge hammer."

Whatever may be the true estimate of the objects, they continued to arrive for some twenty years, except between 1914 and 1918. Fresh loads of gaily ramshackle furniture — painted and gilded chests, tables and chairs, or cabinets gone to the other extreme and blacker than black — would come from Naples, Palermo, Florence, Rome, and Venice, bringing with them more than their fair portion of woodworm and deathwatch beetle. A few years later, it is true, my father sent back most of these pieces of furniture to Italy; but at the moment they led to the house being very crowded. A consequence of this was that one morning my mother sent for me to her room and said, "The lumber rooms, as usual, are getting much too full, and I think I shall sell the contents of the first of them at the top of the stairs; not that there is much in it that will fetch anything — though there's an old piano that might sell." After a moment's pause, she added, "It's curious, I don't remember seeing it before. Don't say a word to your father or he'll only make a fuss. I'll let the auctioneer know and he can perhaps

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take the things away next week when he'll be at Renishaw for a few days."

They were duly moved, and in time the auction took place, bringing in some seventy-odd pounds, of which the piano accounted for six guineas. (It was one of those recurrent moments when to sell a piano brings in little, while to buy it costs a fortune.)

What my mother had *not* known was that Sister Dorothy had, a short time before, received as a legacy a piano which proved too big for her to house, and that she had therefore asked my father to shelter it for her until she could contrive to find for it a permanent home. My father, who liked her for her practical common sense — as he termed her lack of imagination — and also, perhaps, to be different, had therefore consented. The instrument had duly arrived and had been carried straight up to the lumber room while my mother was out.

At some moment within the following fortnight, my father must have received a letter from Sister Dorothy to say that she had at last bought a house in which her brother would live and where she could join him on her retirement. She could, therefore, have the piano — to which I may add that neither of them, perhaps fortunately, could play a note — and accordingly a van would call for it. My father did not mention the matter to anyone — he saw no need to — but when the van arrived and the men were sent upstairs to the lumber room to remove the piano and found nothing there, he rushed into my mother's room and said without a previous explanation, "Where is Sister Dorothy's piano?"

Though this was the first my mother had heard of its ownership, she immediately grasped the situation. Not, however, realizing that the vanmen were in the house, she said, in order to gain time and because the kindly Miss Tugworth had always solved so many difficulties for her, "I think Miss Tugworth has got it."

My father tore out of the room saying, "I never heard of such impertinence — to remove a piano without even consulting *me!*" He then rushed downstairs, spinning like a tornado, and directed the vanmen to Miss Tugworth's house.

The door was opened by one of her sisters, and before she could say whatever is said on such an occasion — Jack Robinson, or something stronger — four men in green baize aprons had entered the house.

They strode by instinct straight into the drawing room, where poor Miss Susan Tugworth was sitting alone in a heavy coat, enjoying the brittle, cold splendor. This room was one of the few possessions of which the whole family felt proud. It had stayed as it had been left by their mother, full of spindly tables and useless knickknacks, small shoes in silver and heavily cut glass scent bottles with silver stoppers. It also exhibited a grand piano, which had not been played upon since their mother's decease. Going up to the piano, the apparent chief of the gang playfully struck a note and said, "'E told us to take it away." (Obviously the vanmen had been impressed by my father's considerable personality, for not one of them ever referred to him directly, but as though his name were taboo, because sacred, alluded to him as " 'E" or " 'Im.") The other three men now advanced inexorably on the piano, and together they whisked the heavy instrument out of the room. It was a scene which, to look back on, might have been invented by the contemporary Kafka. Miss Tugworth kept on saying weakly, over and over again, "You can't do that," to which they would reply:

"Oh yes, we can. 'E told us to take it away."

"But it's *my* piano."

"That's not what 'E says. It's by 'Is orders."

"Who is 'He'?"

" 'E said you'd know 'oo 'E was."

Poor Miss Tugworth, so kind and pliant; the van started and carried away her piano to embellish and make genteel Sister Dorothy's new house. Several days passed before Miss Tugworth could even find out where the instrument had gone or who had given the order for its removal. Whether she ever received it back again I cannot recall; only that she laid no blame on anyone. My mother, on the other hand, was furious with Sister Dorothy and retired to bed for a week, and no one for many years was allowed to mention the word *piano* in her presence.

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Books and Men

Critic, short-story writer, and novelist, Angus Wilson *is regarded as one of the most vigorous writers to come out of World War II. His collection of short stories,* SUCH DARLING DODOS, *and his first novel,* HEMLOCK AND AFTER, *won him enthusiastic acclaim both in the United States and in Britain. Mr. Wilson has recently returned from a two-months trip to Japan and is now working on a novel. His latest book of stories,* A BIT OFF THE MAP, *has just been published by Viking.*

THE REVOLT OF SAMUEL BUTLER

BY ANGUS WILSON

It is almost impossible now to imagine the claustrophobia which people of imagination and sensibility felt in mid-Victorian England. Its social injustices, the brutal squalor of its submerged population, are still apparent through the rosy hue which our nostalgia has given to an age which offered so much greater security and certainty than our own apocalyptic times. Nevertheless, for almost every major writer or artist of high Victorian times their age seemed a prison house of dreariness and falsity.

Dickens's high spirits were reduced to nihilism by contemplation of society by the time he came to write *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend.* Tennyson, the great Victorian panjandrum, turned to a sort of Fascism in *Maud* out of his hatred of English society. Trollope, who had spent a lifetime in accepting his world, turned upon it savagely in *The Way We Live Now.* Ruskin, George Eliot, the Pre-Raphaelites, looked back to the past; William Morris to a medieval Utopia. They would all look anywhere rather than dwell on the world around them.

Young writers in England today are in revolt against what they feel to be the solemnity, the self-satisfaction, and the decay of the established order; England today, however, is an open prairie beside the fog-choked cell of the established order of mid-Victorian England. By the last decade of Victoria's reign a great part of the intellectual and artistic energies of her writers had gone into the simple iconoclasm of "Anti-Victorianism" — a storming of the Bastille. To free the vision of Progress, which had sustained men since the eighteenth century, from the corrupting weeds and decaying debris with which mid-Victorianism had encumbered it, to rescue man's future from the hypocrisy and drabness which had broken the hearts of Dickens and Trollope, became the gospel of the new prophets — of Shaw and Wells, of Galsworthy and Bennett, of E. M. Forster and the young Maugham, and of Norman Douglas.

This new optimistic Anti-Victorian progressivism which sought to destroy the false optimism and the basic despair of Victorian progressivism dominated Edwardian England and upheld a large part of middle-class England down to the Second World War. It is easy now to see that its optimism in turn was built upon evasions and fears which easily succumbed to the open horrors of the nineteen-thirties and -forties, but it was a most vital and deep-felt revolution and its echoes are still with us. It was perhaps so vital because it was founded upon an intense hatred of Father and Mother and all that they had stood for. The earliest and most violent of these father-haters and parricides was Samuel Butler, the John the Baptist of the Shavian Gospel.

In the England of my adolescence, in the late nineteen-twenties and early nineteen-thirties, there existed a type of middle-class cultured family whose mainspring of action was still Anti-Victorianism. These families have now gone entirely. They were not very rich, but they were very comfortably off. Some of them were professional men, some were in business; but their incomes were derived principally from inherited dividends. They sometimes came of gentry stock, but more often they were the second or third generation of families that had risen in the social scale through commerce or industry.

They were not intellectual, as a rule, and certainly not avant-garde. The womenfolk probably read the novels of Virginia Woolf, but the cult of sensitivity and all that is now classed under the vague name "Bloomsbury" would have seemed a little anemic to them. The men might perhaps have read a novel of D. H. Lawrence but cer-

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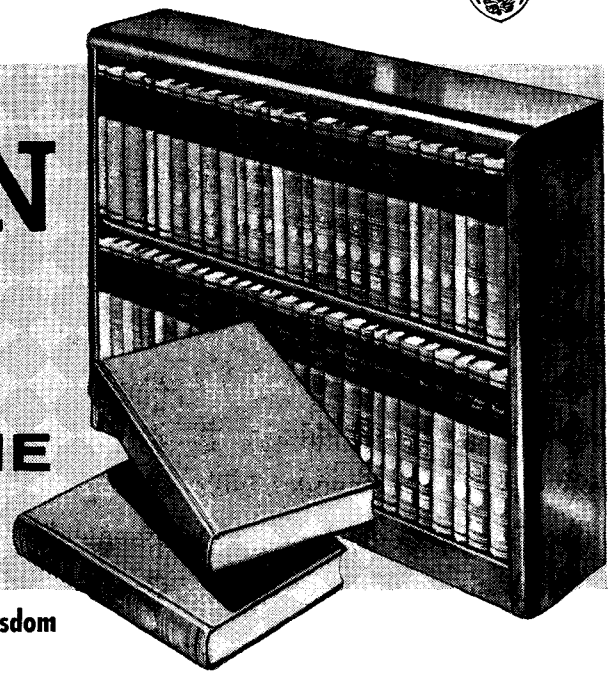

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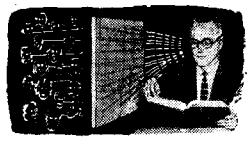

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tainly without comprehending the telling indictment of the age which we now see in his work. Experimentalism in the arts — abstract painting, the aestheticism of the Sitwells and the Russian Ballet, stream of consciousness and Joyce — all these were outside, not perhaps their knowledge, but their interest, although of course they would have disliked the philistine attitude of *Punch* toward such things, because they believed above all in being tolerant and broad-minded.

Religion they had packed away with the Victorian bric-a-brac of their parents, but they were far enough from the great religious controversies of the last century to regard ostentatious atheism as a trifle comic. Churchgoing, in general, they thought of as a fusty bygone, though many of them still remembered the family prayers and strict Sabbaths of their childhood as a wicked tyranny. They were not usually scientific, although they took scientific progress for granted as they did Evolution. Nevertheless Darwin ranked with them as one of the Victorian shams which Shaw had banished with his wit and healthy laughter; the less thinking of them probably had an idea that Lamarck had written *The Origin of Species* anyway. In politics most of these families were progressive and would have called themselves Socialists, which meant, in practice, a certain vague feeling that they need not be distressed by their money because it would in course of sensible progress be taken away from them anyway, but that they must take great pains to create a friendly relationship with the servants and with the tradesmen.

Their main concern, however, was to conduct their lives with common sense, no nonsense, straightforward realism, and plenty of hygiene. They disliked ugliness, sordid surroundings, disease, hypocrisy, pessimism, and sentimentalism above everything; and they were conscientiously determined that their children should be brought up in a world where these things didn't exist. It was, of course, a well-nigh impossible assignment. The First World War they had met with high hearts, but its aftermath — especially as the nineteen-thirties brought the Depression and Hitler — wore them down. Cruelty, violence of emotion, humorlessness — everything that was grubby and smutty came to invade their hygienic world. It was intended that the children should never know guilt or fear; but, of course, they did and began to turn to all sorts of improbable excesses — Communism, Roman Catholicism, and what have you.

In addition, the banishment of Victorian nursery tyranny and parental hypocrisy and the establishment of straightforward, "good friend" relationships had not somehow removed all the emotional difficulties of home life so easily as had been expected. Numerous tangles of possessiveness and hostility between parents and children existed beneath the sensible, offhand exterior; Freud could have predicted this, but although these people were familiar with Freud's name and had read at second hand of his views, their Anti-Victorian attitude to sex came from a pre-Freudian era. By the outbreak of the Second World War they were dying on their feet. For all the naïveté and evasion of their impossible ideal, it was a good one; subtler though we may have been in bringing back sin, guilt, and an imperfectible world, our amusement at them should be tinged with admiration.

If they were muddled, however, it was not a little because their prophets had been muddled also. Anti-Victorianism had been intended as a straight from the shoulder tidy-up of a muddled, blinkered world; but if we return to its gospels — to Shaw and Wells, Forster, Douglas, and the Maugham of *Of Human Bondage*, to name only those who owed debts to Samuel Butler — we shall find often brute force muddled up with freedom, class prejudices accepted as honesty, optimistic generalization masking despair, and personal quirks generalized into universal dogmas. To say all this is not to deny their achievement — they were one and all brilliant demolition men, skilled parricides — where the buildings were rat-infested and had stood too long, where the fathers were corrupted and ripe for death.

The greatest father-hater, and in his own tenacious, obsessive way the most skilled demolisher of the great Victorian Bastille, was Samuel Butler. An examination of his curious personality and of the row of uneven, brilliant, and boring books he wrote explains much of the success and insufficiency of Anti-Victorianism.

Samuel Butler was born in 1835. His father was the Reverend Thomas Butler, a rich, somewhat ineffectual country clergyman. His grandfather was Dr. Samuel Butler, one of the famous Victorian headmasters of public schools, who had brought one of the old grammar schools, Shrewsbury, into the line of high Christian manliness and liberal classical learning set by Dr. Arnold at Rugby as the ideal for the education of the sons of the rich Victorian middle class. Thomas Butler was no fool; he attained a classical fellowship at Cambridge, but his character was not strong enough to stand up to Dr. Butler's. He was forced into orders against his will and compensated for the rest of his life by rather amateur botanizing and family tyranny. He married Fanny Worsley,

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the daughter of a sugar refiner, who brought more money and a loving but weak and fanciful character to the vicarage.

The Butlers had four children; the two daughters were all that a churchman could wish, the sons everything most undesirable. Tom was an uninteresting and conventional black sheep, but Samuel was one of the best-hating sons of all time. Butler's hatred for his parents is everybody's gain, for to it we owe *The Way of All Flesh.* The story of Theobald and Christina Pontifex is substantially that of Butler's parents. It would be possible to say that Butler's attitude toward his mother showed some relenting were it not for one thing — he incorporated into *The Way of All Flesh* a sentimental exhibitionistic letter she left for her sons and he incorporated it immediately after her death, which from his letters he truly seems to have mourned. About his father, there was no relenting.

The conflicts of childhood that produce works of art are difficult to measure. It seems probable that home life for Butler was unpleasant, but certainly a good deal less unpleasant than for many other boys of his class and time; but as with Dickens and the blacking factory to which his mother apprenticed him, Butler never forgot. His hatred of his father and of his mother as his father's instrument sufficed for a lifetime of literary work in which he attacked every father figure in sight. God, the Risen Christ, Beethoven, Gladstone, Tennyson, Darwin, Raphael, Michelangelo — every figure that the Victorian age held sacred came under his fire.

The strange religious aspect that he gave to his own sufferings as a child is revealed in a passage in *The Way of All Flesh.* Theobald Pontifex beats his small son Ernest for, as he declares, willfully refusing to pronounce the word "come," and his action is described as follows: "A few minutes more and we could hear screams coming from the dining-room, across the hall which separated the drawing-room from the dining-room, and knew that poor Ernest was being beaten. 'I have sent him up to bed,' said Theobald, as he returned to the drawing-room, 'and now, Christina, I think we will have the servants in to prayers,' and he rang the bell for them, red-handed as he was."

Now corporal punishment of children is not pleasant, and unjust corporal punishment less so; but it was not unusual in Butler's day, and there is something strangely excessive in the words "red-handed as he was," something suggestive of ritual and sacrifice. And Samuel Butler was the victim. The act, too, is associated with family prayers; and one can tell from this moment that the victim will be revenged on family prayers and the Church of England and Christianity and even God; and so, of course, he was. Butler's life was committed to destroying every stone, every ideal on which life was built in that rectory at Langar where the wicked, sacrificial deed took place.

To obtain the revenge he planned, he was willing to acquire sufficient information on all the arts and sciences to enable him to compose his brilliant and paradoxical destructive attacks on Victorian ideals; but since even a lifetime of sixty-seven years is hardly sufficient to become a serious polymath, he remained forever an amateur and his attacks rest too often on very insecure learning. To devote his life to this destruction, he needed too a sufficient income and here comes an ironic and vicious circle, for an adequate income depended upon his father's death, so that to destroy his father in print he had eagerly to await the mortal destruction of his father in the flesh. Only once or twice did he spare any Victorian idol, and then usually only after he had outraged Victorian opinion. Homer he was prepared to revere, but only when he had proved to his satisfaction that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman. Shakespeare he respected, but only by publishing a book suggesting that the sonnets depended upon an oddly improbable joke aimed at the Great Bard's homosexual instincts. The single exception to Butler's iconoclasm is an interesting one; all his life he worshiped Handel with an almost absurd reverence, and Handel he had found for himself as a youth.

"Found for himself" — in this lies the key to much of Butler and of those who came after him. To this determined belief in the mastery of his own destiny is owed his whole attack on Darwin and Natural Selection, from which stems the Creative Evolution which Shaw and Wells tried to set up as a substitute for the exploded dogmas of Christianity. This determination to be your own master, to be absolutely free of all masters, was to be echoed in many an early twentieth century novel. For, as Butler pointed out, the young man of upper-middle-class background was tied by his expensive education to his father's wishes — public school and university, for what do they suit you? "A public school education cuts off a boy's retreat," he says in *The Way of All Flesh;* "he can no longer become a labourer or a mechanic, and these are the only people whose tenure of independence is not precarious — with the exception of course of those who are born inheritors of money." So Mr. Pontifex must die, Butler's father must die. The same story is echoed in Maugham's *Of Human Bondage;* Philip, like Ernest Pontifex, is not free to find himself until his uncle the rector dies and leaves him a small income.

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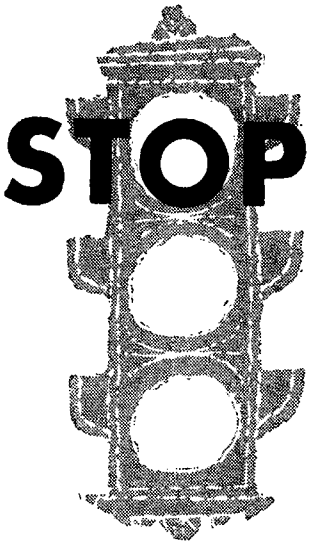

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Of course, this view of the Victorian laborer or mechanic as free is palpably ridiculous, but to the late Victorian middle-class young man the life of the proletariat, or at any rate the individualist workingman, the London coster, had something of the eighteenth century license which was the antithesis of the moral prison of his own family life. E. M. Forster echoes it, but with a realization that such freedom could only belong to the rural districts, in the character of Stephen in *The Longest Journey*. Along with this freedom, of course, went a certain physical health and animal beauty which seemed the antithesis of Victorian sickly gentility. "I suppose," Butler says in his notebook, "an Italian peasant or a Breton, Norman or English fisherman, is about the best thing nature does in the way of men." Norman Douglas might well have echoed this. It seems now a sentimentalism, with something of the absurdity of *A Shropshire Lad*. But to it we owe Butler's paradox of making ill health a crime and crime a curable disease in *Erewhon*, and in that paradox may be found what we now believe about morality which the Victorians would not have accepted.

However, if one could not be a Breton fisherman, but had unfortunately been born a middle-class young man dependent upon one's parents, the most important thing was to have some private means. Without them one would have to obey the father's will or, unsuited by a classical education to perform any craft, one would be forced into what we now call "the white-collar class" — to be a shop assistant or a clerk. How dreadful was the life of shop assistants Maugham shows in Philip's most agonizing shame in the whole of *Of Human Bondage*. How contemptible was a clerk and his genteel aspirations Forster suggests in the character of Leonard Bast in *Howard's End*. There is a strange combination of realism and snobbery about all this; for distasteful as this emphasis on dividends may be as a basis for the great truth of progress, it is a truer estimation of money power than many later progressives have allowed themselves.

THERE is an aspect of Butler's advice to young men who wish to be free that is even more disturbing than his realistic assessment of the powers of money and of social class: his warning against following the dictates of the heart. The danger of a young man of talent and means being entrapped into marriage with a girl of the lower classes as Ernest Pontifex was trapped into marriage with Ellen, the country girl turned prostitute, was not new to Victorian readers. Mrs. Pendennis had saved her beloved son Arthur from such a marriage, when his heart and honor were more fully engaged than the goose Ernest; Trollope had warned his hero Johnnie Eames off entanglements with barmaids and landladies' daughters. The danger was no doubt a real one, and Butler unnecessarily weakens the case by making Ellen a drunken tart.

Maugham draws the distinction more satisfactorily in *Of Human Bondage* when Philip has to avoid being sucked down by the waitress turned prostitute, Mildred; yet Mr. Athelney, the bohemian gentleman, has won his freedom in life by marrying a farmer's daughter. In any case Philip opts for marriage. But there was to be no marriage for Ernest Pontifex, and even his children by Ellen are put out to a bargeman foster father for a pound a week; nor did Butler care for marriage for any of the young men he knew in actual life.

If his homosexual tendencies alone explained this, we could recognize the cause and pass on; but it is impossible not to think that the freedom for which Butler fought was in any case a self-centered and isolated one. In his own life he paid dearly for any emotional attachments he formed to men, and he got out of Miss Savage's emotional attachment to him with a deserved bad conscience. The truth is, I think, that Butler's fight against his parents was logically more than just parricide: it was a denial of the family as a unit at all. The family for Butler was the essence of the Victorian prison house. Capitulation to family life was the end of Butlerian freedom; only perhaps a marriage like Shaw's, which brought one solid dividends, would really win Butler's approval.

Even for the artist this distrustful view of freedom might prove ambiguous: it was exactly the wandering dilettante, bachelor bohemianism of Butler himself and of Norman Douglas that made them in the end clever amateurs of literature rather than great writers. More importantly, however, it was an odd foundation for a brave new world, for the sensible, future-looking citizenship which Butler puts forward in *Erewhon Revisited*. It is one of the contradictions which, as I suggested earlier, lay beneath the culture of the progressive middle-class families who were the eventual heirs of Butler's teaching. Good comradeliness and straight speaking may be the most satisfactory basis for an old bachelor's emotional friendships; they do not suffice for the subtle and intricate blood ties of family relationship.

THE other deep contradiction that underlay the oversimplicity of Anti-Victorianism, which the early twentieth century inherited from Butler through Bernard Shaw, is also implicit in what appears to be the sensible, worldly maxim of

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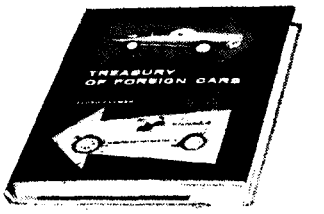

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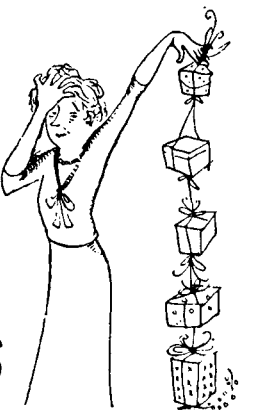

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avoiding entanglements with the lower classes. One of the Victorians' deepest sentimentalities which Butler exploded was the concept that poverty and disease were in themselves virtuous — an idea that vitiates even the best of Dickens's work. In *Erewhon* and in *The Way of All Flesh* there is no compromise with this hypocrisy, and Butler's personal taste for health and strength in the male fortified this view. The sick and the poor are unlikely to be masters of their own fates — to be "unlucky" in life was one of the sins against the life force in Butler's code. His attacks on Darwin's Natural Selection — put forward in three large volumes, disregarded by the scientific world because of their amateurish foundation — were actuated partly because Darwin was the great Victorian father figure, partly because Butler rightly saw the tyranny that science was assuming over the popular mind, but, mainly because the whole idea of an evolution, controlled not by man's will but by chance, was repulsive to his obsessive need to believe that the rejection of his past was in his own hands. To Butler it must have seemed that he had demolished the blackness and morbidity of the Christian concept of Sin and Atonement only to see a worse black pessimism return with Darwin's evolutionary materialism.

To banish this, to assert the supremacy of man's will and intelligence over Evolution, he was prepared to walk boldly into the realms of biology, to resurrect Lamarck, Buffon, and Darwin's own grandfather Erasmus to speak against blind chance. It was this evolutionary concoction that so attracted Shaw. From it sprang the Creative Evolution of *Man and Superman* and *Back to Methuselah* that Colin Wilson has recently tried to revive. That scientific fact is on the side of Darwin does not deter those who emotionally need to make of Evolution a religion under their own control.

None of this, of course, would matter if, under the aegis of Shaw and Wells, Butler's ideas, which were essentially aristocratic, had not become attached to the doctrines of Socialism and so married to other channels of liberalism, tolerance, and philanthropy. Butler had no use for liberalism; he detested Gladstone as the personification of Victorian falseness. He would have accepted the name of reactionary willingly. Nevertheless his contempt for the unlucky in life became joined in Shaw with a reformist Socialism concerned to assist exactly these unlucky; and this contradiction was inherited by the progressives of the early twentieth century without their realizing it. Thus arose Shaw's admiration for Hitler and Stalin which so puzzled his old progressive admirers; hence arose the latter-day pessimism of Wells; hence, I think, arose the compromise with the efficiency of the business world of the Wilcoxes in *Howard's End* which has so troubled critics of Forster.

It is a lesson which many of the younger writers in England today might well study; on the one hand they speak boldly for the changed social order which has given their class a status in society, on the other hand they inveigh against the restrictions on individual success which smother their talents. Creative Evolution demands the deification of man's will; it leads to the tyranny of the superman, or in practice the demagogue; it is incompatible with liberal social welfare or gradual social change. Like Butler and his successors, however, the main wish of the contemporary "angry young men" is to be rid of the confusion and clutter of the established order of contemporary England. Like Butler and his successors they are performing a very needed act of destruction, with which one will not quarrel, so long as they realize that their solutions in turn will inevitably be confused and cluttered.

The gravest defect, in fact, of Anti-Victorianism was its surface appearance of simplicity. Life, it said, could be healthy, clean, sensible, if men only took it into their own hands; mysteries, subtleties, contradictions — all these were simply part of the Victorian refusal to face facts, of puritan morality and hypocrisy, of pomposity and vested interest. No nonsense and plenty of healthy humor were all that was needed to blow the fog away.

Much of this was due to Butler's own character and circumstances. He was a weak man obsessed with the need for absolute personal freedom; he was also a man whom parental Victorianism had made abnormally suspicious of any rhetoric or embroidery in thought. Imagery, poetry, extravagance of language, all these seemed to him the evasions, the casuistry of Victorian preaching.

We have only to read the grotesques of Dickens — Pecksniff, Chadband, Micawber — to see how the Victorians could inebriate themselves with words. Butler was determined to avoid this word-drunkenness. Clarity and simplicity of style was his aim and he achieved it. He is one of the masters of English prose. Shaw and Norman Douglas and Maugham are all equal masters of this direct, clean English language. It will ensure them a place among the minor great of English letters; but, alas! clarity of style is often achieved by over-simplification of thought, by the avoidance of the obscurities of life. Butlerian Anti-Victorianism was too straightforward to be adequate to the needs of man's complex nature.

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Books and Men

A veteran of the First World War, Malcolm Cowley *graduated from Harvard in 1919 and then went to France on a fellowship. While in Paris he made friends among the Surrealists, helped to edit two expatriated magazines,* secession *and* broom, *and wrote the first of the critical studies which were eventually to appear in his best-known book,* exile's return. *A critic who is concerned with the problems of the American writer, he here gives us a penetrating evaluation of Thomas Wolfe. Mr. Cowley is president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.*

THOMAS WOLFE

by MALCOLM COWLEY

During his early days in New York, Wolfe used to write in bound ledgers opened on top of the icebox, so that he stood at his work like a factory hand. Later he wrote at a table, using ordinary sheets of manuscript paper, but more of them than anyone else with good eyesight, for ninety of his penciled words filled a sheet. He wrote at top speed, never hesitating for a word, as though he were taking dictation. The moment a sheet was finished, he would push it aside without stopping to read it over or even to number it. In the course of filling thousands of sheets with millions of words, he developed a wart on the middle finger of his right hand "almost as large and hard," he said in a letter, "but not as valuable, as a gambler's diamond."

He was not so much an author of books as a member of that much less familiar species, the writing man, *homo scribens.* His life was spent in conjugating a single verb in various tenses — *scribam, scripsi, scriptum est* — with the result that his working habits and problems are even more interesting to study than the works themselves. Indeed, they reveal the works in a rather unexpected light and help to explain why their real virtues were achieved at an inevitable cost to the writing man and his readers.

The first of his problems was how to maintain a steady flow of words from the vast reservoir of his conscious memories to the moving tip of his pencil. Before the flow could be established he would go through weeks or months of self-torture, walking the streets of Brooklyn at night, fleeing to Europe, staying drunk for days on end. Once the flow started, it might continue for months, during which his pencil sprayed out words like water from a hose. "You forget to eat, to shave, to put on a clean shirt when you have one," says Wolfe's autobiographical hero George Webber in *You Can't Go Home Again.* "You almost forget to sleep, and when you do try to you can't — because the avalanche has started and it keeps going night and day. . . . You can't stop yourself — and even if you could you'd be afraid to because there'd be all that hell to go through getting started up again."

Revision formed part of his system too, but not the usual sort of revision that consists in making interlinear changes, then having the draft retyped. "When he was dissatisfied with a scene or character," says his friend Edward C. Aswell, who had watched him working, ". . . he would put it aside, and rewrite it some different way from start to finish." In other words, he had to start the flow over again and continue until he had reached the end of an episode. He would remember new details and incidents the second time, so that his rewritten manuscripts were longer — often several times longer — than the first drafts. After being copied by a typist, they were tied in a bundle and put away in the big pine packing box that stood in the middle of his parlor. Then, in the same frenzy of production, he might go to work on another episode, often one remembered from a different period of his life.

His friends wondered how it was that he could reach into the packing box and, after a little fumbling, produce the desired episode, even if it had been written months or years before. I think the answer must be that he had his own filing system, chronological by subject matter. If the episode belonged to his boyhood, it would go below the episodes relating to his studies at Harvard, which in turn went below his years of teaching at Washington Square College and his love affair with Aileen Bernstein, which went below his struggles to write a second novel. All were parts of "the book" into which he planned to transcribe

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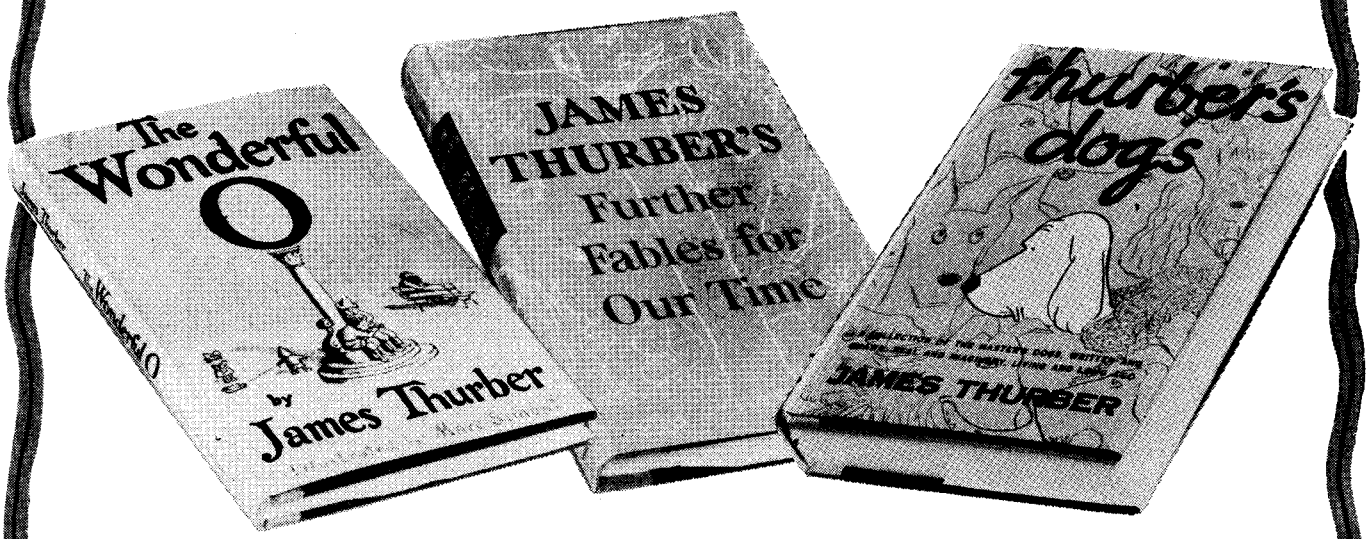

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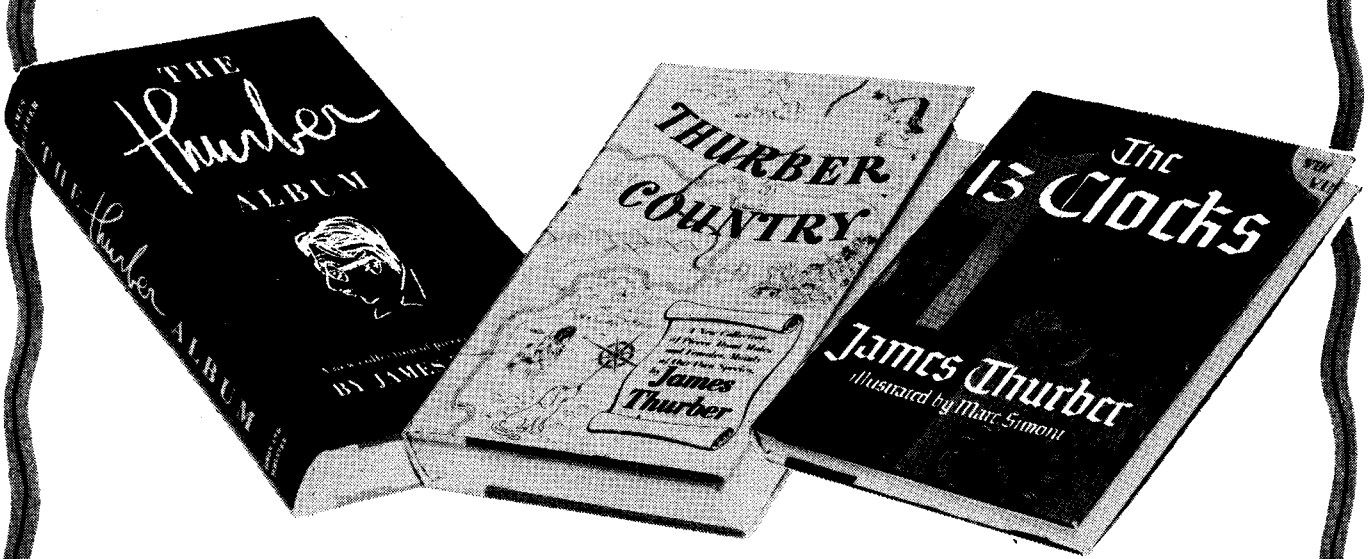

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all his life, his world and time, in a continuous flow of memories. His ambition, announced by George Webber, was "To use myself to the top of my bent. To use everything I have. To milk the udder dry, squeeze out the last drop, until there is nothing left."

Unfortunately the book of his life was too big to be published or even to be written. His memories would have to be divided into separate books, or novels, and each of these would have to be something more than a chronological series of events; it would also have to possess its own structure and controlling theme. That was the problem of changing flow into form, which always puzzled him and for which he found a solution only in his first novel, as if without trying.

Look Homeward, Angel had a natural unity because, as Wolfe said in a letter to Mrs. Margaret Roberts, his English teacher in Asheville, it was "the story of a powerful creative element" — that is, Eugene Gant, or the author as a boy — "trying to work its way toward an essential isolation; a creative solitude; a secret life — its fierce struggles to wall this part of its life away from birth, first against the public and savage glare of an unbalanced, nervous, brawling family group, later against school, society, all the barbarous invasions of the world." As always it was a book of memories, but they were shaped and controlled by a theme close to the author's heart, the familiar theme of the young artist in a hostile environment. It had a natural beginning, which was the artist's birth, and a natural end, which was his escape from the environment.

But what could he do after writing *Look Homeward, Angel?* "I've got too much material," George Webber tells his friend Randy Shepperton. "It keeps backing up on me . . . until sometimes I wonder what in the name of God I'm going to do with it — how I'm going to find a frame for it, a channel, a way to make it flow. . . . Sometimes it actually occurs to me that a man may be able to write no more because he gets drowned in his own secretions." Then after a pause George says, "I'm looking for a way. I think it may be something like what people vaguely mean when they speak of fiction. A kind of legend, perhaps."

In 1930, the year after the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel*, Wolfe was looking for a legend into which he could fit everything he had felt and seen after leaving Asheville. Since he was in Europe at the time, and since his strongest emotion, outside of the passionate desire to write another book, was longing for the home he had lost — irretrievably, so he thought, for Asheville people had threatened to lynch him if he came back — he fixed upon the Antaeus legend of the giant born from the marriage of earth and water. He gave the legend a special turn, however, to fit his circumstances. In a letter to Maxwell Perkins, his editor at Scribner's, he explained that the argument of the new book would be:

> . . . of the Lybyan giant, the brother of Polyphemus, the one-eyed, and the son of Gaea and Poseidon, whom he hath never seen, and through his father, the grandson of Cronos and Rhea, whom he remembereth. He contendeth with all who seek to pass him by, he searcheth alway for his father, he crieth out: "Art thou my father? Is it thou?" and he wrestleth with that man, and he riseth up from each fall with strength redoubled, for his strength cometh up out of the earth, which is his mother. Then cometh against him Heracles, who contendeth with him, who discovereth the secret of his strength, who lifteth him from the earth whence his might ariseth, and subdueth him. But from afar now, in his agony, he heareth the sound of his father's foot: he will be saved for his father cometh!

Of course the giant born of earth was Eugene Gant again, or Wolfe in person. His brother Polyphemus was intended to stand for the sterility that hates life; probably he was to be represented by Francis Starwick, the homosexual dramatist who appears in *Of Time and the River*. Gaea or Earth was to be introduced in the same novel as Mrs. Esther Jack, but the manuscript chapters about her were omitted from the published book and filed away; later they would figure in *The Web and the Rock*. Heracles the antagonist was to be the city of New York. As for the father, Wolfe's plan was that he should never be seen. But in a final chapter called "Pacific End" — later Wolfe thought of it as a final complete book, though he never got round to writing it — Antaeus was to hear "the thunder of horses on a beach (Poseidon and his horses); the moon dives out of clouds; he sees a print of a foot that can belong only to his father, since it is like his own; the sea surges across the beach and erases the print; he cries out 'Father' and from the sea far out, and faint upon the wind, a great voice answers 'My Son!' "

It was a magnificent conception, if slightly overblown; the trouble was that Wolfe was psychologically unable to carry it through. Like Eugene Gant he was gripped by an obsessive desire to say everything, with the result that "all ordered plans, designs, coherent projects for the work he had set out to do . . . were burned up in a quenchless passion, like a handful of dry straw." Soon the Antaeus legend got mixed with others, and the hero — without ceasing to be Thomas Wolfe — was called upon to play the successive parts of Orestes, Faustus the student, Telemachus,

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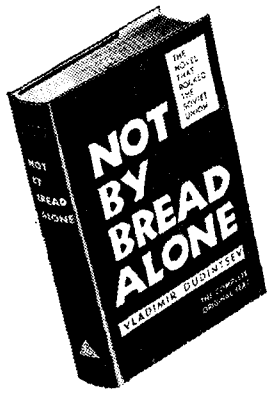

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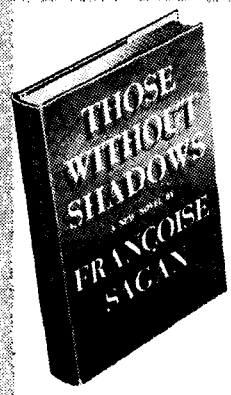

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Jason, and Faustus in love. The more he worked on the book, the farther he seemed from its "Pacific End." By the beginning of the fourth year after the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel*, he had written a million new words, on his own estimate, and the great conception was not so much burned up as buried like Herculaneum under a flow of lava. It was Perkins who saved him, by suggesting how he might make a novel out of one segment of the material, saving the rest for other books. Even then almost half the segment had to be pared away before *Of Time and the River* was published in 912 pages.

The plan he evolved for a third novel was less Wagnerian. As he described the book in a letter to Aswell, who had become his editor after Wolfe left Scribner's, "It is about one man's discovery of life and the world, and in this sense it is a book of apprenticeship." The hero's name would be changed from Eugene Gant to George Webber, and his height would shrink from six feet five to five feet nine; Wolfe was looking for a protagonist whose angle of vision didn't quite duplicate the author's, so that his world could be treated more objectively. Webber would be the eternal innocent on his painful way to knowledge — another Candide or Wilhelm Meister — and the lessons he learned in a succession of adventures would be summed up in the title, *You Can't Go Home Again.*

It was a conception better suited to Wolfe's writing habits than that of his second novel had been, for it was loose enough so that one episode after another could be fitted into the scheme. But already, as he worked on it, the episodes had proliferated and some of them had grown almost to the length of separate books. His immense store of memories was imposing its pattern on the narrative, or its lack of pattern. The bandy-legged figure of George Webber was being presented less and less objectively until it became indistinguishable from the author's figure; George seemed to grow taller as one looked at him. By the spring of 1938 Wolfe had once again written more than a million words, which he turned over to Aswell before leaving for the West. Most of the words — too many of them — were published in three volumes after his death. No one can say how Wolfe himself would have finished the novel, or group of novels, or in how much time, or how and whether, if he had lived, he could have brought himself to relinquish all that private wealth of words.

But although he was incapable of solving the larger problem of form, he did solve a lesser problem in a way that is often overlooked. Wolfe's unit of construction was the episode, not the scene or chapter or novel. He always had trouble connecting the episodes, many of which were complete and strikingly effective in themselves. Two of the best are "The Web of Earth" and "A Portrait of Bascom Hawke," both of which were printed in *Scribner's Magazine*, although the "Portrait" was afterward taken apart and fitted into *Of Time and the River*. Other fine episodes are the long passage about the death of Old Gant, written for inclusion in the same novel while Wolfe and Perkins were revising it; the account of the students in Professor Hatcher's (or Baker's) famous course in the drama; the disintegration of Francis Starwick; the story of Nebraska Crane (partly in *The Web and the Rock* and partly in *You Can't Go Home Again*); and the visit to Nazi Germany called "I Have a Thing to Tell You." If these had been published separately, from the text of the original manuscripts — as *The Story of a Novel* was published — Wolfe might have gained a different reputation, not as an epic poet in prose, but as the author of short novels and portraits, little masterpieces of sympathy and penetration. But with his mania for bigness, one can't be sure that he would have enjoyed that other kind of fame.

Most of Wolfe's faults as a writer were closely and fraternally connected with his virtues; both resulted from his method of composition. Take for example the fault most frequently and justifiably urged against him: that he was unable to criticize his own work, that he couldn't distinguish what was good in it from what was absurd or pretentious, and that he wouldn't take criticism from others. Wolfe acknowledged the fault even when he was a very young man; at twenty-two he said in a letter to George Pierce Baker, "I admit the virtue of being able to stand criticism. Unfortunately it is a virtue I do not happen to possess." It wasn't that he was lacking either in humility or in critical talent. One couldn't talk with him about books for ten minutes without finding that he was perceptive and discriminating about other people's work, if he had read it. He didn't apply that sort of discrimination to his own work not through inability to do so, as he sometimes said, but chiefly as a matter of policy.

In a sense he chose to be only half of an author. The usual author is two persons or personalities working in partnership. One of them says the words to himself, then writes them down; the other listens to the words, or reads them, and then silently exclaims, "This is good, this is what you wanted to say, but *this!* Can't you say it again and say it better?" A result of the dialogue between the writer and the reader within is that the usual manuscript moves ahead spasmodically — a sentence or two, a pause while another sentence

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is phrased and rejected and rephrased, then a rapidly written paragraph, then another pause while reader and writer argue silently (or even aloud) about what has been said, then the sound of a page crumpled and dropped into the waste-basket, then a day's interval, perhaps, then another page that goes better. . . .

With time always pressing him, Wolfe couldn't afford to stumble ahead by a process of inner dialectic. There had to be that uninterrupted flow of memories from mind to paper; if he once questioned the value of the memories or changed the words that came to him, the flow halted for the day or night or perhaps for weeks. The solution he found instinctively, but later supported with arguments, was to suppress the critical side of his nature, or at least to keep it silent until an episode was finished; then if the inner critic objected to what he had written, he would do it over from the beginning, again without allowing the critic to interrupt. It was an effective system for producing words — very often accurate and truly inspired words — but it involved a great deal of wasted effort for the writer and wasted time for the reader of his published work.

Another fault urged against him is his use of formulas, including stock phrases, paired nouns or verbs where only one is needed ("grief and anguish," "sneered at and derided"), as well as the inevitable and therefore useless epithet. Here again the fault results from his system of writing and is closely connected with virtues that it helped him to achieve. Wolfe composed his novels, or rather the episodes that went into his novels, much as ancient bards, standing before a company of warriors, composed their epic poems. Like them, if for different reasons, he had to maintain an unbroken flow of words, with the result that there had to be moments when his pencil moved automatically while his mind was preparing the next powerful effect.

I couldn't help thinking of Wolfe when reading a passage in Moses Finley's illuminating book, *The World of Odysseus:*

> The repeated formula [Finley says] is indispensable in heroic poetry. The bard composes directly before his audience; he does not recite memorized lines. In 1934, at the request of Professor Milman Parry, a sixty-year-old Serbian bard who could neither read nor write recited for him a poem of the length of the *Odyssey*, making it up as he went along, yet retaining meter and form and building a complicated narrative. The performance took two weeks, with a week in between, the bard chanting for two hours each morning and two more in the afternoon.
>
> Such a feat makes enormous demands in concentration on both the bard and his audience. That it can be done at all is attributable to the fact that the poet, a professional with long years of apprenticeship behind him, has at his disposal the necessary raw materials: masses of incidents and masses of formulas, the accumulation of generations of minstrels who came before him.

Wolfe was perhaps the only American author of this century who could have duplicated the feat of the Serbian bard. That was because he had the same sort of equipment: partly an enormous store of characters and incidents (drawn from his own experience, not from the traditions of the race), and partly a supply of epithets, metaphors, and synonyms (remembered from his early reading) that could be applied to any human situation. His writing was a sort of chant, like the declamation of a Homeric bard.

POETRY of a traditional sort can be written faster than prose, and Wolfe kept falling into traditional poetry. His books, especially *Of Time and the River*, are full of lines in Elizabethan blank verse:

> Were not their howls far broken by the wind?
>
> huge limbs that stiffly creak in the remote
> demented howlings of the burly wind,
>
> and something creaking in the wind at night.

Page after page falls into an iambic pattern, usually a mixture of pentameters and hexameters. Other passages — in fact there is a whole book of them called *A Stone, A Leaf, A Door*, selected from Wolfe's writing by John S. Barnes — are a rather simple kind of cadenced verse:

> Naked and alone we came into exile.
> In her dark womb
> We did not know our mother's face.

Often there are internal rhymes and half-rhymes: "October is the season for *returning:* the bowels of youth are *yearning* with lost love. Their mouths are *dry* and bitter with *desire:* their hearts are *torn* with the *thorns* of spring." Again there are phrases almost meaningless in themselves, but used as musical themes that are stated and restated with variations, sometimes through a whole novel. "A stone, a leaf, a door" is one of the phrases; others are "O lost" and "naked and alone," in *Look Homeward, Angel*, and "of wandering forever and the earth again," repeated perhaps a hundred times in *Of Time and the River*. All these patterns or devices — cadence, meter, rhyme, assonance, refrains — are those into which the language naturally falls when one is trying to speak or write it passionately and torrentially. They are not the marks of good prose — on the contrary — and yet in Wolfe's case, as in that of

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a few other natural writers, they are the means of achieving some admirable effects, including an epic movement with its surge and thunder. They also help Wolfe to strike and maintain a *tone*, one that gives his work a unity lacking in its structure, a declamatory tone that he needs for his effort to dignify a new race of heroes and demigods, to suffuse a new countryside with legend, and to bring new subjects into the charmed circle of those considered worthy to be treated in epic poems.

His persistent immaturity — still another fault that is often urged against him — was not so much a weakness of character as it was a feature of his literary policy. He had to play the part of an innocent in the great world. He had to have illusions, then lose them painfully, then replace them with others, because that repeated process was the story he wanted to tell. He had to be naïve about his emotions in order to feel them more intensely and in order to convey the impression — as he does in his best work — that something as commonplace as boarding a train or writing a book is being experienced not only for the first time in the author's life but for the first time in history. If he had learned from the experience of others, he would have destroyed that sense of uniqueness. If he had said to himself with the wisdom of middle age, "There must be a catch somewhere," in his exultation, or, "You'll feel better about it tomorrow," in his bottomless despair, he would have blunted the edge of both feelings and made them less usable as memories.

God said in the proverb, "Take what you want and pay for it." That might have been the motto and moral of Wolfe's collected works and of his private life as well. Determined as he was to find words for every experience, he denied himself many of the richest experiences because they might have interfered with his writing, or simply because he had no time for them. He never had a real home after he was seven years old; he never owned so much as a square foot of the earth he loved (even his grave is in a family plot); he never planted a tree or a garden, never married, never fathered a child. Much as he loved good company, he spent most of his time alone in dingy lodgings or roaming the streets at night. He played no games, took part in no sports, displayed no social accomplishments. Indeed, he had few amusements: eating and drinking were the first two, and afterward came travel, making love, and conversation, in about that order of importance. He didn't enjoy music, or much enjoy art (except the paintings of Breughel and Cranach); he stopped going to the theatre after his quarrel with Mrs. Bernstein; and though he liked to talk about books, I suspect that he did comparatively little reading after he left Harvard. His real avocation was the physical act of writing; his one preoccupation was preparing for the act. He said in a letter to Mrs. Roberts, written a few months before his death:

> . . . there is no rest, once the worm gets in and begins to feed upon the heart — there can never after that be rest, forgetfulness, or quiet sleep again. . . . After this happens, a man becomes a prisoner; there are times when he almost breaks free, but there is one link in the chain that always holds; there are times when he almost forgets, when he is with his friends, when he is reading a great book or poem, when he is at the theatre, or on a ship, or with a girl — but there is one tiny cell that still keeps working; even when he is asleep, one lamp that will not go out. . . .
>
> As far as I am concerned, there is no life without work — at least, looking back over my own, everything I can remember of any value is somehow tied up with work.

The price Wolfe paid in his life was not the price of his debauches, which were intense while they lasted, like all his other activities — once he landed in jail and another time in a German hospital with a broken head, richly deserved — but which were occasional or intermittent. He paid more for his one great virtue than for all his vices. He paid for his hours of steady writing, for his sleepless nights, for his efforts to remember and interpret everything that happened, to find a key to it all, to give form to his memories. The price was partly in terms of health, for he was drawing sight drafts against his constitution without stopping to ask whether there was still a credit balance.

But there was also a price in mental health that most of his critics have been too considerate to mention, even long after his death. His alternating moods of exuberance and despair became more extreme; especially the periods of despair were longer and deeper. Many physicians would say that in his last years he was a victim of manic-depressive psychosis.

He also developed paranoid symptoms, as manic-depressives often do. There were ideas of reference and delusions of persecution and grandeur. At times he thought the whole literary world was leagued in a conspiracy to keep him from working. "As for that powerful and magnificent talent I had two years ago," he wrote to Perkins in January, 1937, " — in the name of God is that to be lost entirely, destroyed under the repeated assaults and criminalities of this blackmail society under which we live? *Now* I know what happens to the artist in America." His farewell letter to Perkins was a magnificent

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piece of sustained eloquence — 130 of his manuscript pages — but in places it was a crazy man's letter. One fine sentence is often quoted: "And I shall wreak out my vision of this life, this way, this world and this America, to the top of my bent, to the height of my ability, but with an unswerving devotion, integrity and purity of purpose that shall not be menaced, altered or weakened by any one." But the following sentences, which reveal his state of mind, are usually slurred over:

> I will go to jail because of this book if I have to. I will lose my friends because of it, if I will have to. I will be libeled, slandered, blackmailed, threatened, menaced, sneered at, derided and assailed by every parasite, every ape, every blackmailer, every scandalmonger, every little Saturday Reviewer of the venomous and corrupt respectabilities. I will be exiled from my country because of it, if I have to. . . . But no matter what happens I am going to write this book.

That is impressive as eloquence, but not as a statement of the facts. Wolfe was planning to write a book that might have hurt a few persons, notably Mrs. Bernstein and some of the staff at Scribner's, but not so much as some of his neighbors in Asheville had been hurt by *Look Homeward, Angel*. Nobody was trying to keep him from writing it. For the author it would involve absolutely no danger of prison, blackmail, ostracism, or exile. "I am a righteous man," he said in the letter, with an undertone of menace, "and few people know it because there are few righteous people in the world." There are many with delusions of righteousness, which they use as an excuse for being unjust to others. Wolfe was becoming one of them, as he must have realized in part of his mind — the Dr. Jekyll part, as he sometimes called it. At this point, as at some others, he was losing touch with reality.

It had better be made clear that his fits of despair were not the "down" phase of a manic-depressive cycle. There was no loss of appetite or vigor, no moping in silence; on the contrary there were quarrels, broken furniture, and a torrent of spoken and written words. The fits did not recur at regular intervals and they were not induced by mere pretexts; on the contrary they had understandable causes, usually connected with his work. As Wolfe said to Alfred S. Dashiell of *Scribner's Magazine* in one of his many letters of apology:

> The effort of writing or creating something seems to start up a strange and bewildering conflict in the man who does it, and this conflict at times almost takes on physical proportions so that he feels he is struggling not only with his own work but also with the whole world around him, and he is so beset with demons, nightmares, delusions and bewilderments that he lashes out at everyone and everything, not only people he dislikes and mistrusts, but sorrowfully enough, even against the people that he knows in his heart are his friends.
>
> I cannot tell you how completely and deeply conscious I have been of this thing and how much bloody anguish I have sweat and suffered when I have exorcised these monstrous phantoms and seen clearly into what kind of folly and madness they have led me.

It had all started so boyishly and admirably with his gift for feeling joys and sorrows more deeply than others. He chose to cultivate the gift because it helped him in his writing, and gradually it had transformed his character. At first he was proud, if in a rather sheepish fashion, of sometimes losing control of himself. He wrote to his sister Mabel in May, 1929, "Don't be afraid of going crazy — I've been there several times and it's not at all bad." It was indeed an almost normal state for a romantic artist forcing himself, provoking himself, beyond the natural limit of his emotions. Soon he began to feel the sort of dismay he expressed in the letter to Dashiell, but it was becoming too late to change his professional habits. There were always occasions in the literary life for those fits of manic exultation and, increasingly, of despair — the sense of loss on publishing a book, the insults of a few reviewers (notably Bernard DeVoto), the strain of getting started again, the fatigue that followed months of steady writing, the disappointment when Perkins felt that his latest work wasn't quite his best, the injustice of a suit against him for libel — and all these hurts became more painful as he brooded over them in solitude or drank to forget them, until at last he couldn't help interpreting them as signs that his talent was threatened by a vast conspiracy. His psychosis, if we call it that, was not organic or toxic, nor was it functional in the usual sense of being an illness due to unsolved emotional conflicts. Like the oversized wart on the middle finger of his right hand, it was a scar he had earned in combat, a professional deformation.

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BOOKS AND MEN

CZESLAW MILOSZ *is the most famous of contemporary Polish émigré writers. He was born in Lithuania in 1911. After the Second World War he served in the diplomatic service of Poland's "popular democracy" before breaking with its Stalinist regime in 1951. His book on the intellectuals of Eastern Europe,* THE CAPTIVE MIND, *has been translated into many languages, and his novel,* LA PRISE DU POUVOIR, *won the Prix Littéraire Européen in 1953. He now lives in France.*

JOSEPH CONRAD IN POLISH EYES

BY CZESLAW MILOSZ

THE work of a writer may be said to resemble an iceberg. That part of it which is visible tempts us to explore the larger portion which remains obscure and hidden beneath the surface of the written word. For the literary historian this temptation is an obligation, for he must search for those events and complications in the personal life of an author that influenced his sensibility and determined his choice of aims in life. Such a search is not easy when a writer comes from a country the knowledge of which is only vague or incomplete. This is the case with Joseph Conrad, who was born in the Polish Ukraine one hundred years ago. Elements in his personality that may appear exotic or mysterious to an Anglo-Saxon reader look rather different when viewed by a compatriot, more familiar with the history of his youthful years, before he exchanged the life of his landlocked country for life on the open sea.

Conrad's biographies usually begin by asserting that he came from a noble family. This conjures up the vision of a country mansion, of horses, dogs, and a certain aristocratic style. The reality was different, even though his grandfather, an officer in Napoleon's army and an old-fashioned patriarch, did fit into the traditional pattern of the nobility. What is more pertinent, however, to Conrad's personal history is the fact that his father, Apollo Korzeniowski, was an impoverished poet. He has a place in Polish literary history, and some of his verse plays are still performed in Poland, even finding favor with Marxist critics because of their violent diatribes against the propertied classes. Furthermore, Conrad's maternal uncle, Tadeusz Bobrowski, was also a man of letters, being the author of one of the most interesting memoirs of the nineteenth century. The milieu in which the future English novelist grew up was thus a literary one.

When, in 1857, a son was born to Apollo Korzeniowski, he gave him the Christian names Józef Teodor Konrad. The symbolic meaning of the last of these names is clear to any Pole. For a Pole the name Konrad symbolizes the anti-Russian fighter and resister. To understand how it acquired such a meaning it is necessary to go back to the poems of Adam Mickiewicz (the great Polish poet and contemporary of Pushkin) whose verses are known by heart in Poland. One of the most famous of his poems was called *Konrad Wallenrod.* Here the poet's Polish patriotism and his anti-Russian feelings (he was deported to Russia in 1824, being suspected of "revolutionary activities") were thinly masked to circumvent the Czarist censorship, beneath the guise of a historical epic harking back to the days of the medieval wars between the German Teutonic Order and the pagan Lithuanians. Konrad, a pagan converted to Christianity and risen to become Chief of the Order, deliberately leads its army into a trap in order to avenge his people's sufferings. His vengeance is won through monstrous duplicity, the weapon of the oppressed.

Thus from his very infancy Joseph Conrad bore a name steeped in Polish tradition. When he signed his first book "Conrad," dropping his family name of Korzeniowski as being too difficult for an Anglo-Saxon public, he was well aware of its double meaning.

Conrad was born just one year after the conclusion of the Crimean War, that war which shook the Russian Empire to its foundation and gave rise to Polish hopes that liberation from the Czarist yoke was nigh. Not content with poetry, his father became a conspirator, and by 1861 he had become a full-fledged member of a clandestine revolutionary committee in Warsaw.

The father's arrest in that year was a dramatic

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event which had a decisive impact on the development of the youthful Konrad. Between the sensitive ages of five and ten, those years when one's individuality crystallizes, he found himself the child of political prisoners. The father was first confined for several months in the Warsaw Citadel, where the Czarist police tried to extract from him the names of his fellow conspirators. Failing in this endeavor, they sentenced him to deportation to the north of Russia. He was accompanied in his exile by his wife and the little Konrad. The journey to the east in a horse-drawn carriage and under armed guard was long and painful, and the boy fell seriously ill as they approached Moscow.

A child, as is well known, is peculiarly sensitive to adult dramas, the full meaning of which he is unable to grasp. Here in the frozen north it was more than usually difficult to conceal the drama of the family situation. The great love that father and mother felt for each other acquired as the months went by a desperate character as the severe climate of Vologda, the town to which they had been banished, progressively destroyed Evelina Korzeniowski's health. "Vologda," her husband wrote to a friend in one letter, "is a big swamp, three kilometers long, laid out with criss-crossing wooden passages. The year is divided into two seasons: white winter and green winter. White winter lasts nine and a half months, green winter, two and a half." As the seasons came and went, mother, father, and son wavered between a hopeless despair and a despairing hope that the Czarist authorities might answer their appeal to be moved to a less inclement place of exile. The appeal was eventually heard, and they were allowed to move south to the town of Chernigov, in the Russian Ukraine. But the move came too late to save the ailing Evelina, and her illness ended in her death in 1865, when the young Konrad was just eight years old.

More shut up within himself than ever, the widower now wore a double mourning. For prior to the loss of his beloved wife, he had witnessed the deathblow dealt to the cause he had tried to serve. In 1863 the long-simmering rebellion had finally broken out in Poland and had been ruthlessly crushed by the Russians. Struck down by these two blows, Apollo Korzeniowski tried to will himself to calm, a state of mind that did not come easily to his impassioned nature. Nor in such conditions could his son have experienced much of that youthful joy which is so vital to a child. The boy's only moments of escape were during the summer months, when he could go off on trips with relatives to the Ukrainian countryside, since he himself was not a prisoner. But the winters were long and bleak, and in the evenings Konrad's sole companion was his father, who sat by the light of an oil lamp covering page after page with his cramped angular handwriting. For even now, with all his hopes destroyed, the unsubmissive captive continued to fight a lonely battle against the Czarist system.

One of the products of these long wintry nights by the light of the oil lamp was a treatise entitled "Poland and Russia." Apollo Korzeniowski managed to smuggle it abroad and it appeared unsigned in a Polish émigré paper called *The Homeland*, which was published in Leipzig. It was, as might be expected, a bitter indictment of Russian "barbarity," which "spreads its body from the Frozen Sea to the Black Sea and from the Vistula to the Pacific," and it was full of dark forebodings. "Such as Muscovy is," ran a characteristic passage, "from fear of her own annihilation she is forced to fight outside her borders. Although Europe may avoid the struggle for a long time yet, the moment will come when it will be no longer possible to escape it; but then the time will have been chosen by Muscovy. Thus will Europe be robbed of half its strength."

Throughout these years Konrad's father was his principal teacher, and the cramped conditions of their exile amid foreign surroundings inevitably tightened the bond between them. From his father's correspondence we get a sketchy idea of what his early education consisted of. ("I teach him what I can. Unfortunately it is not much. I protect him against the atmosphere of this place and the kid grows up as in a monastery cell.") But we may safely surmise that it was from his father, as much as from the unhappy conditions of his youthful life, that Conrad derived both his deep-seated antipathy for Russia and that tragic outlook on life which is so evident in his later books.

Joseph Conrad's anti-Russian feelings are too well known to need to be emphasized here. Years later he got very angry when Henry L. Mencken claimed in an article to have discovered typically Slavonic features in his novels. In Conrad's opinion, the Poles were separated from the Slavonic world "not so much by hatred, as by an incompatibility of character." He pointed out that he had read only a few Russian novels — in translation — and he added: "Their mentality and emotionality have always repelled me for reasons of hereditary tendency and personal disposition."

Apollo Korzeniowski's influence on his son, however, was not limited to the political field. The father's writings are marked by a basic skepticism about human nature. He was in particular obsessed by a somber vision of threatening

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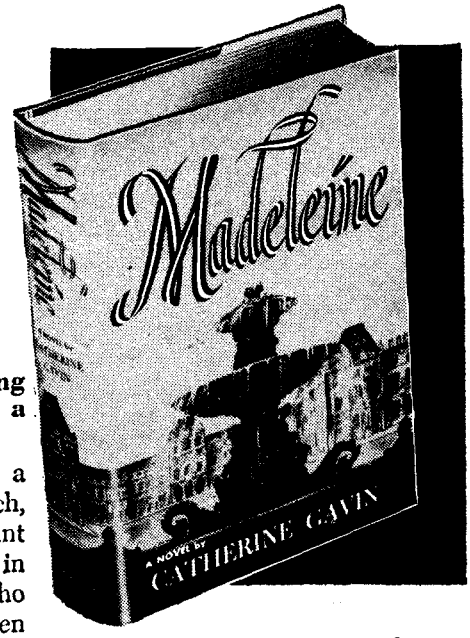

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forces which he saw rising up from a state of primeval chaos to overshadow and overthrow civilized man. His fear of Russia was a fear of shapeless elemental powers unsubjected to the rigors and restraints of moral conventions. Here we can perceive a clear continuity of theme between the political tracts of the father and the novels of the son. In Conrad's novels *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes* neither the Czarist officials nor the anarchists and nihilists recognize the simple rule "One does not do that sort of thing."

In *The Heart of Darkness* Kurtz, a dealer in ivory, surrenders to the chaos of Africa, suffers a moral rupture, and while declaiming about the civilizing mission of the white man, takes part in massacres of the natives. This feeling that man, beneath a thin veneer of civilization, is undermined by his instincts was shared by Thomas Mann, and it caused him to consider Conrad as one of the truly avant-garde authors of the twentieth century.

FOLLOWING his wife's death Apollo Korzeniowski realized that he too would not have long to live, for he was riddled with tuberculosis. His letters betray a growing anxiety about his only child, who, he knew, would soon be left alone in the world. "My health is gravely affected and my beloved boy takes care of me. We are but two on this earth," he wrote to one of his friends. "If only I could set Konrad on his native soil and among good men, link this living body and awakening soul to the body of our society, I would not wish for much more than that. As for myself, I want only to set foot on my own land, to breathe its air, to look upon those I love and to cry: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' "

Liberation came at last, thanks to the efforts of his relatives and to his tuberculosis. In 1867 he obtained a passport for a journey from Russia to Madeira. Taking his son with him, he crossed over into Austro-Hungary. There, however, he abandoned the idea of the voyage, mainly because he lacked the financial means to make it, but also because he was deeply interested in the Polish literary movement in Galicia (the Polish-speaking province which had been incorporated into the Hapsburg Empire). Father and son thus settled down first in Lwów (Lemberg) and then in Cracow. Just two years after crossing the borders of the Russian Empire, Apollo Korzeniowski died. All Cracow went into mourning. The old revolutionary was given a hero's funeral, and it was turned by the populace into a great patriotic demonstration.

His father's death left Konrad an orphan at the age of twelve. His guardian from then on was his uncle Bobrowski, and the adolescent now found himself torn between two contrary influences. His uncle was the complete opposite of his father and he made repeated efforts, and sometimes unpleasant ones, to stifle everything in Konrad that he considered the atavistic inheritance of the "worse" side of the family. No biographer of Conrad can afford to underestimate this spiritual conflict, since the uncle's influence in his nephew's life was a lasting one, giving rise to a correspondence which continued during Conrad's long sea voyages on British ships.

Bobrowski's memoirs show him to have been a wise, educated man of strong convictions. This liberal conservative was a realist with a marked sense of irony. He was hostile to revolutionary "dreams" and he condemned his countrymen's attempts to combat Czarism openly, urging them to pursue a path of gradual reform in the hope of achieving some kind of autonomy within the framework of the Russian Empire. He considered all members of the Korzeniowski family as adventurers and financial failures. Apollo, in his opinion, was as marked with the family stigma as his two brothers (who had shown too great a fondness for alcohol and cards), simply because Apollo was a poet. What was worse, all three Korzeniowskis joined the revolutionary movement and had ended as its victims. One of them had died on the battlefield, another in Siberia, and the third of tuberculosis contracted in exile. Such, Bobrowski thought, is the recompense of dreamers. It was necessary, therefore, to uproot this pernicious heritage from the boy's spirit.

For several years this partisan of sobriety and restraint worked steadily at a sort of memorandum entitled "To the knowledge of my beloved nephew, Konrad Korzeniowski." This document consisted mostly of financial figures, drawn from the family records — figures intended to inculcate in the last flower of the Korzeniowski line a feeling of family culpability, to warn him against prodigality, and to provide him with sane counsels.

This clash between the two powerful personalities of uncle and father may help to elucidate the contradictions to be found in Conrad himself: what may be called his anti-romantic romanticism, his strange blend of Polish patriotism and skepticism toward the "Polish cause," his love of adventure and his simultaneous cultivation of order and self-discipline.

The anxieties of the uncle were not without foundation. His early studies under his father, without companions of his own age, as well as his tragic family situation, had bred habits of solitude which did not bode well for a "useful member of society." The boy had been permitted to read all

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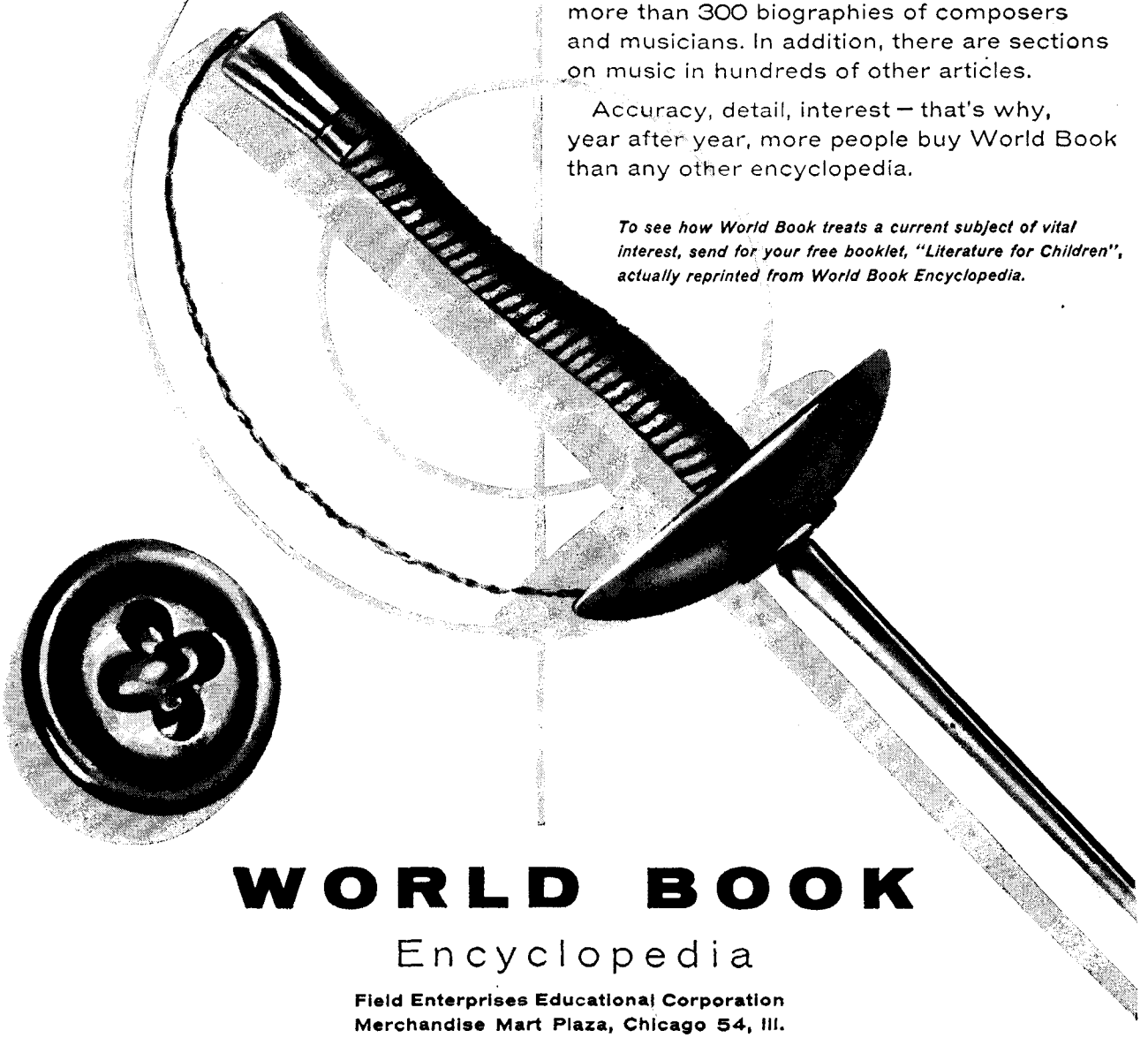

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the books at hand, so he devoured the Polish romantic poets, the novels of Victor Hugo, and volumes of Shakespeare in translation. It is said that at the age of eleven he had already written plays which he staged with the aid of grown-up persons. But he was extremely reluctant to submit to school programs or rules of any kind. His relatives called the young man a "shirker."

The precocity of the young egotist offended those around him from whom he did not attempt to conceal his scorn. Some of his biographers claim that he finished eight years of secondary school in Cracow. Other data support the view that he did not get this amount of schooling, then considered the necessary minimum for a member of the intelligentsia. One of his girl cousins transmitted the following impression of him: "Very developed intellectually; he hated school regulations which tortured and bored him. He used to say he had a great talent and would be a great writer. This, together with the sarcastic ironic expression on his face and his frequent critical remarks, provoked surprise in professors and the mockery of his colleagues. He did not like to restrain himself in anything. At home, at school, on visits, he used to lie back in a half-reclining position." If he received some foundation of knowledge, it was mainly thanks to the books he chose following his own tastes, and to his private tutor, a medical student of Cracow named Adam Pulman. With him, at the age of sixteen, he made his first trip to Western Europe, a three-month ramble through Switzerland.

Not only the fame of Conrad but the severe tone of his books — the tone, after all, of a moralist — must have come as a complete surprise to those who had known him in Cracow. The transformations through which certain individuals pass are never easy to understand for those who live close to them, for they are inclined to see traits of character as a sort of fixed chemical composition. But the same personality factors are able to regroup themselves into continually new combinations. What is necessary for this transformation is experiences that will destroy a pattern, thus preparing a new synthesis. Such an experience for Conrad was his long service in the British Navy.

When the nonchalant youth proclaimed that he would be a great writer, his relatives saw in this only another proof of his vanity. When he announced that he had decided to become a sailor, they received it as one does a child's wish to be a fireman or a locomotive engineer. In a continental country, the thing seemed fantastic, and his obstinacy worried them.

Conrad's devotion to the sea has been the object of many quarrels among literary historians. They have pondered over whether the first stimulus may have been Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer*, read in childhood, or the impression made upon him by the Russian port of Odessa which he visited with his uncle on a vacation from Chernigov. One may wonder whether his dream of such a career was not simply a secret wish for escape from the unresolvable net of Poland. All these are only conjectures. Conrad was a discreet man who placed a filter between his personal feelings and his published works that had little to do with "sincerity." Only indirectly can we distinguish in him a sort of obsession. More than one character in his books seems to be an incarnation of continental conspirators — those fearless and pure-hearted knights — disguised as Malayan chieftains or sea captains, as if to illustrate the maxim: "What is to live in art must die in life."

Why did his relatives, hostile to a career at sea, finally submit before the lad's persistence? Probably they lost hope of doing anything reasonable with him. Yet they looked for a compromise solution: there was talk of placing him in the Hapsburg Naval Academy in Pula. This proved impossible because he was not an Austrian citizen. Though living in Cracow, the boy was registered as a citizen of the Russian Empire. A biographical detail unknown until now (I take it from materials published in Poland in 1956) may also have contributed to the uncle's change of heart. The student, who was giving him trouble enough, had a quite scandalous love affair with a cousin called Tekla Soroczynska. It was deemed advisable to send him as far away as possible. It was hoped that he would thus sow his wild oats and return repentant. His uncle set up an allowance for him of 2000 francs a year, a decent sum at that time, and the adventurer left for Marseilles on October 26, 1874.

CONRAD is an English writer and the Poles have never tried to assimilate him into their literature, as they have likewise made no claims to the French poet, Guillaume Apollinaire, whose true name was Kostrowicki. Great Britain, in the form of her ships, gave to the sailor what he had lacked: an understanding of the struggle for life and an awareness of human fraternity in the face of a cruel and indifferent Nature. She gave him also her language. He always spoke it badly, with a strong foreign accent, while his power over it in his writing made him one of the rare phenomena of cultural transplantation in a mature individual.

The matter would be simpler to understand if the exotic seas and continents of his voyages had impressed a primitive imagination — if Conrad had become acquainted with the larger world

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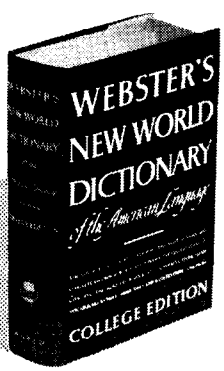

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starting from scratch. Such would have been the case, for example, if he had come from a peasant background, so that all the new notions and impressions he received would have been immediately inscribed on a blank slate in a newly acquired language. But Conrad was a literary type. He had grown up among books and was well acquainted with Polish poetry, devoting himself to it more ardently than to his studies. The Polish reader, then, has a strange feeling as he trips constantly over things that have a familiar ring. Certain themes, and even the rhythms of certain passages in his novels, are reminiscent of verse lines very close to him, whose sources, upon reflection, can be named. What happened in Conrad was a perfect fusing of two literatures and two civilizations.

Conrad was deeply attached to the English language, and from his utterances we may surmise that he found it a vehicle exceptionally well suited to his temperament. His correspondence with his uncle in Polish was undoubtedly full of interesting descriptions of Asian and African ports where he went ashore. Yet Bobrowski's efforts to get him to write for the periodicals of his native country failed. Curiously enough, the uncle, seeking to counteract his nephew's estrangement from Poland, exploited the figure of his father in his arguments. So in a letter of 1881 he says: "Since you have not forgotten Polish (may God bless you; you have my blessing already) and since you even write very well, I must repeat what I have already remarked: it would be wonderful if you would contribute to the magazine *Wedrowiec* in Warsaw. I am sure everyone will be extremely interested in what you have to say. You would in this way tighten your links with your own country, and furthermore it would be a pious act toward the memory of your father, who desired to serve and did serve his nation with his pen."

An immigrant will often, for motives of self-defense, cut himself off completely from his land of origin or show toward it a friendly condescension, thereby contrasting his own success to the miseries of those left behind in the old country. The Irish, the Italians, and the Poles in America furnish many examples of this. Were it possible to find such a tendency in Conrad, it would mean that the problem had lost its acuteness for him and that it could be set aside in an analysis of his work. But, in fact, this matter does not lend itself to simplification. And as we go more deeply into the biographical materials we come to the conclusion that a carefully hidden complex of treason is discernible in some of his writings — a feeling that he had betrayed the cause so fanatically embraced by his compatriots and, above all, by his father.

Literature in Poland and Russia — and this is one of the rare features of similarity between these two dissimilar countries — has traditionally been viewed in a way differing from that of Western Europe. There it is conceived of as an arm in the struggle for the community good. Conrad did not believe in the future of his country and this provided him with a self-justification. But no amount of self-justification can insulate us from doubts about the rightness of our choice.

When his first books brought him fame abroad, his relatives sent him clippings from Polish papers showing the response they had evoked in Warsaw literary circles. But the local press was not always favorable. Conrad was particularly affected by a violent attack made on him by Eliza Orzeszko. This woman, of the suffragette type, was an admired humanitarian novelist in the tradition of Auguste Comte (who was then considered a prophet in Europe). She openly accused Conrad of treason for having offered his talents to a foreign literature.

The process of investigating layers of meaning in a novel is a pretty thankless task. Yet Conrad's enigmatic *Lord Jim* certainly acquires an additional dimension if, as some critics have suggested, we see in it a drama of national loyalties. A sailor leaves his disabled vessel, feeling that it is not possible to save it, and the consequences of that act continue to pursue him to the end of his days. By slightly changing the ship's name, *Patna*, and substituting the word *Patria*, we may touch upon a multiplicity of meaning which sometimes gives the prose its mysterious charm. Yet even if we make full allowances for a strong attachment to one's homeland met to such a degree only in Central and Eastern Europe, the speculation is risky, and the secretive writer that Conrad was does not encourage it.

Nevertheless his adaptation to England, despite his marriage to an Englishwoman, was incomplete. In the recollections of Jessie Conrad we can note the amusing horror provoked in her by periodic visits of "Eastern people," and perhaps a regret that a great sphere of her husband's life remained, for her, inaccessible. Conrad must have applied certain tactics in his relations with her and his English friends. He kept silent on questions bearing upon things foreign to them. This was all the easier for him since he chose to live in England as a matter of personal preference. He was furthermore a patriotic supporter of the British Empire as it confronted the two continental powers he disliked, Russia and Germany. But though an Englishman by choice, he periodically re-emphasized his double loyalty, making it clear that he did not intend to dispense with that duality. When his friend Robert Cunninghame Graham invited him to take part in a pacifist meeting

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in London in 1899, he answered with a letter containing the following words, sharply underlined: "*There will be Russians at this meeting. Impossible!*" He added that he could not accept the idea of fraternity, not because he considered it unrealizable but because its propagation might weaken "the national sentiment whose conservation is the precise object of my preoccupations."

If we restore its proper meaning to the term "cosmopolitanism" — ignoring the use made of it by Stalinists — and recognize that it covers bad as well as good qualities, then we may say that Conrad, though he traveled to distant parts of the world and wrote about different peoples speaking many different languages, was not really a cosmopolitan. It was impossible for him to be one because of his need for roots. But he knew how to maintain a certain equilibrium between the demands of his double fidelity. "If you will take my word for it," he wrote in a letter to a Polish acquaintance in 1903, "say that in the course of my navigations around the globe, I have never separated myself, either in my thoughts or in my heart, from my native country and that I hope to be received there as a compatriot, in spite of my Anglicization."

The Heart of Darkness, which appeared at the very beginning of our century, was a Cassandra cry announcing the end of Victorian Europe, on the verge of transforming itself into the Europe of violence. The First World War, which ushered in the new epoch, destroyed many illusions. In this respect Conrad's fear of anarchy found its somber confirmation. At the same time the war aroused new hopes for the independence of those nations which had been subjected, from the time of the Congress of Vienna, to the control of powerful monarchies. Not doubting of the final victory of the Western Allies, Conrad submitted a memorandum to the British Foreign Office in 1916 entitled "Note on the Polish Problem." It contained a detailed plan for re-creating an independent Poland with access to the sea, under an Allied protectorate. The unforeseen turn of events, and principally the weakening of Russia through the revolution of 1917, brought about the realization of his projects to an extent surpassing his hopes.

CONRAD died in 1924, but in the upheavals which later touched the corner of Europe he came from, he had a not unimportant role to play. In the last years of his life, Conrad made his own corrections to Polish translations of his writings. The translators, the best of whom was his cousin, Aniela Zagórska, were conscientious in their task, and his novels became necessary additions to every self-respecting private library in Poland. But as happens to all eminent authors, interest in them rose and fell in waves. Never, though, did his popularity reach such a peak as during the Second World War. The reasons for this were mainly political. Poland's defeat and occupation by the Nazis gave rise to an underground movement — or, rather, to an underground state. Liberation was expected to come from the West. But as the international fronts settled down, it was more and more apparent that Poland had a choice only between a Nazi and a Soviet victory. This meant that the Poles could either be baked or boiled.

The Poles sought support in Conrad for a desperate and gratuitous heroism, and they tried to imitate those of his characters who embodied a fateful loyalty to a lost cause. We shall not judge whether the conclusions they drew from his works were the right ones. In any case, when the Red Army entered Poland and the new Communist government undertook the liquidation of the "underground state," Party journalists proclaimed Conrad an immoral writer and a corrupter of youth. They even went so far as to condemn Conrad's ethical ideals as only useful to capitalists. Thus when he depicted a crew's loyalty toward its captain and its ship, he was in reality serving the purpose of shipowners.

Furthermore, Conrad belonged irremediably to Western civilization, and its prestige had to be deflated. The bureaucrats, gifted with a sound Party instinct, realized that the aristocratic scale of values, dear to Conrad's sailors, pirates, and soldiers, was not compatible with the creation of individuals completely subservient to the state. That is why, after the Stalinists gained control of the literary market through the nationalization of publishing houses and the installation of censorship, they placed Conrad on the black list. Even in the first years after the war, when considerable freedom of expression still existed, new editions of his novels were forbidden, a situation which was naturally perpetuated during the period of insane witch-hunting that followed. Strangely enough, during this same period (1945–1955) theaters performed some of his father's plays, emphasizing their attacks on the nobility and toning down those against the Czarist regime.

When Conrad was "defrosted" in 1955 and Polish publishers began preparing new editions of his works, a careful observer might have seen in this a sign that the "thaw" in Poland was a serious affair. Thus, by a strange detour, his father's wishes in giving him the name of Konrad were finally fulfilled. The son who did not want to assume a burden that had crushed his father had nevertheless become the defender of freedom against the blights of autocracy.

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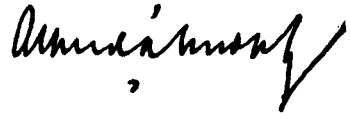

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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

HAVE any people on earth ever changed the face of their country as fast as we Americans? The Egyptians who made up in slave labor what we possess in bulldozers and power saws had nothing like our speed, and it took them more than a millennium to arrive at the desert which is theirs today. The English seem to lack our rapacity for tearing down, for "modernizing" what is old.

We do our engulfing in the name of progress: nothing must impede "the wheels of progress," and nothing does. Today those wheels which have the light touch of a tank are being accelerated by the pressure of numbers, by our current mania for bigger and faster roads, and by the incredible growth of a hard-top, ranch-house suburbia. Like lava from Etna, this pressure of numbers overflows the countryside, filling in meadows and marshes, felling the woodlands, forcing the brooks underground. Nothing is impregnable. If the cathedral pines of Essex stand in the way of a new road, down they come; if the new Colby College campus is an obstruction to the plans of a new throughway, the campus must give; if larger bathing facilities are needed in Middlesex County, why not Walden Pond?

Next to Boston, the village of Concord is the most visited, most revered shrine in New England. Concord is a self-respecting community, conscious that it has a dual responsibility in tending to the past and planning for the future. It is proud of its schools; it takes care of its trees (grieving as we all do about the ravage of the elms); it keeps the Concord River from being defiled; and through private guardianship and public interest, it has preserved as much as it could of its famous heritage — such landmarks as Wright's Tavern, the Old Manse, the Emerson, Alcott, and Hawthorne houses, and "the rude bridge that arched the flood." But a pond is harder to preserve.

Walden Pond is a little cup of blue water set in the woods within easy walking distance of Concord center; it is spring-fed and has no outlet, so that the level of the lake rises unpredictably. It is not large, half a mile long by three eighths of a mile wide; and it is very deep, 107 feet by Thoreau's measurement in certain places. The Emersons owned a large part of the shore, and Ralph Waldo in 1845 gave Thoreau permission to build a hut of the native white pine and to cultivate a two-acre bean plot. Henry Thoreau was then twenty-eight, rebellious, a nonconformist, with no job; the job he set himself was to live for two years beside this "forest mirror" until he knew its every mood. The record of Walden and himself which he left in his great book has made the spot a shrine for all Americans and has brought back to it year after year pilgrims who take the shore path thinking to see what Thoreau saw a hundred and ten years ago.

Thoreau was never to know what his sense of privacy had done to this sylvan spot. Walden has its vulnerable points, being bounded at one end by the railroad and at the other by a highway. For a time the railroad ran regular excursions, but these ceased when Ford made it easier to go by car. In 1922 Emerson's grandsons gave the pond and land into the protection of the Commonwealth with the sole purpose of "preserving the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau, its shores and woodlands, for the public who wish to enjoy the pond, the woods and nature, including bathing, boating, fishing and picnicking." It is significant that the word "preserving" comes ahead of "enjoy."

But in the decades since the gift, the town and the state have treated Walden as a recreation area. The accommodations were gradual, but they added up to a casualness for which both are to blame. A dock and refreshment stand were natural enough for the modest bathing beach. But it didn't stay modest long. A trailer colony moved in, with the town fathers' acquiescence — not, of course, on the shore line, but across the

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that exercizeth his mystery (whether it be in printing, binding or selling of Bookes) with more respect to the glory of God & the publike aduantage than to his owne Commodity & is both an ornament & a profitable member in the ciuill Common-wealth . . . If he be a Printer he makes conscience to exempelfy his Coppy fayrely & truly. If he be a Booke-binder, he is no meere Bookseller (that is) one who selleth meerely ynck & paper bundled up together for his owne aduantage only: but he is a Chapman of Arts, of wisdome, & of much experience for a little money. . . . The reputation of Schollers is as deare unto him as his owne: For, he acknowledgeth that from them his Mystery had both beginning and means of continuance. He heartely loues & seekes the Prosperity of his owne Corporation: Yet he would not iniure the Uniuersityes to aduantage it. In a word, he is such a man that the State ought to cherish him; Schollers to loue him, good Customers to frequent his shopp; and the whole Company of Stationers to pray for him."

—George Wither, 1625.

This quotation on a bronze plaque at the entrance to the lobby of Building at 60 Fifth Avenue, New York, represents the publishing spirit which has guided The Macmillan Company since the beginning of its American history in 1869.

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road. And after that came hot-dog stands and filling stations. This spring the county decided to widen the bathing beach by another three hundred feet, and to make the shelving shore shallow enough for a lifesaving course for children. And on May 14 the Massachusetts Legislature voted $50,000 to "improve" Walden. Bulldozers moved in and an area of an acre and a half was denuded; eighty-six trees of varying ages came down, and the gravel thus exposed was bulldozed into the lake to fill in the potholes that might be dangerous to the children. This is perfectly reasonable, if all one thinks about is recreation.

The donors, W. Cameron Forbes, Edward W. Forbes, and Alexander Forbes, are still alive. They knew what they were doing in their deed of gift when they stressed the word "preserving," and they detest the present invasion, as their letter to the New York *Times* of August 27 made clear. The men in charge of the "improvement," who know what they are doing but not what they are ruining, are the county commissioners of Middlesex, and their original plans called for a hot-top parking area and a hundred-foot concrete bathhouse.

It should be clear to anyone that there is now a deep conflict of interests between those who wish to enlarge Walden's facilities for recreation and those who wish to preserve the reservation as you would preserve a stand of giant redwoods or Valley Forge. In this predicament there must be a moderator, and the historic site should be taken out of the hands of the county officials and placed either under the protection of the state park department or the nation. If the present process of accommodation is continued, the next step will be outboard motors, water skis, and a Thoreau Sextet in bathing suits. Seriously, better precautions must be taken. The litter which Edwin Way Teale itemized so caustically in his book, *North with the Spring*, is already too much for the present custodian to handle. There should be a limit to the number of bathers in a pond of this size with no outlet. (Several mothers I know will no longer permit their children to swim there in the crowded season.) Finally, people should be encouraged to visit Walden for the *privacy and secret beauty* which is so rare as to be almost nonexistent in suburbia.

This has been a battle between the short view and the long view, and when I vote for the long view, I do so remembering Thoreau's words: "Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. . . . Sky water. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling it. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding Nature continually repairs." So keep it.

THE LADY AND THE MONK

The Return of Lady Brace (Random House, $3.75) is the story of a family reunion on Long Island. Fox Meadows, which held the curios, the trophies, and the family skeletons of three generations, is up for sale. The heirs can no longer afford to run it, and Lady Brace — "Lady B," as the family call her, whose second marriage took her to England and who is by now a widow and grandmother with all passions spent — has decided to come back a week earlier than she was expected, partly because of the fun of the surprise, partly in the hope of having a few private moments in the house where she had been brought up as a girl, before she became engulfed in her daughters' problems. But the first person she encounters is her brother Stephen, who she thought was living in Ceylon and who, to her horror, is visibly and painfully recovering from a stroke. Her carefully prepared defenses go down at the sight, and she is held up only by the presence of Stephen's attendant, a Buddhist monk who, as she is soon to perceive, was responsible for Stephen's recovery. In this swift and telling scene **Nancy Wilson Ross** introduces us to the three leading characters of her story, people whose diversity and attachments I followed with rising interest to the final period.

Lady Brace, the heroine, is intuitive and attractive. Her upbringing and her money have sheltered her from hard decisions and much that is disagreeable, as she is candid to admit. Yet she has known experiences which swept her away from all conventions — her passion for Ralph Parton, her violent first husband, and her grief for her only son, Rupert, who was killed in the war. Her marriage in England was of pensive contentment, and now after Humphrey's death she has come back to judge her own country with a different standard and to seek to atone for her failures with her daughters.

Stephen is as rebellious as Lady B is contained; all his life he has suffered from overcompetition. "I can never remember being free from a feeling of subtle competition," he tells her. "With you for father's attention and love; with father for your attention and love. How inferior I always felt!" Because of his suffering, Stephen had lashed out at life, deliberately courting evil, and there is irony in the catastrophe which brought him down in Ceylon. Now in his tutelage under Venerable Sir, the yellow-clad monk, he is learning wisdom and forgiveness. The most touching scenes in the book are those in which brother and sister reopen their love.

Lady Brace's daughters — Rosemary, the overburdened housewife, and Lydia, the neurotic divorcée — are types, all too familiar in their

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The Peripatetic Advertiser

For one hundred years this man with the fish spear has been casting his net into his native Atlantic and offering a rich haul of writing species from both shores to the English-speaking world. This is a moment for tribute from the book publishers, who have done a little poaching themselves in these territorial waters.

On the fall list of one publisher, who will not remain nameless, there is a good balance of English and American writers reflecting not only the expected difference in accent, but, as well, a somewhat unexpected parallelism in points of view.

One of the greatest contemporary American poets puts the timeless challenge of Job into the terms of our own age. And two of England's very young philosophers of literature are examining this question of man's relation to his creator. When the *Saturday Review* published the Prologue of **J.B.** ($3.50) by **Archibald MacLeish,** they said of it: "It is rare in our time for poetic drama to dare such a theme as MacLeish has here set himself — to address not only Good and Evil but to ponder the very nature of God and, conversely, of Satan. That a poet of Mr. MacLeish's power should address so profound a theme is in itself news from whatever it is that forms values in man's minds. That he should be able to breathe such force into his presentation is that news multiplied by delight. *J.B.* may well become one of the lasting achievements of art and mind in our time." The complete drama will be published in early November.

In the same week comes **Colin Wilson's** second book, **Religion and the Rebel,** ($4.00) acclaimed in England as better than his big success of last year *The Outsider*. **Stuart Holroyd** in **Emergence from Chaos** ($4.00) looks to six great modern poets for a new assessment of spiritual values in an age that is becoming increasingly articulate in this vein.

Two young novelists write about a generation that hesitates in the final moment of decision to look upon that terrible bright Medusa, Security. **Room at the Top** ($3.75) by **John Braine** set off a clamor in the British and American press: — "Remember the name: John Braine. You'll be hearing quite a lot about him. *Room at the Top* is his first novel; and it is a remarkable one . . . It's a long time since we heard the hunger of youth really snarling: and it's a good sound to hear again." — *John Metcalf, Times (London)*. And from New York: "Mature and exceptional in that it, in fact exposes the losses of the philosophy of self-interest." — *V. S. Pritchett, New York Times.* "The most discussed, debated and lauded first novel in England this year — and not about boy meets girl or even cerebrum meets cerebellum — is *Room at the Top.*" — *Harvey Breit.* An American counterpart of this coming-of-age novel, the story of a new level in exurbia, the provocative **When the Bough Breaks** ($4.50) by **Otis Carney,** will be published in late October.

Two women reflect with humor and serenity and grace on the blending of everyday life and art. One art is teaching, the other that of the brush. **Village Diary** ($3.50) by **'Miss Read'** follows *Village School*, a bestseller of last year. "Writing with warmth and realism, and with a seemingly effortless literary skill, Miss Read weaves out of a single school year a narrative as satisfying as it is unsentimental. *Village School* is a real achievement and deserves to become a minor classic." — *Dan Wickenden.* **The Color of Life** ($3.75) by **Catharine Morris Wright** is the first book by the Philadelphia artist.

There are many more that have no partners in this neat marine quadrille — for example, **Carson McCullers'** newest is a play — **The Square Root of Wonderful** ($3.00) — probably already on Broadway; **Ludwig Bemelmans** edits and illustrates a scintillating compliment to a country — **Holiday in France,** ($5.00) **Dorothy Thompson** speaks of the past to the present in **Courage to Be Happy,** ($4.00) and on November 21, to wind up the season, comes the monumental **Mr. Baruch** ($6.95) by **Margaret L. Coit.**

These books are good travellers in a tradition that owes so much to the standards set by the *Atlantic*. Up the trident!

Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

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predicament, and Lydia's latest acquisition, Frederick Hollis, is indeed a horror. "Oh, the dreadful old goat!" Lady Brace calls him to herself in their final sharp-edged exchange. There are moments when the satire is too transparent, as in the newspaper article about Stephen's escapades or Lady Brace's encounter with the household of abandoned children, but the story is always brought back to earth by the reality of her candor, distress, and compassion.

THE COGITATOR

CHARLES P. CURTIS has the gift of writing with the naturalness and pertinence with which he talks. He has an inquiring mind and a scholar's grasp of the classics, and he keeps coming back to his favorites to reread and test passages he was not sure of at first sight. He has the lawyer's love for contention and definition, and to him terseness is an art. These habits of mind are delightfully expressed in A COMMONPLACE BOOK (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), in which he holds up to the light certain aphorisms or descriptions; he examines them quizzically in terms of his own experiences and starts you doing the same.

The entries seldom run to more than three pages, and some are as brief as a paragraph, but they are packed with suggestion. Thus Mr. Curtis will tell you about the Society of Jobbists, which was founded by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and of which, says Mr. Curtis facetiously, the Justice was president. This reminds him of Learned Hand's account of the society, spoken at Holmes's ninetieth birthday, and this in turn leads to a little-known but apposite poem by Frances Cornford. He quotes Walt Whitman's awesome description of Lincoln's arrival at the Hotel Astor on his way to the first inauguration, the most remarkable demonstration of one man against the mob I have ever heard. Again he recalls ex-Ambassador Frank's evaluation of President Truman's power of decision and suddenly fires at you General Marshall's superb directive: "Gentlemen, don't fight the question. Decide it." He quotes and then comments on Robert Frost's commencement address at Sarah Lawrence, or disputes the thought that there is any sense of sin in the Gospels.

Mr. Curtis' favorite agitators are Plato, Lucretius, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Emerson, John Jay Chapman, Holmes, Hand, and Whitehead. Many of these friends of his figured in *The Practical Cogitator*, which Mr. Curtis and Ferris Greenslet edited. And there is an unseen aid — Mrs. Curtis, whose quotations, according to her husband, "are usually better than their source." Here is one of them: "Life is peculiar," said Jeremy. "As compared with what?" asked the Spider.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

FICTION

North of Market

BY ARTHUR FOFF (HARCOURT, BRACE, $3.50)

A batty beauty and the patient newspaperman who tries to straighten her out are the principals in this story of disastrous love. The setting is San Francisco; the writing is exceptionally good, fast, and witty.

Unholy Uproar

BY CLYDE BRION DAVIS (LIPPINCOTT, $3.50)

Mr. Davis, unpredictable but always interesting, begins with political mischief in a small Western town and works up to a fairly cosmic ethical debate, dramatized in deliberately fantastic terms.

Platero and I

BY JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ, translated by Eloise Roach (UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, $3.75)

An early and not wholly characteristic work of the 1956 Nobel Prize winner, these very short sketches of life in a small Spanish town have a lyric charm which survives the resistance of English to prose poetry surprisingly well.

The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin

BY WILLIAM GOLDING (HARCOURT, BRACE, $3.75)

The author undertakes to make a formidable allegory out of the attempts of a small-time theatrical rascal to survive on a barren rock in the middle of the Atlantic.

LIVES AND LETTERS

Sainte-Beuve

BY HAROLD NICOLSON (DOUBLEDAY, $5.00)

The great French literary critic was one of the dreariest eccentrics who ever took to the pen, and his biographer has performed a great feat in making the uneventful life of this dismal fellow into a most entertaining book.

Gogol

BY DAVID MAGARSHACK (GROVE, $6.50)

Much information about nineteenth-century Russia is included in Mr. Magarshack's scholarly life of the dour but influential author of *Dead Souls*.

The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined

BY WILLIAM F. AND ELIZABETH S. FRIEDMAN (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, $5.00)

Colonel and Mrs. Friedman, professional cryptographers, have great fun with the rich and strange characters who have unearthed coded messages in Shakespeare's plays, even while they demolish the alleged codes.

The Tichborne Claimant

BY DOUGLAS WOODRUFF (FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY, $4.75)

A thoroughgoing report of an astounding legal tussle in Victorian England. Mr. Woodruff is rather fond of the Australian thug who nearly succeeded in passing himself off as a missing baronet, and enjoys the faint possibility that the claimant was what he said he was.

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Dodd, Mead

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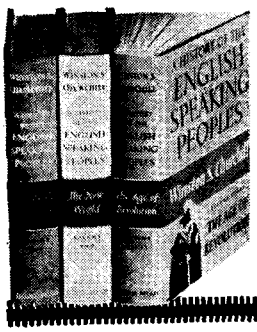


WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

The Age of Revolution (1688-1815)

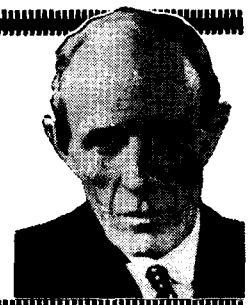
Volume III of "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples"

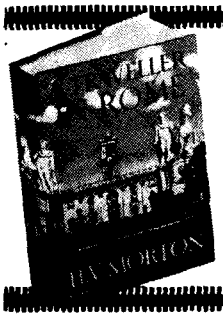
Churchill is at his best when large events are in motion and large men bestride the stage. Here are Marlborough, Napoleon, Nelson, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, the American and the French Revolutions and the Napoleonic era, a glittering pageant of men and events. *Illustrated with maps and tables.* $6.00

Lord Halifax, dean of British diplomats, former Viceroy of India, Ambassador to Washington, and Foreign Secretary under both Chamberlain and Churchill, writes warmly and reflectively of his extraordinarily rich life and the historic events and personalities, in America and elsewhere, that have filled it. *Illustrated.* $6.00

FULLNESS OF DAYS

By Lord Halifax





A TRAVELLER IN ROME

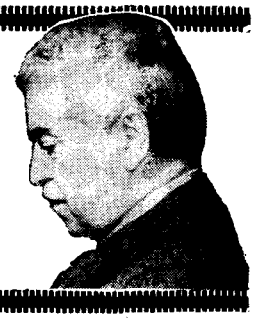
By H. V. Morton

With his well-known gift of seeing and discovering what most travellers miss, H. V. Morton explores the fascinations, ancient and modern, of the Eternal City in a book delightful to read and invaluable to all who visit Rome. *Illustrated with photographs, several in full color.* $6.00

Artur Schnabel, the pianist, was one of the greatest interpreters of Beethoven the world has ever known. This new biography of Schnabel displays a rare comprehension of music, and of the life and work of this great musician, teacher and composer. *Illustrated with photographs.* $6.00

ARTUR SCHNABEL

By César Saerchinger



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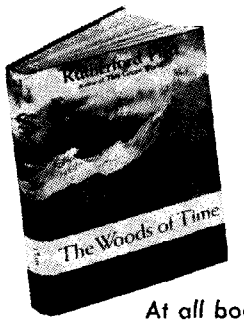

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA

By Edwin Way Teale

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For 100 years *The Atlantic* has served America's book publishers: it has helped to develop many new writers, it has encouraged established writers, it has provided literary criticism of a high order directed to some of America's most constant readers, it has provided a medium in which the book publisher—via his advertising—can address a knowing and influential book-reading audience.

For about one-third of *The Atlantic's* lifetime The Viking Press has been in existence and in *The Atlantic's* literary debt. In addition, we are pleased to discover that there are 78 authors who have been published by both *The Atlantic* and by Viking. (A few of them—Shakespeare for instance—have had still other book and magazine publishers.) Below are the 78.

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W. H. AUDEN
STRINGFELLOW BARR
JACQUES BARZUN
RUTH BENEDICT
CHESLEY BONESTELL
ZELLA BOUTELL
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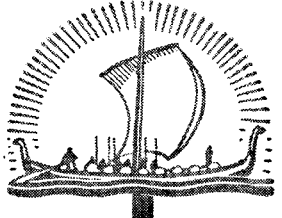

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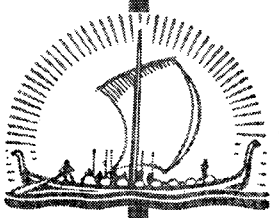

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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC

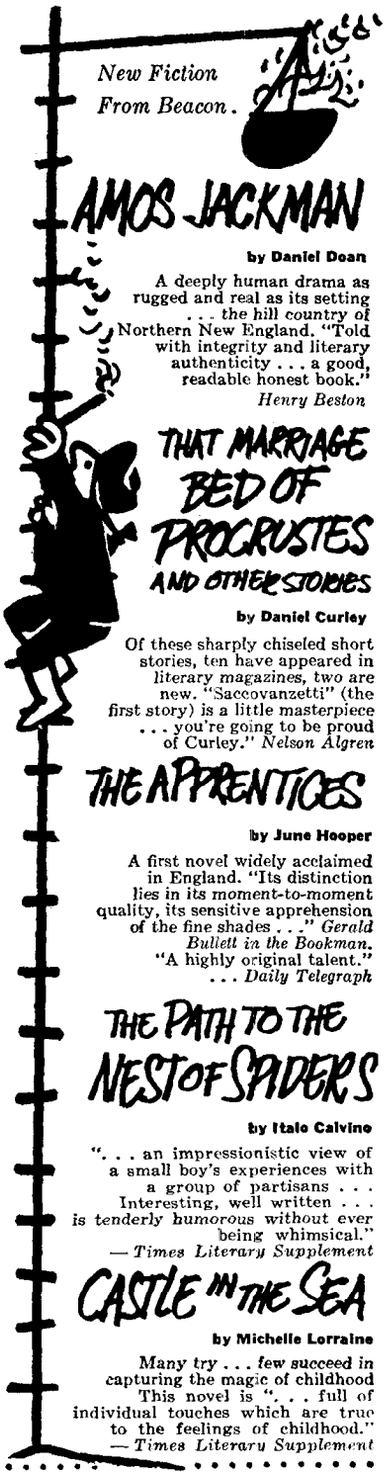
Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

If its author were not FRANÇOISE SAGAN, I doubt that THOSE WITHOUT SHADOWS (Dutton, $2.95), a junior-miss-sized work of fiction, would have been published in book form. My guess is that it was intended to be the opening section of a much longer work in which Mlle. Sagan lost interest. Whether or not this charitable supposition is correct, what is presented to us reads like a first act: it introduces a set of characters and their problems, and then breaks off. Mlle. Sagan's story — she is now writing in the third person — spans a year in the lives of a group of young Parisians, and its subject matter is *toujours* unrequited *amour*. Nicole is in love with her husband, Bernard, a morose fellow who is struggling to write a novel which he finds boring, and who has a *grande passion* for Josée which she finds boring. Josée, a rich girl, has a crush on Jacques, "a typical, rather brutish student," who is swotting for his medical exams and has no time for her except in bed. The other main protagonists are an aging editor and his youthful nephew, both of whom are infatuated with a lovely young actress who is wholly infatuated with her career.

The novel's emotional tone and philosophic temper can be readily conveyed by direct quotation. Here are Josée's musings about the attraction her boorish lover has for her: "It's not a physical question, really. I don't know whether it's the reflection of myself that he sends back to me, or the absence of such a reflection, or his own personality. . . . But he's fundamentally uninteresting. I doubt if he's even cruel. He exists, that's the most you can say for him." Here are Bernard's thoughts, after he has gone off to the country

New Fiction From Beacon.



AMOS JACKMAN
by Daniel Doan
A deeply human drama as rugged and real as its setting . . . the hill country of Northern New England. "Told with integrity and literary authenticity . . . a good, readable honest book." *Henry Beston*

THAT MARRIAGE BED OF PROCRUSTES AND OTHER STORIES
by Daniel Curley
Of these sharply chiseled short stories, ten have appeared in literary magazines, two are new. "Saccovanzetti" (the first story) is a little masterpiece . . . you're going to be proud of Curley." *Nelson Algren*

THE APPRENTICES
by June Hooper
A first novel widely acclaimed in England. "Its distinction lies in its moment-to-moment quality, its sensitive apprehension of the fine shades . . ." *Gerald Bullett in the Bookman.* "A highly original talent." . . . *Daily Telegraph*

THE PATH TO THE NEST OF SPIDERS
by Italo Calvino
". . . an impressionistic view of a small boy's experiences with a group of partisans . . . Interesting, well written . . . is tenderly humorous without ever being whimsical." — *Times Literary Supplement*

CASTLE IN THE SEA
by Michelle Lorraine
Many try . . . few succeed in capturing the magic of childhood This novel is ". . . full of individual touches which are true to the feelings of childhood." — *Times Literary Supplement*

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alone to do some work on his novel: "the morass [in which he had foundered] was not his passion for Josée, his failure to write a good book, or his weariness of Nicole. It was something lacking in this passion, this failure, this weariness, something to fill the vacancy he felt when he woke up every morning." And here is the parting scene between Bernard and Josée, who has drifted into a brief affair with him: "They sat on a bench, under the rain. . . . She said she didn't love him, and he said it didn't matter. . . . The soggy cigarette that Bernard tried vainly to light was a symbol of all they had in common, for they could never be really happy, and they knew it. And at the same time they knew, obscurely, that it didn't matter. It simply didn't matter."

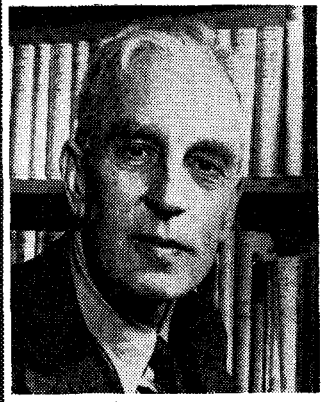
The function of the artist is to find something that does matter — to seek point amid the seeming pointlessness. Mlle. Sagan, unfortunately, identifies with the emptiness, the boredom, and the limp suffering of her characters. After her remarkable first book, which had a core of genuine feeling, she has slid into progressive apathy. Her present novelette has nothing to say except that life is a mess and a trivial one at that — all is banality. For all her literary skills and graces, which are considerable, her juvenile world-weariness has become tiresome.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING TITO

The importance of being Tito is brought home to us in various ways by three books recently off the presses — THE HERETIC: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSIP BROZ-TITO (Harper, $5.95) by FITZROY MACLEAN; TITOISM: PATTERN FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM (St. Martin's Press, $6.00) by CHARLES P. MCVICKER; and THE NEW CLASS: AN ANALYSIS OF THE COMMUNIST SYSTEM (Praeger, $3.95) by MILOVAN DJILAS.

Fitzroy Maclean is the former brigadier who headed the British Military Mission to the Partisans in World War II, and the most valuable part of his book is the section devoted to the war years. These pages go a long way toward disposing of the Mihajlovic controversy: they document precisely the extent to which Mihajlovic's subordinates collaborated with the enemy, and they bring into clear focus the role of that unfortunate general, whose pa-

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST


International

Arnold Toynbee

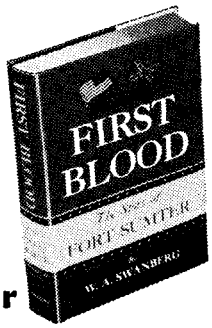
CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

A brilliant analysis of the position of Christianity and the other religions in the setting of the modern world. Dr. Toynbee examines the various religions for points of comparison. He believes that the common ground necessary for such an approach does exist, but feels that in order to approach this common ground Christianity must purge itself of certain attitudes and beliefs. For the future he sees not a synthetic religion, but rather religions existing as historic entities, absorbing more and more from one another. $2.75

W. A. Swanberg

FIRST BLOOD

The Story of Fort Sumter



By the author of *Sickles the Incredible*, a fascinating account of one of our country's truly extraordinary military episodes: the miniature North-South quarrel that smouldered for months before exploding into the battle that started the Civil War. An absorbing, detailed, thoroughly researched, narrative which is an important addition to the literature of the War between the States. $5.95

Coming November 21 — GEORGE WASHINGTON

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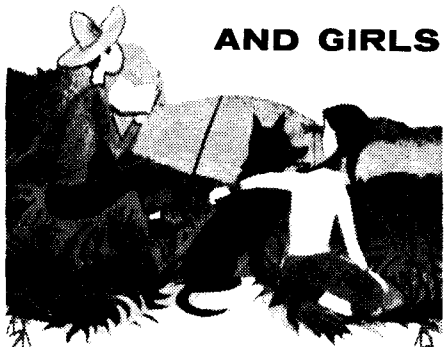

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triotic desire to save his country from Communism led him into conduct with overtones of treason. Maclean also gives us a solid and exciting account of the Partisan campaign, and he traces in fascinating detail Tito's wartime correspondence with Moscow, whose prolonged failure to give him even token help may well have sowed in his mind the seeds of distrust which blossomed into the break of 1948. It must have been only too clear to Tito that Stalin's ruling concern was to get all the aid he could out of the West, and that — until Churchill and Roosevelt switched their backing to Tito — Stalin was ready to see his disciple perish rather than risk offending the purveyors of lend-lease.

Maclean's chronicle of the first phase of Tito's career — of the young metalworker's development into a brilliant Party organizer; of his amazing comings and goings as a hunted conspirator, his years in jail, and his virtually singlehanded rescue of Yugoslav Communism from fragmentation and collapse — is based largely on Vladimir Dedijer's official biography, but it is a story that bears retelling. The whole of Tito's life is a saga of incredible tenacity of purpose, resourcefulness, and daring — one of his worst enemies, Himmler, acknowledged that he was made of heroic stuff. Mr. Maclean, an agreeable and vigorous writer, has done well by his stirring material, especially from the narrative standpoint. As an interpreter whose goal is "neither to approve nor disapprove but to understand," he is somewhat less successful. His overriding interest is in Tito's relations with Moscow and the West, an understandable approach but one which, unfortunately, distracts Maclean from trying to put himself in the shoes of the Yugoslavs and from examining as searchingly as he might what Tito has done in his own country.

Anyone who wishes to delve into Tito's domestic policies and ideological development since the break with Moscow will find these subjects studiously explored in *Titoism* by Charles P. McVicker, a graduate of the Foreign Service who has held a post-war appointment in Yugoslavia and now teaches political science at Yale. The limitation of Mr. McVicker's book (which grew out of a Ph.D. thesis) is that it is more concerned with theory

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than with how policies work in practice — the relaxation of police state controls in Yugoslavia has not gone so far as to allow foreigners unhampered investigation of what actually goes on. Here are some of Mr. McVicker's broad conclusions: "Titoism is neither communism as practiced in the Soviet Union nor democracy as it is known [in the West]. Instead it is a compromise, a synthesis of those parts of Marxism-Leninism and those parts of Western democracy which the Yugoslav leaders consider necessary or practical to their cause. As a system of minority rule, Titoism is at best a benevolent dictatorship which attempts to recognize human rights but does not dare to grant the one human right which is fundamental — the right of the individual to choose his own government and to control [its] aims. . . . The average Yugoslav citizen, if he is careful to avoid openly challenging the regime, has all the ordinary freedoms, except the most vital one, political freedom."

The Titoists are launched on an uncharted course, and they are wallowing in a sea of troubles, political and economic. But Mr. McVicker believes that the example of Yugoslavia — "a half-way house to freedom" wherever the control of the ruling minority is not threatened — is bound to force a course of "liberalization" upon other Communist countries, a development fraught with far-reaching possibilities of change.

This forecast finds support in *The New Class* by Milovan Djilas, the Partisan hero who was Yugoslavia's vice president in charge of propaganda and Tito's heir apparent until his campaign for more democratization finally landed him in prison.

Djilas (whose book was smuggled out of Yugoslavia) has this to say of Titoism and its effects: "In reality, national Communism is Communism in decline; [it is] a heresy which nibbles at Communism as such," especially in the case of Communist parties that are not in power. Djilas' subject, however, is much larger than Titoism. *The New Class* is the anti-Communist manifesto of a lifelong revolutionary who has "travelled the entire road open to a Communist." It should have a powerful impact on the more thoughtful Communists it reaches, because the author reasons in the Communist's

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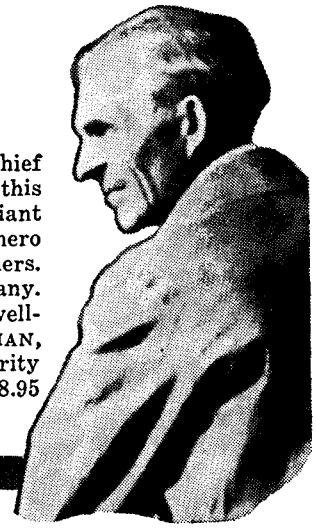

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own idiom: his Marxist training is stamped all over the book's plodding but forceful dialectics.

Communism, says Djilas, has shown itself to be total state capitalism. It simply concentrates ownership, power, and privilege in the hands of a new class — the political bureaucracy — and shores up the position of this oligarchy by giving it a monopoly of ideology. Communism, in fact, is the only system which has ever succeeded in vesting a combined monopoly of ideology, power, and ownership in the hands of one class. The true Communist is neither just a careerist nor idealist, but "a mixture of a fanatic and an unrestrained power holder." His basic aim is authority — the new class is more self-seeking, more voracious, more singleminded in defending its status than any previous oligarchy, and it is as exclusive as an aristocracy. But its members delude themselves; they do not see themselves as owner-exploiters but as servants of a prescribed ideology.

This ideology, says Djilas, has by now run its course: it has been downgraded morally throughout the non-Communist world, and in Communist countries "ideas no longer play the dominant role in [controlling] the people." Djilas considers, however, that there is as yet no prospect of an early collapse of Communism. It will take place, according to his analysis, when the best minds of the new class fully awaken to its exploitative character; when they can no longer disguise from themselves that they are not really moving toward the goals of the ideology which is their justification. In other words, he expects Communism to destroy itself through doubts, cleavages, and apostasies when enough of its leaders cease to believe in it. Djilas' psychology seems to me sound. The whole of history attests to the need of the human mind to bolster itself with justifications for its actions; the simon-pure cynic is perhaps the rarest species of monster. It therefore seems plausible that the shock of recognition experienced by Djilas will in due course be experienced by other high-ranking Communists, particularly now that his explosive message has started on its travels.

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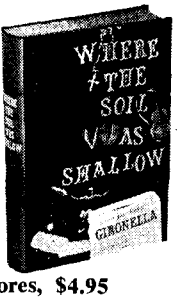

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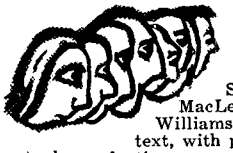

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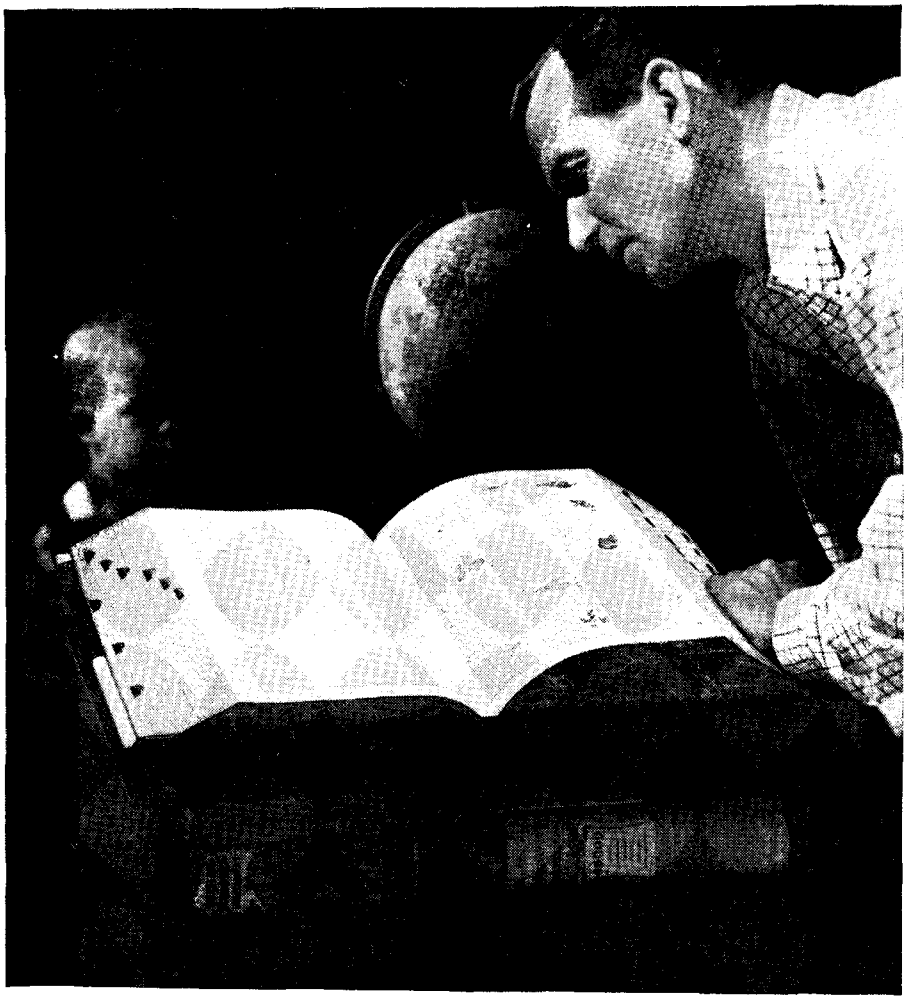
fascination, for THE ORDEAL OF GILBERT PINFOLD (Little, Brown, $3.75) is the first book in which Waugh has freely indulged in direct self-revelation. A prefatory note says: "Three years ago Mr. Waugh suffered a brief bout of hallucination closely resembling what is here described. . . . 'Mr. Pinfold' is based largely on himself."

The book opens with a marvelous "portrait of the artist in middle age," which despite — perhaps because of — undertones of defiance is curiously moving. Mr. Waugh has led us to think of him as a man who arrogantly exults in his crotchety and uncompromising rejection of the age into which he was born. But there emerges from the Pinfold portrait a terrifying picture of isolation, irritability, and ennui. Pinfold's toryism is so reactionary as to be regarded by his conservative neighbors in the country "as being almost as sinister as socialism"; and though a steadfast Catholic, he remains aloof from the corporate life of the Church. "His strongest tastes were negative. He abhorred plastics, Picasso, sunbathing, and jazz — everything in fact that had happened in his own lifetime." The old cronies who once found him singular and diverting now betray signs of coldness. He suspects that he is growing into a bore, and is depressed whenever he thinks of the time that lies ahead of him. "The tiny kindling of charity that came to him from his religion sufficed only to temper his disgust and change it into boredom. . . . He looked at the world *sub specie aeternitatis* and he found it flat as a map; except when, rather often, personal annoyance intruded."

Plagued by insomnia, Pinfold has been dosing himself recklessly with chloral and bromide laced with crème de menthe, and he begins to show symptoms of a general crack-up. The doctor prescribes a long sea voyage, but no sooner is Pinfold on board than he hears sinister voices which appear to come from the ship's intercommunications system. Waugh's story is the record of Pinfold's persecution by an assortment of imaginary enemies who accuse him, among other things, of being a Communist, a sodomite, and a rotten writer, and keep threatening to beat him up. Waugh's wit, verve, and polish make the going lively enough, but the novel suffers from two basic failings. The reader can-



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not share Pinfold's excitement and suspense, since he knows that the threatening voices are not real. (They cease shortly after Pinfold finishes his supply of the toxic sleeping draught.) More importantly, the interest of a confessional story of this kind depends to a considerable extent on the self-understanding that emerges from it, which in this instance appears to be nil. Pinfold doesn't even grasp that he who imagines an ordeal by persecution probably harbors a persecution complex.

Among the new novels are two minor works by major writers — ALBERTO MORAVIA and GRAHAM GREENE. The latter has converted a script written for the cinema into a novelette entitled LOSER TAKES ALL (Viking, 95¢); it is published in a paperback edition, is labeled "an entertainment," and is referred to in a dedicatory note as a "frivolity." This modesty is laudable, but, alas, justified. Greene's novelized scenario makes the worst of both worlds. The characterization and plotting remain cinematic — thin, contrived, and splashed with sentimentality; and only a perfunctory effort has been made to re-create what was subtracted — the solidity of background and atmosphere visually projected by the camera.

Greene's story centers on a middle-aged London accountant whose boss, hearing that he is about to be married, capriciously insists on sending him to Monte Carlo with his young fiancée, promising to join them there, arrange the wedding, and take them honeymooning on his yacht. The tycoon fails to keep the rendezvous, and in order to meet his hotel bill Greene's hero, who is something of a mathematical wizard, goes to work at the gambling tables with a system he has devised. He wins millions of francs, but riches and roulette fever spoil him; and his girl — a Poverty Snob whose heart's desire is a sausage-and-cider style of living — announces that all is over between them. The conclusion, however, couldn't be cozier. It might almost have been devised by a Victorian moralist.

In Moravia's new book, ROMAN TALES (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75), the field of vision is not, as hitherto, the bourgeoisie but the working class; the protagonists, who address the reader in the first person singular, include a taxi driver, a

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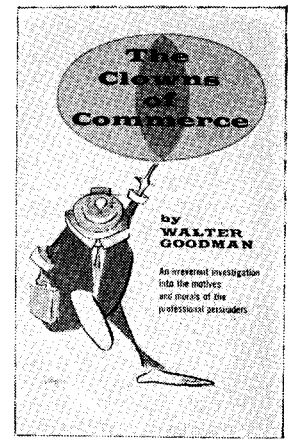
barber, a plumber, an itinerant guitarist. Originally written for newspaper publication, Moravia's twenty-seven brief *racconti* are better described as fictional sketches rather than as short stories. Like swiftly executed pencil drawings, they achieve, at their best, jabs of human insight, telling scraps of social reportage, or vigorous, economic anecdotage in a mordantly ironic key; at their worst, they have the rough-draft quality of pages in a sketch-book and the point they register is commonplace.

As in Moravia's more important work, the theme most frequently encountered is man's capacity for self-deception. A sissified young husband, who has cooked, helped his wife keep house, never left her alone for a moment, can't understand why she should have walked out, without explanation, on so exemplary a mate. A draper's assistant who fancies himself a protégé of Fate — something nasty has always happened to those who cross him — provokes a fracas with the smoothie who is stealing his girl only to find that his rival is even more potently protected by "a mysterious force." Two of the best tales — half a dozen or so are really excellent — deal with petty crime and punishment. One centers on a young grifter's obsessive longing for a decent pair of shoes; the other on the attempt of two tramps to steal a dead man's ring — they are trapped, grotesquely, by the corpse itself.

UPSTART AND DOWNSTART

ROOM AT THE TOP (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75) by JOHN BRAINE deals with a theme which, though it has become intolerably hackneyed in American writing, is a novelty in English fiction: his book is a what-price-success story whose hero is a new type of upstart produced by the English social revolution of the nineteen-forties. THE ISLE OF PRINCES (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) by HASAN OZBEKHAN is a what-price-pride story whose hero is a downstart produced by the Turkish social revolution of the nineteen-twenties.

Mr. Braine, whose book has been the most discussed and perhaps most praised first novel of the year in England, belongs loosely in the group of young writers (Kingsley Amis, John Wain, and others) who



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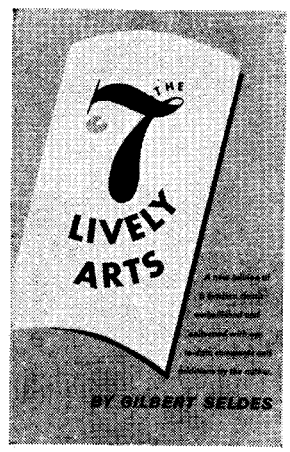

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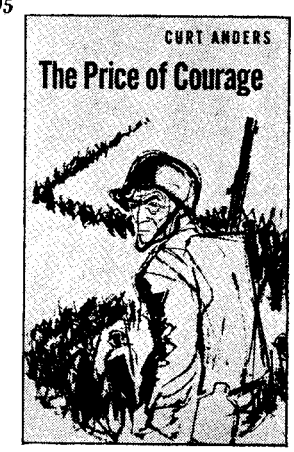

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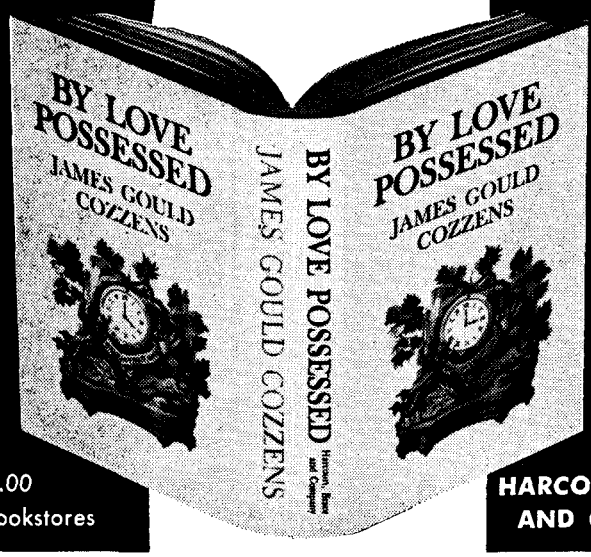

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have been bringing a new perspective to English fiction. Their heroes are resentful, calculating, boorish young men of lower-middle or working-class origin, who, though they have risen through the favors of the welfare state, are angry, often self-pitying, and paranoiac in the presence of wealth or an upper-class accent. What is unusual about Braine's novel is that he is the first writer of this group to concern himself with the price paid for their opportunism by these Julien Sorels of twentieth-century England.

Braine's narrator, Joe Lampton, has moved from the squalid Yorkshire mill town in which he grew up to a more attractive town, also in the North Country, where he has a decent job as a municipal accountant. He is desperately hungry for money, social advancement, and women (whom he grades according to the income of their husbands or fiancés.) Through an amateur theatrical group, he meets a married woman (upper grade), with whom he has a very real and stirring love affair; and a ravishing young girl (top grade), who represents to him an irresistible prize even though he does not love her. His behavior is consistently cagey and caddish, but there are moments at least when it disgusts him. And his betrayal of love for ambition is followed by the recognition of crippling loss: the recognition that he has become a hollow man who cannot feel or care. Mr. Braine has gifts which could carry him far — humor and vitality, an unsmutty forthrightness in the handling of erotic love, and a capacity to project with passionate sharpness the hungers of youth.

Hasan Ozbekhan's *The Isle of Princes* is pitched in a key of romanticism which is nowadays unusual. The setting is Istanbul and a neighboring island, the domain of the aristocratic Tekinhan clan, which is struggling to live up to its lordly traditions in the face of relentless harassment by the Mustafa Kemal regime. Young Davud Tekinhan and his cousin, Refet, are in love with two beautiful sisters, impoverished orphans who have grown up with them on the island. The girls realize more clearly than the young men that when the Tekinhan patriarch, Davud's formidable grandfather, dies, the stately and idyllic way of life on the island will be swept away. They sense that Davud and

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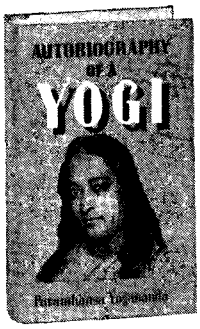

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MRS. LEWIS D. BEMENT
Deerfield, Massachusetts

Refet must be forced to make a fresh start abroad; that to tie them down by marriage will doom them to spiritual suicide, for there is no place in the bustling new Turkey for a haughty and romantic Tekinhan, filled with family pride and scathingly contemptuous of corruption.

This drama forms the core of Mr. Ozbekhan's novel. It is flawed by occasional fuzziness in the motivation, overtones of sententiousness, and a lack of assurance in the plotting. What is attractive is its loving re-creation of an unfamiliar world and its intense concern with quality in an age mesmerized by quantity.

COME THE REVOLUTION

AYN RAND, author of that weird best seller of 1943, *The Fountainhead*, has now produced a novel of over half a million words which might be mildly described as execrable claptrap; but which, I suspect, is going to rival the huge sale of its predecessor. ATLAS SHRUGGED (Random House, $6.95) is the gospel according to Ayn Rand dressed up in fictional trappings which set a record for solemn grotesquerie. At the risk of sounding as though I were indulging in lunatic flights of fancy, I shall endeavor to summarize the credo which the author elaborates with obsessive repetitiveness. Miss Rand assures us that she means what she says and has always lived by the philosophy presented in her book.

Its basic premise is that nothing is more "obscene" than to do anything for any reason other than self-interest, which is virtually synonymous with monetary gain, for "money is the root of all good." Christ and the other prophets of brotherly love have swindled the bulk of mankind into paying tribute to a morality which is hideously immoral. Altruism is the quintessence of evil. Charity, compassion, the desire to give pleasure to others are the vilest of vices — the very use of the word "give" is *verboten* in Miss Rand's Utopia. These sprightly notions are supported by reams of crackbrained ratiocination to the effect that they are the products of pure reason; that they follow inexorably from the proposition that A is A, which craven humanity is unwilling to face.

From the ethic outlined above there emerges a mystique of production and money-grubbing. "There's

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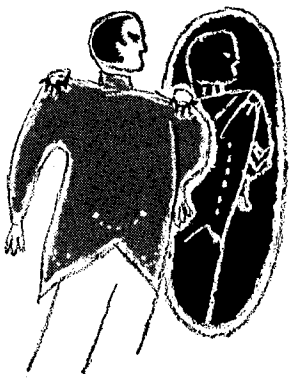
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nothing of any importance in life except how well you do your work." The machine is most exalted of man's creations. The dollar sign is the Holy Grail.

Ayn Rand's estimate of present social and political trends makes our most reactionary journals sound like the abject accomplices of do-good-ism. The plot of her novel is at once a zany projection of her hate-ridden image of our society and a vindictive fantasy of how we are destined to be punished and reduced to unconditional surrender to the Rand party line. The crux of the proceedings is that America's greatest productive geniuses start to disappear mysteriously, one after the other, sabotaging their enterprises before they vanish; and presently the world is threatened with a breakdown of civilized life. The novel's heroine, a toothsome superwoman who runs a railroad, stumbles upon the Utopia which the supermen have sneaked off to create; and from which an arch-superman is masterminding his plan to "stop the motor of the world" and restore humanity to the worship of Mammon. Among the founding fathers of Miss Rand's earthly paradise are a pirate who, to avenge the accursed work of Robin Hood, is robbing the needy to enrich the rich, and a copper magnate whose awesome brainpower we are supposed to deduce from the fact that he dearly loves to slip into black silk pajamas and play marbles by himself with semiprecious stones. Space precludes, alas, further documentation of the novel's dotty ingredients, which undeniably exerted on me a repulsive fascination.

Here and there — for instance when she talks about the power-seeking which often underlies do-good-ism — Miss Rand's perceptions are sound. What she apparently fails to perceive is that the outlook which animates her book is an extreme expression of the aggressiveness and power worship which have been the Black Death of this century. Her heroine, significantly, refers to sexual congress with the man she loves as "an act of hatred"; and the phrase perfectly sums up *Atlas Shrugged*.

THE MIND AT PLAY

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY (World, $5.00) by CLIFTON FADIMAN is a consistently enjoyable and, to borrow Bernard Berenson's telling adjective, "life-enhancing" collection of essays.

Mr. Fadiman — besides being, as everyone knows, witty, widely read, and the possessor of a well-turned style — has the enormous merit of *not* being dogmatic, morose, conformist, parochial, or earnest: he is simply cheerfully serious. His introductory piece, a discussion of the uses of leisure, outlines the Fadiman credo about work and play: Work is done under compulsion; leisure activities are things engaged in for their own sakes, and the most rewarding of them have to do with the "unaffected but conscious training and exercise of the mind." "I plead for the play of the mind," Fadiman writes, "on the ground that it is necessary. . . . For we are indeed beginning to be afflicted with a new kind of tedium . . . that comes of a surfeit of toys and a deficiency of thoughts." And elsewhere Fadiman notes that the unsalable book he is often tempted to write would defend the unpopular thesis that "the secret of happiness, if any, lies in *un*peace of mind — that is, fairly continuous, useful mental activity, though not necessarily of a highly intellectual order."

Mr. Fadiman, in these essays, lets his mind play over quite a diversity of subjects — the decline of privacy, house hunting, and the migration to exurbia; the significant differences between eggheads, intellectuals, ideologues, and highbrows; Videomatic speech or Televenglish, U and non-U speech in America, the delights of clerihews and limericks, and the anatomy of puns. Along with Zoroaster, Charlemagne, Pascal, Casanova, and Talleyrand, Fadiman is an ardent turophile and an eloquent one: his dissertation on cheeses is an *objet d'art* that stands out amid the bric-a-brac of contemporary gastronomic writing. He also writes evocatively and sensibly about his love affair with wine. And his collection is fortified by several good literary essays — among them an Introduction to *Crime and Punishment* and a study of the booms in literary reputations.

BRIEFLY NOTED

My feelings about LORD HALIFAX'S memoirs, FULLNESS OF DAYS (Dodd, Mead, $6.00), can perhaps best be

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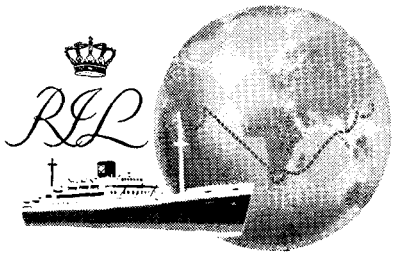

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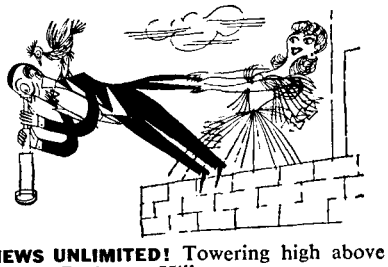

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suggested by citing one of its more engaging anecdotes. As ambassador to the United States, Halifax once spent an evening answering questions at a club in Des Moines, and was duly thanked by a speaker who observed: "Some of us here would have expected to find the British Ambassador . . . too smart for us. After meeting Lord Halifax, we shan't think so any longer." For a man who was a prominent participant in the great events of three decades — viceroy to India during Gandhi's campaign of civil disobedience, foreign secretary in the late nineteen-thirties, and Britain's wartime ambassador in Washington — Halifax has written a disappointing book: stiff, chilly, and too discreet to be particularly revealing. He makes what seems to me a bad defense of the policy of appeasement and the Munich settlement; of Baldwin and Chamberlain (whom he admires and clearly felt more at home with than with Churchill); and of the hypocritical doctrine of non-intervention in Spain, which allowed the Germans, Italians, and Russians to have a field day on Spanish territory. The best pages are those which describe the childhood of an English aristocrat on a great country estate in the last decades of the nineteenth century.

THE MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.75) is a collection of the essays on political and cultural subjects written by DWIGHT MACDONALD during the past two decades. Mr. Macdonald has been successively a Communist sympathizer, Trotskyist, revolutionary socialist, and pacifist, and now he is an ex-revolutionary socialist and ex-pacifist who "critically" supports the West against the East. Basically, he has always been the same thing; a man with the bump of criticism — his refrain is "*J'accuse.*" While his reasoning strikes me as frequently fallacious, perverse, or merely a matter of hair-splitting, his writing is an unfailing delight: he is quite possibly the wittiest and liveliest polemicist on the American scene. Among the gems in his collection are a devastating and hilarious "Memo to Mr. Luce" about the high-brow magazine which Luce once abortively planned to publish, and an equally comic and deadly commentary on the curious career of William Buckley, Jr., the author of *God and Man at Yale.*

"Work of a Master" — Barzun

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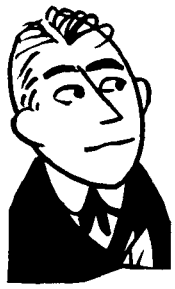

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Boston, a city long celebrated for the peculiarities of its newspapers, was forced to sample living without them for some weeks recently, during a labor dispute. The effect was not altogether what some readers might have expected, especially those who had felt that the papers were indeed so peculiar as to be just about dispensable. This group may have entered the period of the shutdown with almost a sense of relief: there would be the New York *Times* to fall back on, and the daily irritations at the inanities of the local press would cease for the time being. But one doubts that even the most captious readers continued for very long in that frame of mind, for the interests of the *Times* proved, reasonably enough, to reside more in the Giants than the Red Sox, while the inanities of the press were promptly replaced by the equally inane and considerably more pompous activities of radio and television news bureaus.

The Boston newspaper reader has experienced much over the years to toughen his sensibilities. He may recall the time when the lead story in the Sunday *Herald* was "Dog Bites Quincy Man" or when the now defunct *Post* conjured up its biggest and blackest type to report "3 Boys Found — Lost All Night." It was the *American*, if I remember correctly, that published so many false alarms in advance of the Normandy invasion that it could only headline the event itself with "This Is It!" If a laborer narrowly escapes, uninjured, being buried in a pile of coal, the Boston papers are likely to make a sizable story out of it and to back the whole thing with a three-column picture of the coal pile and an arrow pointing to where the accident almost occurred. Any sort of fire is high-style news ("33 Routed by South End Blaze"), and the shot of the lodginghouse with a few wisps of smoke visible at its windows is almost as durable a cliché as the picture of the big player towering over the little player, captioned "The Long and the Short of It on the B.U. Football Squad."

With these and many other habits, Boston papers combine a great preoccupation with the weather, a willingness to carry display advertising on page one, and a tireless interest in publishing the names and addresses of nonentities. They are probably not so bad as visitors from other places profess to find them at first sight, but they are hardly the city's proudest boast. The prospect of being without them for a while seemed a novelty and little else.

Radio and TV stations were prompt to announce that their own news programs during the strike would be expanded "as a public service." What this boiled down to in most cases was simply more brief broadcasts of bulletins supplied by the press associations, sandwiched between the standard juke-box output and countless commercials that dominate the Boston air at all hours. By omitting one popular recording, the station announcer or disc jockey gained time to read — with frequent mispronunciations of place names which he was obviously confronting for the first time in his life — a few extra squibs from the news machines. The extra squibs usually proved to include our old friend, the lodginghouse fire, and a host of petty crimes and traffic accidents. Most painful of all was the "story for today" as it went out from a dozen or more microphones — a humorous trifle supplied by the wire services, with the disc jockey-journalist in each case appropriating the witticism as his own, heedless of the fact that his competitors were doing the same.

The larger frustrations caused by the newspaper shutdown were more complex. It was at once apparent that the newscasters recruited for the emergency were not only baffled by place names in far-off New Jersey but that they lacked, also, the faintest idea of what set a big story apart from a little one. One theory advanced on this deficiency was that local newscasters ordinarily depend on newspaper headlines for guidance in priorities, and with no newspapers at hand everything came out

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in the same tone of voice (portentous) and in the same dimension (dinky). The lodginghouse fire and the tot uninjured in a thirty-foot fall sat down, above the salt, with the intercontinental missile and the labor rackets. Everything was above the salt, giant and pygmy items alike.

Few Bostonians might have thought to find themselves hymning the Boston sports pages, for years the stronghold of the Elongated Yellow Fruit school of reportage, but radio and TV were all but useless by comparison. The Williams-Mantle competition was at its height, yet most local news announcers gave the time to "other scores" in both leagues rather than change the formula sufficiently to keep the Williams status up to date. During the week of the National Doubles at Longwood, one had to await the next morning's New York papers, for all the attention a day's play got from the newscasters. The entire entertainment field remained in a news blackout, save for sporadic paid commercial announcements, probably because both radio and TV regard all other pastimes as menacing their own well-being. So there were no reviews, no stage or film news, no book page, and even when the broadcasters tried to fill in some of these vacancies, the audience had no published radio and TV programs to indicate when and where the substitutes were to be found. Ironically, one of the features most sorely missed during the strike was the daily paper's schedule of radio and TV programs.

The networks have long since developed first-rate national news programs with an identity of their own, which the listener can tolerate comfortably in fifteen-minute chunks, but few local stations seemed to harbor any such journalistic competence. So it was in the very nature of the medium that the listener had to attend the entire dreary, halting, uninformed news broadcast of local origin, in the hope that it might contain an item or two worth hearing. The idea that an editorial attitude of any consequence might supplement such a broadcast would have been laughable, had it occurred to anyone. A certain amount of retail advertising which would have gone into the papers was shifted to radio spot announcements, but here again it was all or nothing, and the listener had no way of finding the advertiser he might want to hear.

Nothing in the nature of a mass celebration greeted the newspapers on their return, but one fact did emerge from their suspension: the newspapers may not do much, but they do it a lot better than radio and TV can.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Where the Centaurs Graze

BY SCOTT CORBETT

SCOTT CORBETT *is a native Missourian now living in East Dennis on Cape Cod. He has written several books, the latest of which is* MIDSHIPMAN CRUISE.

The April *Atlantic Monthly* carried a poem by P. Tremayne which brought me up short with the following lines:

the hallowed woods, the voiceless bays,
the cool hills where the centaurs graze . . .

This last image hit me in the eye like a grapefruit squirt, completely disrupting the mood our poet was striving for. I could only wonder if she had really stopped, as I did, to conjure up a picture of centaurs grazing.

Spurred by this experience, I have gone into the centaur picture pretty thoroughly, and my findings have convinced me it is just as well they died out. Taken as a whole, the centaur was not a very sound idea.

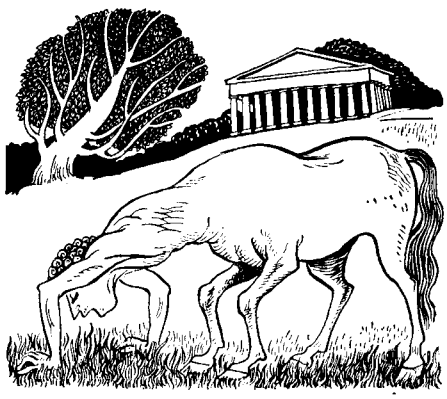
First, let's get clear on exactly what a centaur was: where the man left off and the horse began, so to speak. As Bulfinch describes them, "These monsters were represented as men from the head to the loins, while the remainder of the body was that of a horse."

A centaur is thus stuck with the major portions of two totally different bodies to feed. The poor man has to eat like a horse to keep himself fit. And there's only one way for it. Like it or not, hay fever or no, he's got to stick his head down in the prickly, tickly grass and start chewing up the stuff.

A little of this would go a long way with most of us, I should think. Furthermore, if you will dig out some reference books or an old Grecian vase and take a good look at a centaur, you will see that the resulting position would be one best left to a trapeze artist. Maybe you've never tried to hang head down and eat grass, but just out of curiosity I checked the position out in our side yard. It's not easy. Worse yet, straightening up time after time from that position would soon catch most of us in the small of the back, right where man meets horse in a centaur. It was probably a centaur who first suffered from nagging backache, not to mention aching nag back.

Of course I might add that you'll have to imagine all this for yourself. You won't find any vase paintings showing centaurs grazing. You'll see them doing practically everything else, including a few things I feel are in rather bad taste, but you won't see them grazing. Those old frieze painters knew that if they ever showed one centaur in that ridiculous position the whole centaur-painting business (a very profitable line) would blow up in their faces. As a result we have centaurs fighting and centaurs running and centaurs chasing women (they never seemed to chase fillies, or vice versa), but we never see them having a bite to eat.

Perhaps I'm being difficult, but I'd like to know how a centaur sorted out his appetites. After he got through with all the exercise involved in providing fodder for the horse part, the man part must have been ready to sit down to — or,



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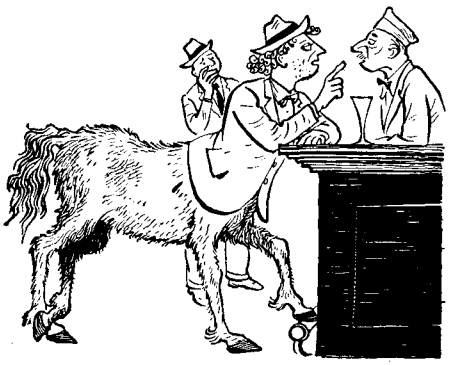
rather, trot up to — a square meal on the order of a thick sirloin steak and some French fries. Yet how did he keep this type of food from disagreeing with the horse part? And for that matter, how come the man part didn't get a bad case of chlorophyll poisoning from passing all that clover along to the horse part?

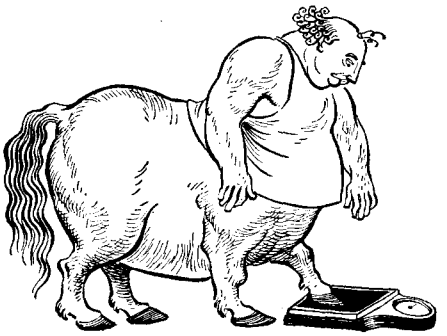
I have tried to imagine how I'd handle these problems if I were a centaur. With me it would definitely be a case of first come, first served. In other words, steak first, and worry about the horse afterwards. And since I don't care for grass, I'd try to solve the horse problem with an enormous side order of salad, and hope that French dressing agreed with horses.

Besides the drawbacks already outlined, the centaurs had a number of personality problems that bother me. The Encyclopædia Britannica has this to say about them: "In later times they are often represented drawing the car of Dionysus, or bound and ridden by Eros, in allusion to their drunken and amorous habits. Their general character is that of wild, lawless, and inhospitable beings, the slaves of their animal passions."

Hardly the sort of horse *or* man you'd care to have around for any extended period. Of course, the ancient Greeks did not necessarily look at it that way. As Bulfinch is quick to point out, "The ancients were too fond of a horse to consider the union of his nature with man's as forming a very degraded compound" — and I'm sure Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, and a host of others would agree with this even today — "and accordingly the Centaur is the only one of the fancied monsters of antiquity to which any good traits are assigned."

This broad-minded attitude on the part of the ancients is all very well, but let's take a look at the rec-





ord. When we do, it is hard to see where the average centaur ever merited such toleration. Take for example the disgraceful things that went on at the marriage of Pirithoüs with Hippodamia, which Bulfinch goes on to describe next.

The centaurs were invited to be among the guests. Well, everybody else behaved like perfect ladies and gentlemen, but a centaur named Eurytion, "becoming intoxicated with the wine," began horsing around with the bride. Immediately all the other drunken centaurs also "attempted to offer violence to the bride." This annoyed the bridegroom — men were proud in those days — and resulted in a dreadful conflict in which several of the centaurs were slain. In short, the whole atmosphere of the wedding grew quite strained.

The only thing I do wonder about a little is the bride's name, Hippodamia. After all, *hippos* is the Greek word for horse. Was she perhaps one of the horsy set by inclination, and should a man like Pirithoüs have gotten mixed up with her in the first place? The more I think about it, the more I think there were a few things that should have been straightened out *before* the wedding.

Be that as it may, the centaur's physical setup and his notorious weakness for wine and women combine to convince me that he has no place in our modern world of togetherness. Except for Sloan's Liniment, which claims to be good for man and beast, there hasn't been a product marketed in the last fifty years that really hits his needs squarely. As for making a living — well, other than in the inevitable trained-centaur act that would turn up on Ed Sullivan's show, I don't see where the average centaur could find work today. On the other hand he would unquestionably find his way into a lot of Third Avenue bars, and then we'd be in for a tiresome spate of shaggy-centaur stories. We can very well do without those.

About the only centaur for whom anybody had a really good word to say was Chiron, of whom the Britannica remarks, "He dwelt at the foot of Mount Pelion, and was famous for his wisdom and knowledge of the healing art." I suppose you might say he was the first horse doctor. "He offers a remarkable contrast to the other centaurs in manners and character. Many of the most celebrated heroes of Greece were brought up and instructed by him." Chiron stood out from the herd all the way. When he died he was placed by Zeus among the stars and became the constellation Sagittarius. He was survived by a human widow and three little creatures it would be hard to put a name to.

One last thought concerning centaurs should be enough to convince you, as I am convinced, that we are well rid of them. Supposing we still had a lot of centaurs around, and they began to get middle-aged? It's bad enough to think how one of them would look as he grew sway-backed and spavined, but suppose he also started developing a paunch? It would be so oddly situated on a centaur that I can hardly imagine anything more grotesque. Worse yet, he'd still think he was as attractive as ever, and he'd still chase the girls. You know very well he would. That type always does.

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SLOW STARTER

BY

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

At 8:00 A.M. I rise and shine,
Sleep-sodden, limp, and groggy.
I have my eyelids up by 9:00,
But am I ever groggy!

By noon I answer to my name,
Despite persistent yawning.
By 3:00, it's fairly safe to claim
Full consciousness is dawning.

At dinner, though I'm still in low,
My motor's really running.
By 10:00 P.M., I coin a *mot*,
Or Wilde-ly take to punning.

And by 11:00, be it said,
I'm fresher than a daisy.
And wide awake and tucked in bed,
I scintillate like crazy!

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Chowder Is Out!

BY SYLVIA WRIGHT

After graduating from Bryn Mawr, SYLVIA WRIGHT *worked in the publishing field in New York, and during World War II for the Office of War Information in this country and overseas. She is the author of many light articles.*

The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book, by Fannie Merritt Farmer, is an institution — which means sophisticated people treat it tenderly and unsophisticated people consider it a bible. I should like Fannie Farmer to retire quickly. It is true that we are passing out of the era when she was *the* all-round cook book, but she is still around when you want a basic recipe, and is still causing trouble.

Some of her recipes should be preserved for diversion. What she thought up! Canapés in particular excited her: she put oysters in a grapefruit. She also liked mock things — Mock Almonds, Mock Crabs, and Mock Cassava Bread, which most people would be unable to assess because they have never eaten Real Cassava Bread. There are Cigarettes à la Prince Henry, which are made of puff paste and chicken forcemeat, and Lobster Boats, to which you add "sails made of rice paper and small wooden skewers, covering skewers with thin white cardboard." There is Peanut Salad, and a soup called Nymph Aurora, Halibut in Bed (in French), and Tornadoes of Beef, which are topped with a hominy and horseradish croquette and a piece of banana. Obviously, these should not be made. They should be read about.

Being unable to exercise her imagination on the ingredients of the more sober recipes, Fannie Farmer exercised it in another way, in using as many utensils as she could. Cherry Fritters with Maraschino Sauce takes eleven different ones, not counting spoons and such. Fannie Farmer, you think — that New England institution — where else would you go for the best recipe for New England Clam Chowder? I mean Clam Chowder.

Let me tell you what happens.

Leaving out the list of ingredients, it begins: "Clean and pick over clams, using one cup cold water; drain, reserve liquor, heat to boiling-point, and strain." How do you pick over something with a cup of water? I didn't know, so I put the clams in a saucepan, poured a cup of cold water over them, tossed them around a bit, and then emptied the whole business into a strainer over another saucepan. Then I saw I was going to have to use the strainer again, so I dumped the clams out of the strainer onto a chopping board. Then I heated the clam liquor to the boiling point and strained it into a third saucepan, though I don't know why since you have to heat it again later.

This is only the beginning, and we have used three saucepans, a measuring cup, a strainer, and a tablespoon to scrape out the clams. Total: 6.

We continue: "Chop finely hard part of clams; cut pork in small pieces and try out; add onion, fry five minutes, and strain into a stewpan." One board and a knife for all the chopping. Trying out, according to Fannie Farmer, should be done in a double boiler, which adds two utensils leaving out the cover. (Still using same tablespoon.) There is also the stewpan. The onion has to be sliced, so what with that, chopping the salt pork, separating the hard and soft parts of the clams and chopping the former, and with potatoes coming up, I am sorry, but you have to use another chopping board. With so many different little piles on one board, you risk losing one while you're scraping another (same dirty knife) into the pan. And I found the hard and soft parts of the clams difficult enough to keep straight, so I put what I thought was the soft part into a little bowl. Dirty utensils to date: 13.

One thing which mystifies me about this recipe is why you strain the onion and salt pork. Evidently

all Fannie Farmer wanted was the fat slightly flavored with onion, so you throw away the delicious golden brown onion and the crisp bits of fried salt pork. I couldn't bear to, so I put them aside in a separate dish to eat later myself. Since I was supposed to throw them away, it wouldn't be fair to count this.

"Parboil potatoes [this is 4 cups of potatoes cut in ¾ inch cubes] five minutes in boiling water to cover; drain and put a layer in bottom of stewpan." I had to peel the potatoes (potato peeler — 14) and cut them into ¾ inch cubes (same knife and measuring cup). Saucepan to parboil potatoes is 15 (fourth saucepan). You could use the same strainer to drain the potatoes, but if you drain them by the usual method of holding the lid a little askew and pouring the water out, you have another utensil, the lid of the pan. I had used the lid anyway to speed up the boiling. Total: 16.

Now you put a layer of potatoes in the bottom of the stewpan (still same tablespoon, somewhat gummy), add the chopped clams, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and "dredge generously with flour." (Fannie Farmer loved dredging with flour, which is one of the troubles with her gravy.) For this, I absolutely had to have a clean spoon, since the other one had potatoes and clams on it. Total: 17.

"Add remaining potatoes, again sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour." Pay close attention, because you didn't just sprinkle with any old amount of salt and pepper. You used 1 tablespoon of salt and ⅛ teaspoon of pepper, which means two more spoons. Since part goes in at one time, and part later, I had to wipe the table, because the remaining salt in the tablespoon fell out when I put it down to get the flour. I don't blame that on Fannie

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Farmer. No, I couldn't use the same spoon I used for the flour, because I got mixed up and stirred with it, and now it has incipient clam chowder all over it.

". . . and add two and one half cups boiling water." Same measuring cup, but I had to boil the water in something, and I had to boil it in something with a lid, because I was getting impatient. Total: 21.

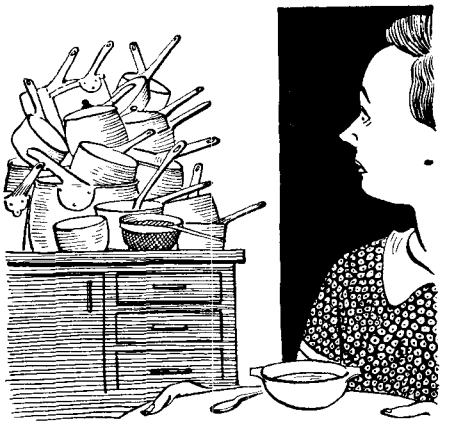
"Cook ten minutes, add milk." Here comes the measuring cup on its fourth sally (water, potatoes, water, milk). If you scald milk properly (page 27), you "heat over boiling water, covered, until milk around edge of pan has beadlike appearance." This means another double boiler, which is three more utensils, including the cover. I suppose I could use the same bottom and the same lid of the double boiler I used for trying out the pork, if I happened to have two double boilers exactly the same size. As it happens, I do, because the bottoms of double boilers have a tendency to boil away and get thrown out. But Fannie Farmer would never have let this happen, so in all fairness the list of dirty utensils now stands at 24.

"Add soft part of clams, and butter [4 tablespoons which I recklessly measured with the salty tablespoon]; boil three minutes, and add crackers split and soaked in enough cold water to moisten." These are "common crackers," and I'm not quite sure what they are or why you have to split them. It would be rude of me to cavil at soaking something enough to moisten. I suppose I know what she means. But I had to use a clean knife to split the common crackers. The old one had been used for pork, onion, potatoes, and pushing things into the stewpan. Plus the bowl to soak the crackers in — 26.

I don't count that I had to wipe off the clock on the dresser because I got butter and things on it when I turned it around to see when three minutes started.

"Reheat clam water [already in its saucepan, number 3] to boiling point, and thicken with one tablespoon butter and flour cooked together." How do you do this? You use a fifth saucepan and another spoon. Total: 28. The stewpan has a lid, so that makes 29.

I also had to wipe off the edge of



the ruler I used to measure the ¾ inch cubes of potatoes. 30.

You may be going to say that I could have boiled water in the teakettle and you don't have to wash that every time you use it. I did, and I did because the fat from the salt pork spattered on it from my not having a lid on that double boiler. That was why I put a lid on the second one.

Thirty separate things to wash for one basic New England recipe is too institutional for me, and I don't feel tender about it. Take Fannie Farmer away and dredge generously with flour to bury.

The General's Boots

BY WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK, JR.

WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK, JR., *spent most of his six years in the Army on General Patton's staff. A Virginian by birth and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, he is now on the staff of* LIFE *in New York.*

Whenever I see a transcript of a presidential press conference in the New York *Times*, I am a little jealous of the reporters who can ask the President of the United States all those questions. Ever since World War II, I have had a question I've wanted to ask General Eisenhower. It has nothing to do with politics, the budget, or international affairs. I'd just like to know whether the President ever wore cavalry boots.

My curiosity about the boots goes back to the summer of 1943. I was on General Patton's staff, stationed in Mostaganem, Algeria, about forty miles east of Oran. General Patton had been called back from Tunisia to plan the invasion of Sicily, and when the plans were under way, General Eisenhower flew down from his headquarters in Algiers to look them over.

A short time earlier an epidemic of cavalry boots had broken out in our headquarters. An officer had shown up in a pair one day, and they looked so good that most of the officers were wearing boots just like them within a week or so. The boots were made of soft leather that was

easy to polish, and with their tops cut off they were snappy tank boots.

A large delegation of generals, colonels, and aides went out to the airport to meet General Eisenhower and to escort him to our headquarters. I was one of those flunkies whose chief purpose in life was to stand outside the general's office and snap to attention whenever anybody of any importance passed by. I had just fulfilled my chief purpose when I heard General Eisenhower's booming voice say to General Patton, "Georgie, that's a fine-looking pair of boots you're wearing."

His remark was a signal for immediate action in General Patton's headquarters. The chief of staff instantly stuck his hand in his pocket, fished out several hundred francs, handed them to me, and said, "Go get General Eisenhower a pair of those boots."

"What size, sir?"

He went into Patton's office, found out the size from General Eisenhower, came back, and gave it to me. "You be back here with those boots in an hour," he said. "General Eisenhower's leaving in an hour."

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I had lived in obscurity until that moment, but I knew from military school that great military reputations had been made from smaller opportunities than the one at hand, and that success in war goes to the man who seizes the initiative and exploits it boldly and fearlessly.

Quickly I called the quartermaster and asked him where I could get the boots.

"I'm not sure where they came from," he said. "Sergeant Walsh got mine for me, and he's not here now. I think he said he got them from the Oran base section."

"You mean I'd have to go all the way to Oran for them?"

"No, I think the base section has an outfit here in Mostaganem, but they just came here a few days ago, and I don't know where they're set up. You could call Oran, but all they'd probably be able to tell you is that they have an outfit in Mostaganem. They probably wouldn't know the address, because that outfit hasn't been here long, and the base section never knows anything anyway. Why don't you call our QM depot and maybe one of the men there would know where the base section outfit is."

I called the QM depot, but the man on duty there didn't know anything about the base section or the boots. Most of the senior officers in our headquarters were wearing the boots, so I decided to try some of them. I called the G-1 (personnel), the G-2 (intelligence), the G-3 (operations), the G-4 (supply), the adjutant general, the signal officer, the medical officer, the ordnance officer, and even the chaplain, but not one of them could help me.

I got a jeep and told the driver to go down the main street of Mostaganem, but I found no sign of a QM depot there. After that we drove a mile or so along the road to Oran

where several Army outfits were bivouacked. At four or five of the outfits we stopped and I asked whether anybody knew anything about the base section QM, but nobody there had ever heard of it.

"Maybe the base section doesn't have a QM depot in Mostaganem," I thought. "Maybe there aren't any boots left. Maybe they never even had the boots. What will General Patton think of somebody who can't even find a QM depot?"

On the way back through Mostaganem I saw a supply sergeant walking along the street. I knew him. He was one of those wily old regular army supply sergeants who can find anything if he wants to. We pulled up beside the sergeant, and I asked him where the base section was.

"It's down a side street about four blocks from headquarters," he said. "I'll show you where it is."

When we rushed into the depot, we found a second lieutenant on duty. He was slouched in a chair with his feet propped on a desk. He was wearing a pair of brightly shining cavalry boots.

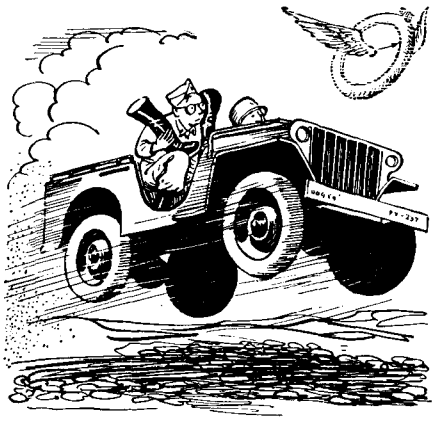
"Lieutenant," I said, "I've gotta have a pair of those boots."

"Have you got a requisition?"

"No. But I gotta have them for General Eisenhower. I need them right away. He's leaving in a few minutes."

"Now I've heard it all. What some guys won't do for a pair of boots!"

"I'm not kidding, lieutenant. General Eisenhower is at General Patton's headquarters right now,



and he's leaving in a few minutes. I have to have a pair of those boots for him."

"Nobody gets those boots without a requisition."

"Can't somebody give me a verbal O.K.?"

"The only man who can do that is Colonel Barker at base section."

"Lieutenant," I said frantically, "I haven't got time to call him. I can't tell him they're for General Eisenhower, because I'm not supposed to say over the phone that General Eisenhower's in Mostaganem."

"That's your problem, not mine. If Colonel Barker says it's O.K., it's O.K."

After an almost interminable time I managed to get Oran on the line, and then after several wrong numbers I got a voice that said it was Colonel Barker.

I told him what I wanted. My request moved him to a lengthy soliloquy on requisitions, forms in triplicate, proper procedure, and a number of other subjects that are

IMITATION OF NATURE

BY JUDSON JEROME

This soap ad shows for no clear reason birds
with geometric beaks and glad round eyes,
sitting in nests floating in scalloped skies,
singing what seem to be mostly fifths and thirds
(as indicated by the arching staves
that imprint music on the air). So bright
the tree, the birds, the blowing sheets so white,
so slick the page, so true the pledge that saves
scrubbing and money for all who buy the box
containing sunshine, that one trusts to art:
he knows life is illusion, that the part
of him concerned with toil and dirty socks
and ragged boughs and nests without a song
and warm, small, frightened hearts is simply wrong.

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dear to the heart of the quartermaster.

"But, sir, these are for a V.I.P., a *very* important person."

"I can't help that. You have to follow the proper procedure. We have an order from General Eisenhower saying that nothing is to be issued from any QM depot without the proper authorization."

I hung up.

"The colonel says it's O.K.," I said.

It worked. The lieutenant got up, walked to the rear of the depot, and came back with a pair of boots. I signed a receipt.

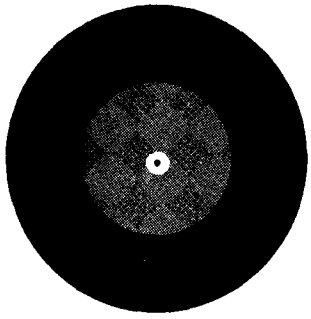
After we left the depot, I looked at my watch. An hour and fifteen minutes had passed since the chief of staff had told me to get the boots. I knew that General Eisenhower had left. All that I could do was to go back to headquarters and tell the chief of staff that the lieutenant at the depot had made me late.

We drove back to headquarters, and when we came to the gate, we saw an officer standing in the road.

"Go right on out to the field," he yelled. "General Eisenhower left ten minutes ago. You might be able to catch him if you hurry."

We went bounding and bouncing down the road as fast as the jeep would go. Over a rough winding African road we made the fourteen miles to the airport in a little more than twenty minutes.

When we came to the edge of the field, we could see a group of people gathered beside the plane. We raced across the field at top speed and slid to a stop in a swirl of dust. I jumped out of the jeep, ran over to the plane, and handed the boots to a colonel. The colonel handed them to the chief of staff, who handed them to General Patton, who handed them to General Eisenhower. He said good-by, saluted, got in the plane, and flew away.



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: The Five Piano Concertos
Artur Rubinstein, piano; Josef Krips conducting Symphony of the Air; RCA Victor LM-6702: five 12"

This is labeled "Limited Edition/Special Price," and I take it this means a special *low* price (for a change). The concertos come one to a disc, not in automatic sequence, and certainly will be issued singly later. At a special price, the album is almost a must, as will be seen. First: the sound — important because some worthy competing records are aging. It is strong but a little edgy, best heard in a good-sized room. Probably it represents the blending of the two tracks of a stereo tape. Next: musical generalization. Rubinstein and Krips found each other *simpatico* (I was there, briefly), and they play the music the way *they* like it, an asset. Perhaps they are best when it is vigorous and florid.

Their First Concerto is youthful, fiery, and expansive, to me the best in the catalogue. Their Second is very tastefully Mozartian, just as it should be (it was really the first in order of writing), and without any very pressing latter-day competition. In the Third, Beethoven's most operatic piano concerto, if the term is permissible, they are at their very best; this is a real rouser. In the Fourth they are highly adequate, but they are up against a miracle, meaning the London version by Curzon and Knappertsbusch, an inspired performance, in sound not brand-new but still sweet, strong, and beautifully balanced. The Rubinstein-Krips Fifth or "Emperor" is, I guess, without peer though not by far: everyone good has tried this. However, for this pair the work fairly rings with valor; seldom have Rubinstein's mighty fingers done nobler work. And some credit, lest we forget, should go to London Records for lending Krips to this venture. He was an ideal choice.

Dvořák: Violin Concerto
Glazunov: Violin Concerto
Nathan Milstein, violin; William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Capitol P-8382: 12"

Here I must be speculative. Milstein says (on the jacket) that he has a special affection for these two concertos. Being a twentieth-century purist, abetted by another of like mind — Steinberg — he tries to dignify the works by playing them in the astringent modernist-classicist style. The engineers lend themselves to the aim; there is no reverberative analgesic. Glazunov is wheeled from the operating theater deader than a doornail. Oddly, Dvořák survives and, after two hearings, regains health. Violinists will delight in the surgical experiment, other listeners may seek elsewhere. Vanguard offers the same combination of concertos with Oistrakh and Kondrashin, in a performance absolutely brimming with Romantic treacle sauce. Of the two violinists, Milstein seems a little the nimbler, Oistrakh a little the subtler. The Capitol recording, however unkind to the music, is much the more realistic.

Gluck: Alceste
Kirsten Flagstad, Raoul Jobin, other soloists; Geraint Jones conducting chorus, orchestra; London XLLA-49: four 12"

Alceste was Gluck's final effort to recast opera in classical Greek form. It was (and is) less successful than *Orfeo*, because he picked a more complicated and rather silly legend, which lent itself less well to argument by aria with choral interpolation. However, saying of something that it is not quite up to *Orfeo* is by no means faint praise. *Alceste* is a great work, and one graced here by a great singer. It would be untrue to say Flagstad sounds as good as ever. Occasionally she labors, but this will cause you no unease, because she knows so marvelously well, in all ways, what she is doing. Jobin assists her ably in his unappealing part, and Geraint Jones, if he is not yet a second Fritz Busch, is as good a substitute as the times afford. London has recorded the whole thing at close range, with realism faithful to the singers.

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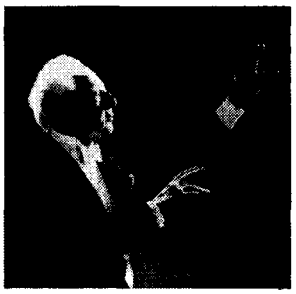

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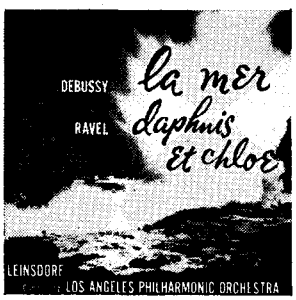

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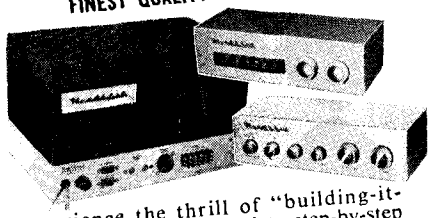

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Grieg: Music from Peer Gynt
Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Lise Hollweg, soprano, Beecham Choral Society, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Angel 35445: 12"
Of late the whimsical baronet has chosen to lavish his fabled gifts upon the refurbishing of worn staples; he does it again here. The peripatetic *Peer* (no pun intended) never has had it so good. The music lives, dances, sparkles, and growls just as if it hadn't been played at a million bad pop concerts. And it has been given fine rich reproduction.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 45, "Farewell," and No. 55, "Schoolmaster"
Benjamin Britten conducting Aldeburgh Festival Orchestra; London LL-1640: 12"
The trouble with Haydn is that if you do not play his music very well you had best leave it alone entirely, which is not the case with, say, Berlioz or Richard Strauss. A result of this is that we have very few good Haydn conductors. Benjamin Britten is one of them. These records were taped as live performances at Aldeburgh (applause and all), so they are not perfect in finish. However, they are convincing in concept, in their evocation of the composer's unfailingly bold esprit and surety.

Mozart: The Marriage of Figaro
Karl Böhm conducting Paul Schöffler, Sena Jurinac, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Rita Streich, other soloists; Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Vienna State Opera Chorus; Epic SC-6022: three 12"
Here is a very formidable entry indeed in the lists of *Marriages*. Over its Mozart-year rivals, the Gui (Glyndebourne) RCA Victor and the Kleiber-London, it has one immediate advantage: although "complete" in the ordinary staging sense, it is on three discs against their four, and I, for one, do not miss the Basilio-Marcellina exchanges with which it dispenses. It has probably, by a slight margin, the best sound of the three. In quality of singers it matches the London album (though in orchestral finesse it does not). Böhm keeps things marching along handsomely, too; no fault can be found with his cuing or pacing. Indeed, among presentations of Mozart's most perfect and endearing opera, there is only one insubstantial reason wherefore I cannot give it first place. This is that I can turn it off quite easily, while once I begin listening to the London, I don't want to stop, I *must* hear what comes next. I hope this is not simply an idiosyncrasy of mine, because until now I have attributed the effect, most gratefully, to the late Mr. Kleiber. And I think it belongs there.

Mozart: Symphonies No. 39 and No. 40
Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML-5194: 12"
The obvious comparison here is with the old Columbia Collectors' Series LP, ML-4674, offering Beecham and the same two symphonies in reprint from 78 rpm. For years this — itself in antique sound unable to satisfy — has been taking the edge off reaction to other conductors' attempts. Now come the repeat performances. Number 40, the G Minor, I am truly delighted to say, seems to me very little different from its antecedent: the trio in the third movement is a little slower, and there is a tightening, a little less exposition of separate voices, in the first. Otherwise, it is the same, even if the effect of revelation is not quite the same in this day of twenty recorded G Minors. Of the twenty, this would be my first choice. The overside gives me a little trouble; I finish it with the feeling that Sir Thomas has decided that Number 39 is Mozart's "Eroica" and has sharpened his punctuation and weighted his accents accordingly, with some sacrifice of grace. Still, very beautiful.

Schubert: Incidental Music to Rosamunde; Overture to The Magic Harp; Serenade, Op. 135; Psalm 23, Op. 132
Fritz Lehmann conducting Diana Eustrati, contralto; Berlin Motet Choir; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Decca DXB-144: two 12"
Two bands of this set start the same, owing to the complex series of rewrites and reapplications the *Rosamunde/Magic Harp/Alfonso and Estrella* music went through; actually, however, there is not much repetition. This was not Schubert's profoundest writing, but it is all very melodious, by turns songful and vivaciously rhythmic and, to me anyway, interesting. Decca deserves thanks for assembling all the portions in one album (some you won't have heard before), and Lehmann for giving them the loving care he does. The two filler items, the Serenade and the Psalm setting, are from Schubert's later years and are poignantly

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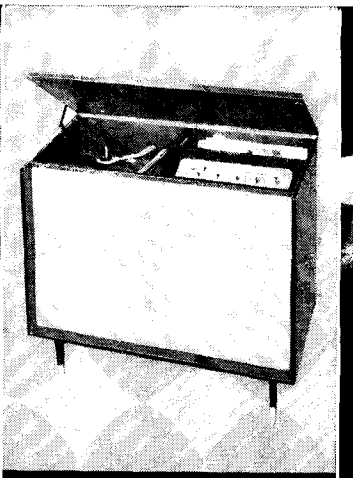

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lovely, especially the latter. The recording is rich and clear, but very low in volume level.

Schumann: Dichterliebe
Brahms: Six Songs
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, bass; Jörg Demus, piano; Decca DL-9930: 12"
The Brahms songs (which include *Sommerabend*, *Mondenschein*, and *Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht*), like *Dichterliebe*, are settings of poems by Heine. All told, here is a treasure of song almost impossible to overmatch, presented in a record which I must call the most perfect of the season thus far. Fischer-Dieskau's utter fitness for the songs, both vocally and temperamentally, is obvious from the start; he seems almost to live them. And Demus is one of the best Schumann players in the world, a boon to *Dichterliebe*, which has pages of piano alone. The pair are presented in realism which doesn't startle at all; it simply — and effortlessly — convinces. The sole fault to be found is that the jacket offers only synopses, not texts, of the Schumann songs.

Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 8; Partita for Double String Orchestra
Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL-1642: 12"
Here is the second version of the Eighth, and I prefer it slightly to the first. The work itself is more cordial than searching, and the difference in interpretation between Barbirolli (Mercury) and Boult is slight. However, the London Philharmonic sounds richer than the Hallé Orchestra, and London certainly did a better job of capturing clean sound than Mercury did. Further, the Partita is a more substantial filler than the Bax and Butterworth trifles Mercury offered. It is a little antiquarian in style, like the Bloch concerti grossi, though not in flavor. I do not think it has been recorded before.

The Deutschmeister Band
Julius Hermann conducting Deutschmeister Band; Angel 35498: 12"
The Deutschmeister Band, which had been until 1918 the household band of the Austrian emperor, made its debut on LP for Westminster five years ago, playing Austrian marches. Now it makes its debut for Angel — still playing Austrian marches (probably the only one you'll recognize is Strauss's *Radetzky March*). It has

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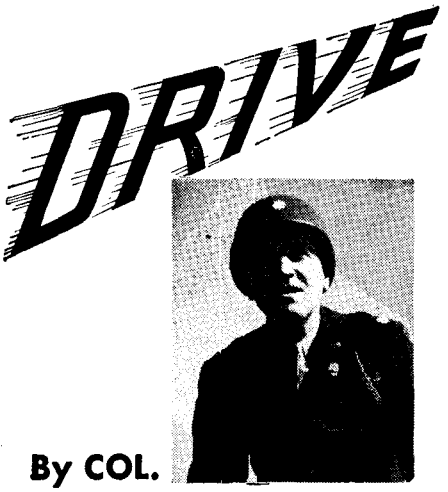

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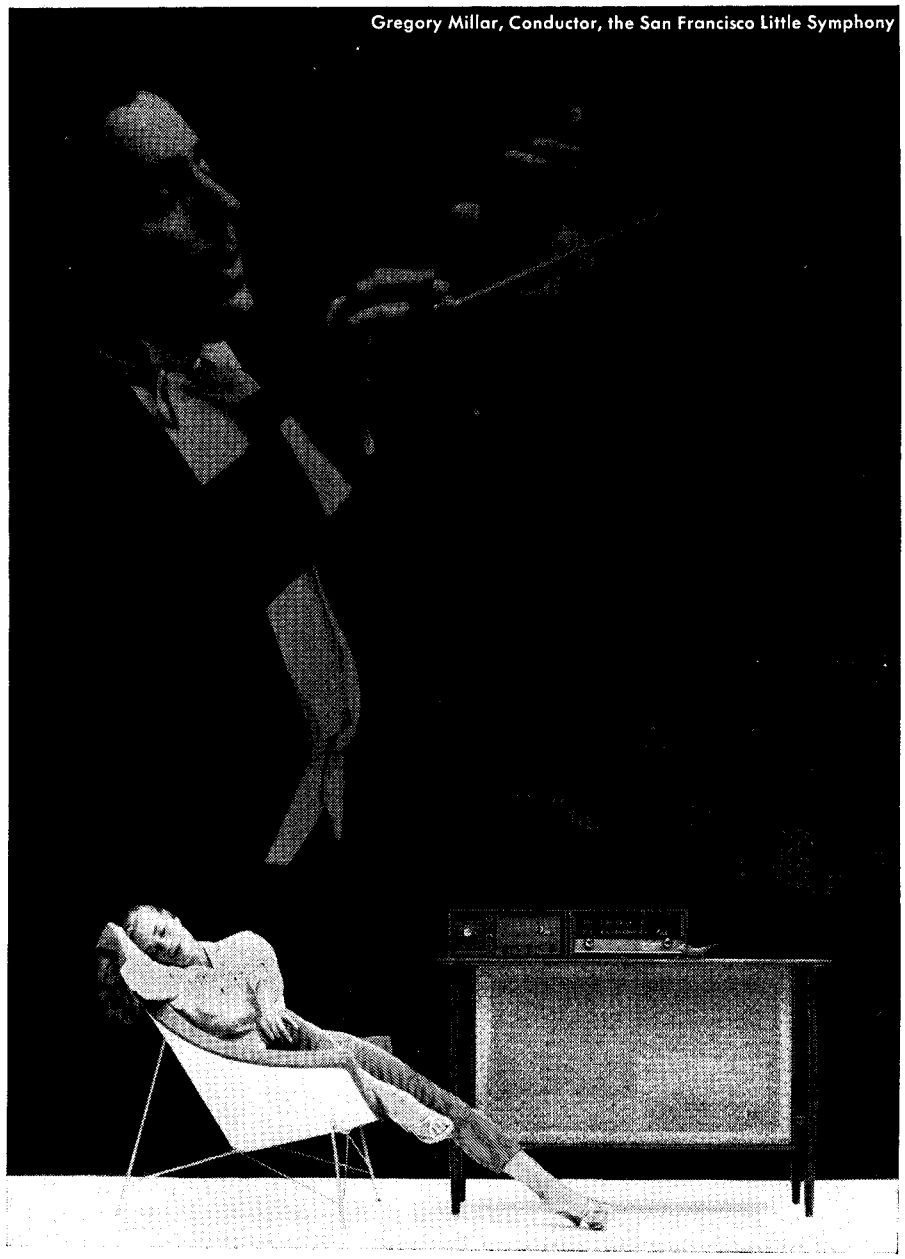
changed. Bandmaster Hermann and the players had decided to let the band die with the deaths of its 1918 membership. Now it has begun recruiting young performers. The old men had a style the new mixture does not, though the change isn't drastic. For some reason, too, the old Westminster recording had a sort of blaring intimacy the Angel doesn't. But Deutschmeister fans had best buy the new record; it is good.

Hoffnung Music Festival Concert
Norman del Mar conducting Morley College Orchestra and various strange soloists and instruments; Angel 35500: 12"
Gerard Hoffnung, *Punch* cartoonist and musical amateur, was given charge of Crazy Night at Royal Festival Hall last year, and this is what happened, as recorded on the spot. It must have been hilarious to watch, and it is reasonably funny to listen to. There is, for instance, a Grand Grand-Overture for Orchestra, Organ, Rifles, Three Vacuum Cleaners, and Electric Floor Polisher, a portion of which is irreverently dedicated to ex-President Hoover. There is a Piano Concerto to End All Piano Concertos, wherein the soloist starts playing the Grieg while the orchestra strikes up the Tchaikovsky B-flat. The humor is all very British, and if you deplore British humor you won't care for it. The audience, as the applause shows, did.

Oboukhova in Song; Oboukhova Sings
Nadezhda Oboukhova, mezzo-soprano; Matvei Sakharov, piano; Westminster XWN-18509, XWN-18510: each 12"
In point of natural endowment and of technique, Nadezhda Oboukhova may be the best mezzo in the world today. She also has brains and taste. Despite this, and although the sound-capture is good, these records do not amount to much musically. One of them (18510 — "Sings") offers some acceptable Tchaikovsky, Glinka, and Rimsky-Korsakov songs (wherein Mme. Oboukhova demonstrates better than fair French pronunciation). The other is a potpourri of Slavic schmaltz, unspeakably sentimental; obviously concert-tour numbers. It may be that she lacks musical ambition, or that she is willing to repress it in favor of concert fees (today's Russian listening public seems Victorian in the very worst sense of the word). Or we may hear her again in music more worthy of her.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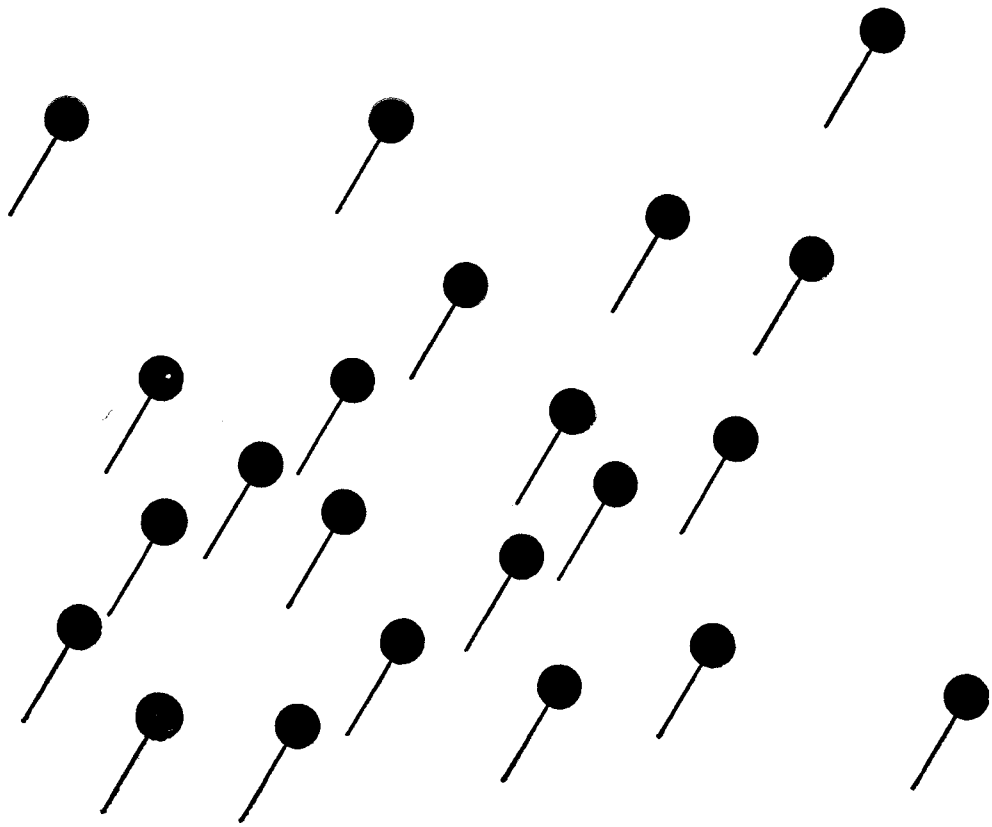

THE AMERICAN ABROAD

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

The American abroad is a delightful, exasperating, or formidable phenomenon, depending on from where you look at it. He is a blessing for festival promoters, wine waiters, and souvenir salesmen; a problem child for bureaucrats and officials engaged in the care and upkeep of international good will; and he alternately delights and exasperates the local populace with the kindness of his heart and the loudness of his voice. Everybody agrees that the impact of the American on the foreign scene has been tremendous. So, for that matter, has been the impact of the foreign scene on the American abroad.

Overseas travel has increased fabulously in the past ten years and is still going up. Ten years ago, less than 200,000 Americans went to Europe and practically none went to other continents. This year, over 600,000 went to Europe, and large numbers went to Asia and Africa; curious, enterprising Americans now go to Iron Curtain countries, the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia. They want to find out firsthand what's behind the headlines. Experts refuse to predict what overseas travel will be like ten years hence, should ocean travel fares be drastically reduced. (One project: 105,000-ton, 35-knot, four-day, one-class superliners. Round-trip fare $150.)

Currently the trip abroad is still a luxury, irrespective of whether you pay as, or after, you go. According to Commerce Department statistics, 575,000 Americans last year spent $475 million in Europe and the Mediterranean area, an additional $350 million on transportation. The average traveler spent $1565 on his trip, 2.5 per cent more than the previous year. In Italy, 259,000 big spenders shelled out $94 million, in France 300,000 spent $85 million, while in Western Germany 217,000 spent "only" $53 million. Thirty-seven per cent of the travelers were foreign-born Americans going back on a sentimental journey, staying an average of seventy days. Native Americans spent one third more money though they stayed only forty-seven days.

Anyway, more Americans than ever before go abroad, spending more money there than ever before. This year some sixty ships of nineteen lines with 250,000 berths and 247 weekly airplane flights with almost 17,000 seats were available, but space was still at a premium. The airplane has stimulated more boat travel (somewhat as radio helped the growth of the recording industry). About half the travelers get there by boat — which, as the ads say, is half the fun. Some day in the near future the trip abroad will be pleasant routine for the average American.

THE AMERICANIZING PROCESS

American tourists have revolutionized the economies and finances, technology, standards of comfort,

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manners, and morals abroad. Americans paid for a considerable segment of Europe's (and the Near East's) tourist facilities, either indirectly, by Marshall Plan and other subsidies, or directly, by signing their travel checks. They helped to bring back hundreds of industries. Everywhere the word "tourist" has become synonymous with "American," The World's Preferred Paying Guest. New investments are made in the hope of getting the U.S. trade. In Switzerland, the classic hotel country, new hotels were built and old ones renovated to suit the peculiar needs and idiosyncrasies of the American guest. Even the most conservative European hotel owners have accepted the facts of American life.

Americans, they know, care less about the size of their rooms than about the plumbing of their private bath. They are unimpressed by the *fin de siècle* façade of their "palace type" hotel but want bar, newsstand, and fast telephone service in the house. They expect innerspring mattresses, individual lamps, good room service, warm toast, ice water. They are more finicky about their coffee and dry Martini than about Persian rugs in the lobby and the view from the balcony. A great old Continental hotel that was proud of its personalized service, down to the pin-and-needle cushion in the drawer, has reluctantly installed radios in its rooms and Kleenex boxes in its bathrooms. All over Europe, millions of dollars have been invested because Americans have to have plenty of hot water, good heat, closet space, towels, and hangers.

The American influence abroad is still somewhat superficial but already habit-forming. The rustling of popcorn bags can be heard during the tense, low-voiced love scenes in French cinemas. Chewing-gum sticks have been found pasted below the seats of the august Vienna Staatsoper. Venetian gondoliers don't even swear any more at the sight of the brightly painted Coca-Cola motorboats. Monte Carlo's croupiers have learned the technique of crap shooting. Though American automobiles are far too big for Europe's narrow, crowded highways, the possession of an American car gives its owner a definite cachet and is the dream of the average European.

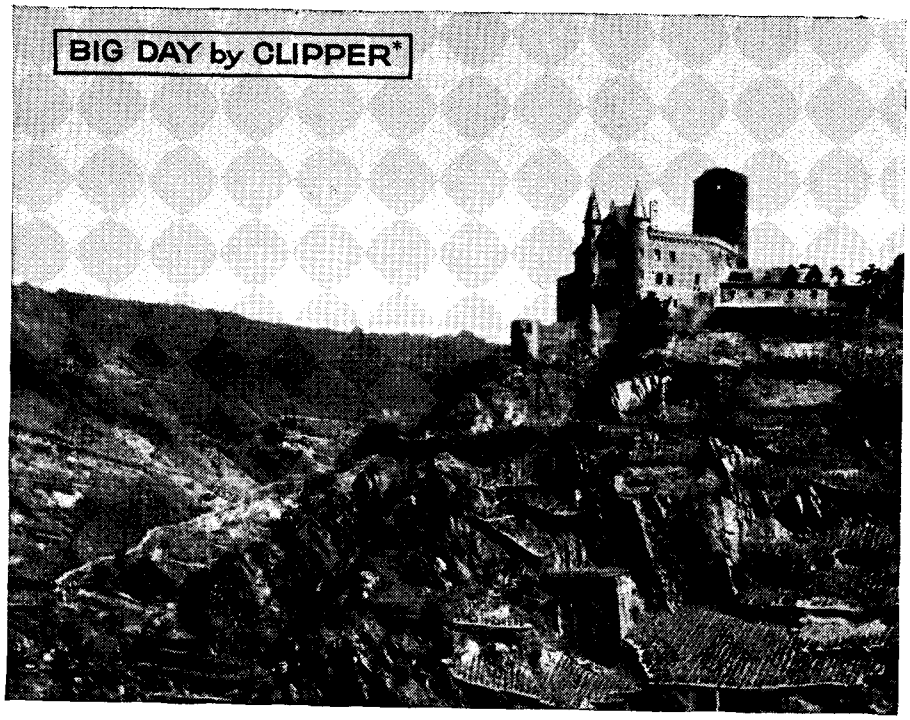
American motion pictures (featuring more European stars than before), books, magazines, gadgets, clothing, eating and drinking habits are accepted and imitated. American slang expressions ("strip-tease," "cheesecake," "trouble shooter") are now part of the German, French, Italian languages. German newspapers use American expressions, with capital initials, to be sure, and French papers often misspell them or give them a wrong meaning. A popular French magazine is called *Match*, a popular German magazine *Quick*. Bavarians eat Krafft cheese, made in the Allgäu. Motels are put up along the Autobahnen. The roads between Roman ruins are dotted with Esso and Mobiloil stations, where you are promised "American service."

Germany's business executives now work as hard and play as hard as their American *Kollegen*. German burghers and French *citoyens* wear their shirts outside their pants on hot days. Somehow it doesn't look as good in Munich or Marseilles as in Miami or Santa Monica. Millions of Frenchmen eat less and lighter. The trend is from heavy sauces and *civet* to fruit juices and steak.

Snack bars and milk bars all over

France are crowded with Frenchmen, despite vigorous denials by members of the Académie des Vins de France. M. Mendès-France was unable to make his countrymen like milk; the Americans will do it. Just give them more time and let them install better refrigeration. The ambulant chefs of the Compagnie des Wagons-Lits now prepare meat and vegetables the way Americans like them. European customers have to take it or leave it. The day is coming when Californians will get the salad before the entree.

Waiters are no longer shocked by



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the sight of cigarette butts on the plates of women, next to the leftover potatoes. And the Bastille was stormed again — this time by the Americans — the day the first French waiter put a carafe with ice water on the table of his American guests *without* being asked for it. Only he who knows the Frenchman's atavistic horror of water will gauge the depth of the revolution.

In Vienna, the classic music city, young music lovers swoon when Americans perform. "An American accent is more important nowadays than a high C," a soured Austrian colleague said. He should have added that most American singers brought a good singing technique along with their accent. American orchestras, conductors, jazz stars are widely acclaimed all over the Continent. Local critics have stopped being condescending about American artists. Festival programs are shaped to suit the taste of American listeners. American musicals (*Kiss Me, Kate — Wonderful Town — Annie Get Your Gun*) were produced at Vienna's Volksoper by Marcel Prawy, an Austro-American, and are now performed all over the Continent. American plays (*The Teahouse of the August Moon, The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*) were popular successes, too.

THE ILLUSION OF ADVENTURE

Europeans with time-honored experience in the technique of painlessly extracting cash from foreigners' pockets have correctly gauged that Americans like to travel abroad provided they don't really have to leave home. They've seen the U.S. armed forces and U.S. oil companies spend millions to give their personnel the illusion of living in a European or African suburbia filled with shopping centers, post exchanges, movie houses, ice-cream parlors, juke boxes, and American-style parking lots. Smart promoters now give the American abroad exactly what he wants. Hotel rooms are furnished to please him, meal hours drastically advanced to suit the American habit of eating dinner at 6 P.M., arrangements made to satisfy the Americans' affection for crowds, action, and noise.

Guided tours include "surprise elements" and "picturesque charm." The promoters know that Americans like their sights drenched in nostalgia and their local color wrapped in clean cellophane. "They want an air-conditioned fishing village," a Frenchman says. Americans like to appear unsentimental but break down during the thickly sentimental zither songs in a Viennese new-wine garden. They are discoverers at heart and love the small *bistro* around the corner or the back-road inn no other American ever heard of (they think). They put down the address in their little black book and will give it only to their very best friends on their return. Quite a few *bistros* and back-road inns have built up a prosperous trade on the adventurous and optimistic spirit of the late pioneers.

Europeans had to jack up their standards of comfort, cleanliness, transportation. The rickety buses of French film comedies are replaced by Greyhound-style monsters. "Europe's newest trains compare favorably with America's Super Chief," a German paper wrote proudly. All "sights" are classified according to price range. Local "contacts" are mobilized to give the American traveler a chance to meet what is called "real people." They are about as real as the smart aristocrats who fixed up their dilapidated castles and run them for a small, snobbish minority of well-heeled foreigners who are flattered to pay heavily for this privilege. Everywhere shopkeepers study the American tourists' taste and stock their shelves accordingly. It is a dubious trend: the traveler often comes away with a polished, inaccurate impression of the foreign scene. It's like finding out about Paris by taking a bus with the sign "Paris by Night."

American travel abroad now goes through its *Sturm und Drang* cycle. All grand tours include the four "high spots": Paris (visited by an estimated 400,000 Americans this year), London (270,000), Rome (250,000), Madrid (200,000), followed by Venice, Amsterdam, Brussels, Florence, Copenhagen, Zurich, Munich, Stockholm, Lucerne, Geneva, Vienna. A new mass movement has brought over 22,000 Rotarians, scientists, lawyers, doctors, boy scouts, legionnaires to Europe for congresses and conventions. Seaside, lake, or mountain resorts near large cities or easily accessible are popular: the Ardennes, Ireland's Yeats country, the Connemara fishing region, several fjords in Norway, the Bürgenstock near Lucerne, the Dolomites, the Adriatic Riviera, the Greek islands of Rhodes and Corfu. The more adventurous are offered "off the beaten track" tours of Sweden's pastoral landscape, Spain's Costa Brava, San Marino, Liechtenstein.

The travel promoters know that Americans like to work hard even on their vacations. They keep them busy round the clock. Many allot half an hour to the Louvre ("just the *Mona Lisa* and the *Venus of Milo*"). They now have a six-hour "midnight-sun excursion" by plane. The tourist must be on the move all the time; a quiet day of contemplation might bore him. Americans are no longer Innocents Abroad, as in the days of Mark Twain, but they are still in a hurry. They try to "make" as many sights as possible in a short time. They admire the *gratin de langoustines* and *perdreaux casserole* but happily settle for hamburger and ice cream. (The European landscape is dotted with hamburger stands and ice-cream parlors but both are often disappointing.) They busily prepare for total recall back home and collect maps, pictures, souvenirs. A stock cartoon character of the comic papers in Europe during the Wilhelminian era was the German tourist in knickerbockers, carrying his

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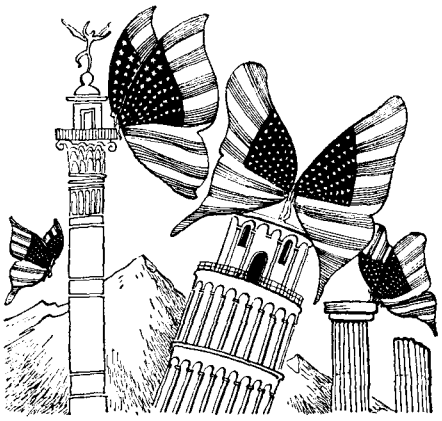


Baedeker, crossing off three-star sights. The current American tourist carries a Dacron suit, camera, ball-point pen, a popular guidebook telling him where to go after 11 P.M. "while the wife stays at the hotel"; but he, too, busily checks off three-star sights.

NAÏVETÉ AND NOISE

One of the great fascinations of travel is to leave one's identity at home, read: "to relax." Even the British, most civilized travelers, don't always behave abroad as they would at home. Americans, the most vigorous, most prosperous travelers of all, are no exception. Well-balanced citizens arrive on the eastern shores of the Atlantic in a confused state of mind, a mixture of inferiority and superiority complexes. They hide their bewilderment by hotel hall porters, taxi drivers, ticket scalpers, arrogant headwaiters behind the strength of their vocal cords. Everybody talks a little louder than back home, finding comfort in the sounds of the English language. (Actually, many Europeans in all ways of life understand a little English.)

Americans who wouldn't double-park their cars in their home town throw their weight around in European hotel lobbies. They seem torn between admiration for the foreign scene and resentment of the foreigners' peculiarities. Like our statesmen, they try so hard to be liked they often wind up being disliked. They spend too much money. Europeans who never had the American genius for doing things in a big way often misjudge the Americans' generosity for ostentation.

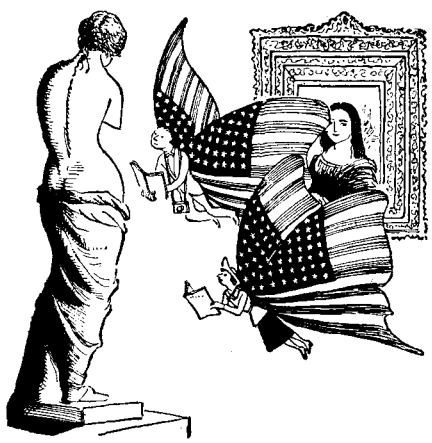
Because of the antics of some early post-war travelers and exuberant members of the armed forces, all Americans were labeled "naïve" and "noisy." Anti-American elements in Europe — French intellectuals, Italian left-wingers, disgruntled businessmen — would play up isolated, minor incidents. Today Europeans know that there is generosity behind the Americans' "naïveté" and good will behind their "noise." They sometimes say the wrong thing but often do the right one. They impress Europeans by backing up their idealism with hard cash. Best of all, they demand nothing in return.

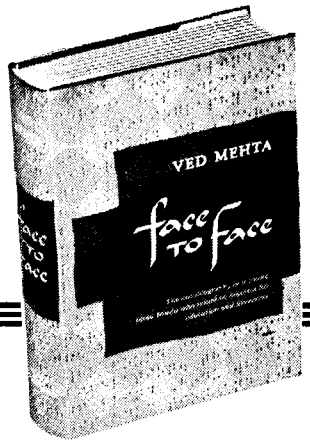
Europeans are surprised about the Americans' attentiveness to old people and young children, about their good automobile manners. "When I see a car stop at an intersection to let pedestrians cross, I know the driver is American," a Swiss policeman said. "No European does it." The Americans' patience and lack of discrimination worry European hotel owners and restaurateurs whose help gets sloppy as a result of the Americans' willingness to put up with everything.

"They never send back a dish," a famous restaurant owner says. "But without difficult customers we can't keep up our exacting standards. The Americans are not difficult enough."

AN END TO ISOLATION

The American who exercises so much influence abroad is in turn strongly influenced by the foreign scene. It was the accumulated impressions of twelve million men and women in the armed forces during and after the last war that helped to shape American public thinking and foreign policy. Many veterans have gone back to look at the places they saw during the war, or plan to go there when they have the money. Many find out firsthand about the problems of foreign countries and return with a better understanding of





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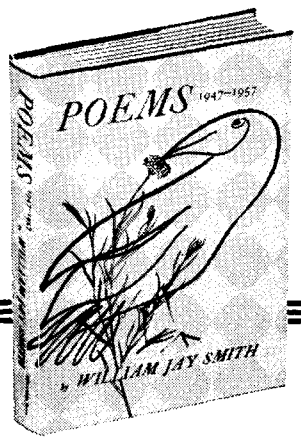

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America's leadership in the free world — and of the high price we have to pay for it. You won't find many narrow-minded isolationists among the returned travelers.

What would anything like a commensurate amount of travel in the United States by Continentals bring to pass? For one thing, better mutual understanding. It may be true, as Europeans complain, that Americans are often ignorant of Europe; but Europeans are even more ignorant of America. Most Europeans get their information about the United States out of their newspapers (which often confuse news with opinions), popular American movies, and occasional displays of such phenomena as Elvis Presley and the late Senator McCarthy.

The small group of Europeans who visit America are bewildered by the scope and sweep of the country, the Americans' ability to do big things fast, the miracles of American technology. Rarely do they stay long enough to comprehend the meaning of American democracy or to understand the undercurrents of American thinking. Visitors are exhilarated and depressed by our large cities, overwhelmed by the hospitality of the American people, puzzled by America's paradoxical attitudes. Sample questions: "Why are Americans the best salesmen of cigarettes and soft drinks and the worst salesmen of ideas and ideals? Why do Americans make a lot of sense in their own country and often no sense whatsoever abroad?"

An educated European summed up the case a while ago: "You Americans are too successful, too prosperous, too conspicuous, trying to do too much in too short a time to be liked universally. But you are better liked than ten years ago and you'll be better liked ten years hence."

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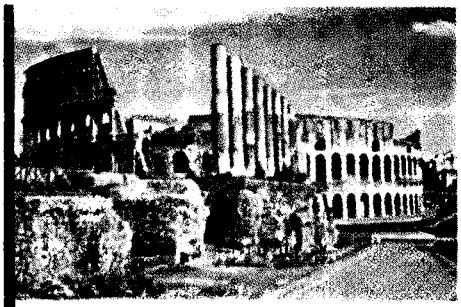
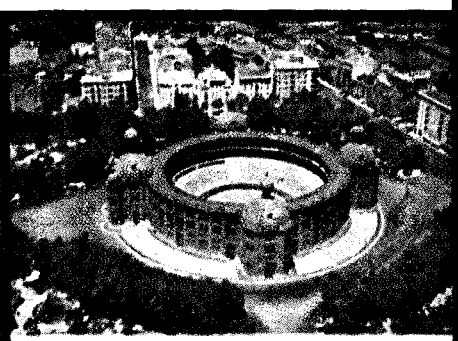


1. ☐ The Amphitheatre, Nimes, France
   ☐ The Colosseum, Rome, Italy
   ☐ Open-air Theater, Epidavros, Greece

2. ☐ St. Mark's Fort, Trogir, Yugoslavia
   ☐ Olavinlinna Castle, Finland
   ☐ Castle of Hollenfels, Luxembourg



3. ☐ Bullfight Ring, Lisbon, Portugal
   ☐ Wembley Stadium, London, England
   ☐ The Hippodrome, Istanbul, Turkey

4. ☐ The Alcazar, Segovia, Spain
   ☐ The Chateau de Walzin, Belgium
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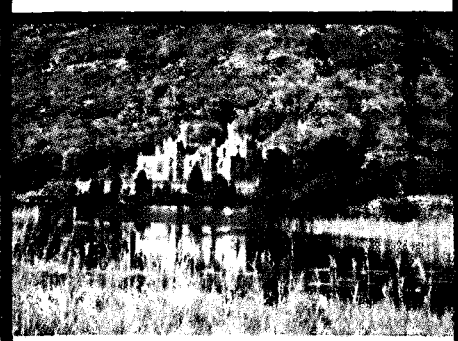

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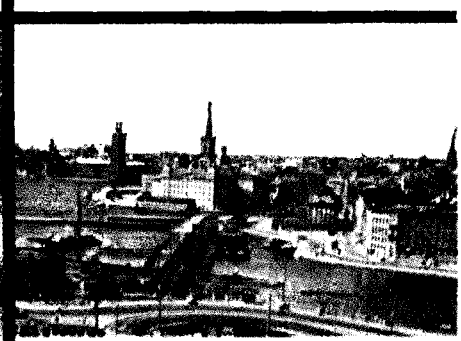

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